

Vol. I.]

THE ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia — *Journal*.



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To Our Subscribers and Contributors.

WE have kept back the issue of this, our first Number, to the last moment, to enable intending Subscribers to send us their names ; and this, in addition to the reports of three such important Race Meetings as those of Sonapore, Hyderabad, and Calcutta coming into one month, has not only been the cause of some little hurry in getting the present number through the Press, but has compelled us to postpone the publication of notices of sporting matters of considerable interest. Besides some extracts from Home Journals,

THE EDITORS.

SCOTLAND,
14th January, 1868. }

CIRCULAR.

THE apparently impending dissolution of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* has been observed with much regret by sportsmen throughout India and elsewhere in the East.

It is evident that, independently of the amusement and interest afforded by the perusal of such a publication, it is almost a necessity to sportsmen, as a record of sport, and a guide as to where it is to be found; and so many have expressed a wish for its continuation, that we have determined on taking up the Magazine and placing it on an entirely new footing, from January 1st, 1868.

The existing publication has gradually dwindled down from a monthly to a small quarterly issue, without any attempt at punctuality, and it is necessary for us to allude briefly to some of the causes of the present failure, in order to make clear to the public the basis on which we propose to conduct the Magazine in future.

In the first place, the present Magazine was commenced by the liberal projector, under a system of lavish expenditure, that would not have been defrayed by 600 subscribers at the rate of Rs. 30 per annum, while only 171 names were registered. Of course, it was found necessary to put a stop to this after the first two or three numbers were issued, as it was plain that the Magazine could not afford to pay contributors, to issue a large quantity of printed matter, and to give photographs.

But in the meantime, a heavy expenditure had been incurred, and the subscriptions were not coming in. Then editorial difficulties arose, and a want of punctuality was succeeded, first, by a single number for two months, and then by a quarterly issue, without any improvement as regards punctuality. The subscribers then began to doubt if the publication would last to the end of the year, while they were unwilling to give the same subscription for a quarterly as for a monthly Magazine, and so withheld their subscriptions, which was the climax of the Magazine's misfortunes.

We have determined to make an attempt to meet the wishes of many sportsmen, and to take upon ourselves all pecuniary risks in the issue of the Magazine, for at least a year. It will be continued thereafter if we are successful.

We feel confident that the real want in the way of an *Oriental Sporting Magazine* is a monthly publication of no great bulk, but issued with the strictest punctuality, so that an account of a shooting or hog-hunting expedition may be read soon after it has taken place; that the results of a race meeting in November may be in the hands of an owner of horses when he is about to attend another meeting in

December; that a record of entrances may appear as soon as made; and that any general subject under discussion may not suffer in interest by too long intervals of publication.

We do not believe that sportsmen prefer to have original matter in every page, but that, while a certain quantity of good original matter is an absolute necessity, interesting and appropriate selections from sporting publications at home and abroad will be highly acceptable, as they always were in the case of the two Sporting Magazines of former years, that were in the zenith of success when they were discontinued for other reason, *viz.*, on account of the death of their able conductors.

The *Oriental Sporting Magazine* will, from 1868, be conducted on the model of the old *Monthly Sporting Magazine*, in preference to the later quarterly publication, which, great as were its merits, was not very useful for immediate *current* purposes. We shall endeavour to make the Magazine as useful for Madras and Bombay as for Bengal, and we are not without a hope that it will be acceptable in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, China, and even the Cape and Australian Colonies.

While we shall be responsible for no opinions but those expressed under our own *noms de plumes*, we shall publish the views of others who differ with us as freely as we shall express our own opinions. We shall endeavour either to answer ourselves, or to obtain from other competent sources answers for all questions and references that may be addressed to us on sporting subjects, and shall spare no personal trouble in obtaining communications and intelligence on every branch of sport.

The Magazine will be posted on the 15th of every month: each number will contain not less than 60 pages of printed matter, independently of advertisements and prefatory pages. The subscriptions will be Rs. 24 per annum if paid in advance, or Rs. 30 if in arrears, those rates being preserved for intermediate payments,—*i. e.*, in case of payments in the middle of the year the charge will be Rs. 2-8 for every number issued before, and Rs. 2 for each issue after the receipt of the money.

Charge for advertisements will be Rs. 60 per page per annum, payable in advance, or Rs. 8 per page per number to occasional advertisers, and for advertisements of less than a page the rates will be in proportion.

It will be a great convenience to us if payments be made in advance; and to those who have hitherto hesitated to do so under the uncertainty already referred to, we offer the security of the names at the end of this Circular, pledging ourselves to carry out the publication to at least the end of the year 1868, be the loss to ourselves what it may; or should circumstances utterly beyond our control prevent this, to return the subscriptions for the remaining numbers of the year.

In conclusion, we call on all sportsmen* in the East to meet our efforts by subscriptions, original communications, and intelligence, without which no effort of ours will suffice to establish the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* on a really permanent footing.

In sending remittances, letters should be sealed and registered, as without these precautions there is no certainty of their reaching their destination intact.

Articles, letters, &c., intended for publication in the Magazine, should be addressed to the Editors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, care of Colonel Turnbull, Alipore, Calcutta.

Communications intended for insertion in a particular number of the Magazine should be sent as soon as possible after the issue of the preceding number, and must at all events reach the Editor not later than the first of the month, i. e., excepting of course entrances made on the 1st, and the results of races that take place during the first ten or twelve days of the month.

Letters regarding subscription or despatch of the Magazine, or about advertisements, should be addressed to the Proprietors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, care of Colonel Turnbull, Alipore, Calcutta.

Advertisements intended for the first number must be received not later than January 1st, 1868, and it should be stated whether they are to appear in every issue of the Magazine.

We trust it will be remembered that we are not concerned as regards assets, liabilities, or anything else whatever in connection with Magazines previous to January 1st, 1868, and hope that no letter relating to previous years be addressed to us.

PEGASUS.
DUMB-JOCKEY.
HAFIZ.

Calcutta, 15th November, 1868.

THE

Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. III.] I

JANUARY 15, 1868.

[NO. I.

Ourselves.

IT is customary with all candidates for public favor, on first appearance, to make a bow. Some people, we are aware, think that there is very little in a bow; some think, perhaps, that there is nothing at all. We are of opinion, however, that there may be a very great deal in a bow, and that it is by no means an undertaking to be entered upon without reflection,—a thing to be thrown off with a jerk. On the contrary, it is a very serious matter; for, excepting the sister institution, the hidden mysteries of which are known only to the fairer portion of the human race, we know of no *public* performance more difficult to accomplish well, than to make a graceful bow. A performer must give his whole mind to it; while at the same time, he must be careful that it appear not too studied. No species of bow is more odious to a discerning public than “the studied bow.” He must, moreover, be dignified; yet all appearance of stiffness or over-confidence should be carefully avoided. Nothing is more apt to turn an audience well disposed to be indulgent into an army of critics than self-sufficiency on the part of a candidate for their suffrages. It is essential, nevertheless, for all applicants for public patronage in making their bow, to evince a desire to please, bearing in mind, however, equally to guard against any exhibition of servility. A servile bow is unmistakably a vile bow. Still humility must not altogether be lost sight of, for modesty is a quality which in novices is especially commendable; though it must not be forgotten that a bow in which diffidence, real or affected, forms the most prominent feature, is sure to raise doubts as to the candidate’s competence or *savoir faire* in the minds of those whom he is most anxious to inspire with confidence. In short, the difficulties involved in making a graceful bow are so numerous and complicated, and seem to have become so magnified in our imaginations since we commenced to pen these few lines, that we feel half inclined to abandon the attempt and take refuge, *per saltum*, in those rich fields in which we propose, in future,

to glean for the benefit of our constituents and supporters. Under present circumstances, however, some prefatory remarks, however unworthy of the occasion, seem necessary on our part in presenting the public with this, our first number. For, although the journal we have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of editing, is not a new publication, adverse circumstances having combined to impair the usefulness of the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, we feel that a few words, in addition to those already addressed to the public in our Prospectus, are wanting, if only to awaken the sympathies of sporting men throughout India with our undertaking, and, if possible, *to identify them with Ourselves*.

We neither desire to profess much, nor to make any parade of our good intentions. Lavish professions do not always inspire the greatest amount of confidence; and as for good intentions, Heaven is not pained with them, so the least said about them the better. We believe that we have a tolerably clear and correct idea of what an *Oriental Sporting Magazine* ought to be; and our standard is a high one. We believe that no country, not even the mother country, offers fields at once so fair and so fertile, so novel and so interesting; in a word, fields so promising to the diligent Editor of a sporting journal as India, taking it from the Brahmaputra to the Indus, and from the northernmost peaks of the Himalayahs to Cape Comorin. Wide though this range is, our field, however, extends far beyond these limits. For it is our wish to render this Magazine as useful to sportsmen in Ceylon, British Burmah, the Straits' Settlements, China, and the Cape of Good Hope, as we humbly trust it will be to those who are nearer home; and we only hope that we may find ourselves in a position to make it equally interesting, if not equally useful, to sportsmen all over the World. We shall neglect no field that can legitimately be brought under the head of "Sport," whether it be the Horse, horse racing, or horse breeding; the Dog; shooting or fishing; hunting the boar, the deer, the hare, or the jackall; boating, cricket, feats of pedestrianism, and all manly and athletic games and exercises. It is our desire to make our journal as widely useful and interesting as shall be in our power, and it is with this object that we ask all supporters of the turf, all knights of the saddle and the spear, and of the rod and the gun,—all true lovers of sport, to identify themselves with the Editors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. If they will do so; if they will send us their contributions; if they will but record for us their own performances, and what they have seen; if Secretaries to Race Meetings, Tent Clubs, Cricket Clubs, Boating Clubs, &c., will give us *early and correct* returns of their meetings and matches, then we believe that, high though our standard be, we will be able, if not to reach it, to approach considerably nearer it than just near enough to save our distance. We have no intention of sparing Ourselves; we shall certainly do our best; but what we desire to impress upon our readers generally is, that an *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, however carefully and however ably it

may be edited, can never be a *Sporting Magazine* in the sense we wish it to be, unless sportsmen, and men interested in field sports in all parts of India, will aid us in our undertaking. We believe that that natural love of field sports and athletic games, which for centuries has been engrained in the best type of Englishmen, is in great part the secret of the greatness of the Nation, and that it is as fresh in India as elsewhere. We desire to foster and encourage it. As regards horse-racing in particular, we believe that, however it may be decried by a section of the English public, it is due to the care and attention which this sport has introduced into the breeding of horses, that England has attained the proud distinction of supplying Sires to the whole of the civilized world; and whilst we believe this, we do not forget that the blood in which that noble creation—the “English Race Horse”—had its origin, came, if not from India, from the East. Both stocks, the original and the derived, meet on our Indian Race Courses; and while this happy coincidence affords a discouragement to that great *vice* of the English turf, “Short Races,” and its consequence, the breeding of “Weeds,” our Race-Courses are free from that other vice which caused Dr. Johnson to define horse racing to be a rascal in red running after a rascal in blue. On Indian Race-courses we have no “Ring;” “Welchers” and “Plungers” are equally unknown. “Pulling” is a thing quite unheard of; and although we have our lotteries, and owners occasionally like to back their horses for a trifle, as a rule, it may safely be said that racing, in India, is genuine sport. We can advocate, therefore, without fear of reproach, the encouragement of this kind of Sport by the Government of the Country. There are few countries in the World to whom a valuable breed of horses is a greater desideratum than to India; and though there are also few Governments in the world who have devoted more attention to horse breeding than the Government of India, none perhaps find themselves, after the efforts of the better part of a century have been expended, as regards the capabilities of the country to meet a demand, in a worse position. We invite special attention to this subject; so important do we think it, that we shall reject no papers of merit regarding it, however we may differ from the particular views of the writer; for it is not less our object to make this magazine useful to the Government and the country, than it is our object to make it entertaining to the lovers of sport.

We have but one word more to say; and to “Ourselves” it is perhaps the most important of all. It shall be spoken plainly, even at the risk of detracting, in the estimation of a few, from the grace of our bow. We have entered into a guarantee to carry on the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* for twelve months; and, within that period, to give to every subscriber twelve numbers, to be issued, barring accidents, punctually on the 15th of each month. Win or lose, it is our intention to maintain the integrity of our guarantee. While thus undertaking to do more than our predecessors in the Editorial Chair, we

have considerably reduced the cost of the Magazine to subscribers; and we have fixed our terms so as to give them the fullest advantage of advance payments. We have entered into engagements with our printer, which we shall have to meet on settling day; and we have done all this in the face of a heavy balance of arrears of subscription, a very considerable portion of which we have taken over. In undertaking these responsibilities, we have reposed confidence in those we seek *to indentify with Ourselves*, and we venture to hope that they will not only respond to our call by subscribing to our Journal, but will also send us subscriptions *with their applications*. We can assure them that they will be thankfully received, and gratefully acknowledged in a corner of the Magazine specially set apart for this important purpose. And now, having made our bow; or, to speak more appropriately, having taken our preliminary canter, it remains for us but to put our horses in order, and say, "Off!"

How we dug out the Alligator.

IN the year 186—, I was Assistant Manager of the flourishing Indigo Concern of Nalish-abad, with all the zemindari, putni, durputni, and seputni talooks, mehals, ijaras, durijaras, brahmatar, and dewuttar (including the well-known and desirable Bud Jatee jotes) thereunto attached, but which were not quite so remunerative to the proprietors as they had been, the area of cultivation having been slightly diminished by certain causes which it is unnecessary here to dilate upon. The time at my disposal for reflection and self-improvement was consequently somewhat greater than it used to be in the palmy days of the Concern. I had not so much *mat* to ride over in the morning, nor so often to go to the Deputy Collector's Cutcherry as in the old days, when we were carrying on the famous "*Bedakhiti*" case of the "Nalish-abad Indigo Co. *versus* the Putnidar of Lattiyal-nuggur," which occupied the time of four successive Mofussil *Hukims* three months each, was a year and a half before the Zillah Judge, and was finally decided by a Full Bench of the Sudder, who ruled unanimously—

(1.)—That the whole of the evidence taken in the Lower Courts was entirely worthless.

(2.)—That the decisions of those Courts were wrong, both in law and fact.

(3.)—That from the remarkable inaptitude displayed, generally, by the judicial officers of the district where the case occurred, it would be quite useless to remand it for trial.

(*Ordered.*)—That the plaintiff's appeal be accordingly dismissed, and each party pay his own costs.

I need hardly say that this was a dose which sickened the proprietors, who immediately directed me to abstain rigidly from litigation, and to be as conciliatory as possible to him of Lattiyal-nuggur, who, having now got his head up, was currently reported to be giving out that he would burn down the Factory, cut off my beard, etc., etc. • I was therefore compelled to enter on a policy of "masterly inactivity," to which I had carefully adhered for some years, until the events which I am about to relate took place, leading meantime a convivial sort of existence, in which my companions were,—

Billy Smith, (late of Athlone) a brother Planter, who lived only forty-two miles away, and the Darogah of Bukshishparah, or, more appropriately, the Inspector of the Police Station so named, a highly intelligent Native gentleman, whom I was always careful to be on good terms with, and who frequently expatiated with much warmth and ability on the subject of social reforms, caste distinctions, widow marriage,

the great shoe question, and other important political topics which agitated the public mind of the period. My Factory was some fifteen miles from the head quarters of the sub-division where the Deputy Magistrate, Moonsiff, &c., resided. I had not, however, resorted much thither, and was barely on speaking terms with the *Hakim*, against whom I entertained a smothered enmity, ever since the Lattiyaal-nuggur business, which no length of time could wholly eradicate from my mind, though I am not naturally, I hope, of a morbid or unforgiving character.

Things were going on in this way, until I was one day startled by the intelligence conveyed by my Head Gomastah, that the "Dipty Baboo" was transferred, and a Bellati gentleman appointed in his place. I thought it only right to make my bow to the latter, which I accordingly took an early opportunity of doing. I found the new arrival (his name was Wilkins) a very nice young fellow. Our acquaintance thus began, soon ripened. We interchanged several visits, had mutual *chota haziris* and tiffins, and a little wild jackal hunting together. Wilkins, who looked to me entirely as his preceptor in the sporting line, became gradually ambitious of larger game. There were plenty of pigs in the neighbourhood, but we neither had elephants to turn them out of the jungle, nor was the country in the vicinity adapted for riding. Leopards there were in abundance, but the difficulty of marking one down was excessive. I had often been deluded by the villagers into going to a certain bit of jungle or cover where a *Bagh* was said to be ensconced; but on approaching, he was invariably found to be *non est*. Nor could I see much fun in the *muchan* system, or, lying *perdu* all night on a platform commanding an elevated view of a dead goat, which the leopard was expected to pay his addresses to. I was therefore rather put out for some way of giving Wilkins an opportunity of whetting his maiden steel, when one morning the difficulty was solved, as if by magic, through the intervention of the dak-wallah, who brought me two letters,—one from my friend Billy Smith, and the other from Wilkins; the latter forwarded me a copy of a letter from the Commissioner, which I give *in extenso*, and asked me, as being an experienced resident, &c., to help him with any information I could on the subject:—

"TO THE SUB-DIVISIONAL OFFICER OF——.

"SIR,—It has recently been brought to my notice, that a new and somewhat remarkable specimen of the genus alligator has been seen in some parts of your sub-division. As it is important that Government should have early and reliable information of the nature and habits of the animal, I request you to be good enough to investigate and report on the subject at your earliest convenience.

The information collected by you should be tabulated under the following heads:—

(a.) The size and conformation of the animal, paying particular attention to its caudal development.

(b.) Is it viviparous or oviparous? If the latter, give the approximate size and weight of the "ova," with an estimate of the amount of nutriment contained in each, and your opinion as to how far it may be utilized as an article of food among the peasantry.

(c.) Its domestic habits: any traits of affection, or the contrary, towards its offspring. Is there really any foundation for the expression *crocodile's tears*?

(d.) Is it sensible to kind treatment by others? If so, how far is it capable of becoming a useful auxiliary in the operations of traffic on rivers and canals?

(e.) Might not its introduction as a motive power in inland navigation lead to the gradual withdrawal of the *tow-rope*?

(f.) Is it indigenous or migratory? If the latter, what steps would you recommend for keeping it in the country, provided it shows an aptitude for domestication?

I may suggest that you will probably derive valuable information while prosecuting your researches on the subject from the resident gentry of experience, European and Native, in your sub-division.

"I have, &c.,

"Commissioner."

Billy's epistle was as follows:—

"MY DEAR——,—Excuse me for not answering your last letter before. I suppose you thought I was dead entirely; the fact of it is, I am not much of a hand at writing, especially unless there's something to write about. There is the devil of a *golemal* here just now. My coolies are all running away on account of a murdering scoundrel of an Alligator, who has taken up his post, bad luck to him! close to the vats, and is as fond of human flesh as a Hessian is of beef. He walked off with my airdar's wife last night, let alone about 40 rupees' worth of ornaments the poor creature was wearing. We tracked him to his hole, the infernal thief, and have barricaded the mouth of it with bamboos. You were always fond of a bit of sport; so come along and bring the old smooth-bore. Bedad, if you can find a young cannon anywhere, you had better bring it too, for he'll take a deal of killing I'm thinking.

"Yours ever,
"W. S."

Now then, thought I, I can kill two birds with one stone; oblige Billy by helping to destroy the Alligator, and give Wilkins an opportunity of distinguishing himself as a sportsman and a naturalist. I accordingly packed off the smooth bore (which carried a two ounce ball) and a double barrelled fowling piece, together with a week's

clothing, to Billy's mansion, and wrote to Wilkins that I had just secured a specimen of the "genus Alligator," and begging him to come over at once. Our arrangements were soon made. Wilkins closed Cutcherry for a week, on the plea of special duty in the interior; and the third evening after the receipt of his letter, saw us both entering Billy's compound. In another half hour we were comfortably seated at the dinner table. When I say comfortably, I don't quite mean to include Wilkins, who, not having been used to so much equestrianism, felt slightly distressed in the region of the "os coccygis," but was speedily relieved by sundry soothing medications deftly administered by Billy. A small but select company had been invited to meet and assist us in the enterprise of the morrow, among them a Native Raja of immense birth and ancestry, claiming lineal descent from Vikramaditya, and therefore much venerated by Billy, who being, as he said himself, a branch of the ancient Kings of Thomond, had the deepest respect for good blood, besides, there was yet another link of sympathy between them. Billy, though probably as loyal a subject of Her Majesty as any in India or out of it, yet at certain times and seasons, when moved by the spirit, and especially when he could get any one to argue with him, was a blazing patriot, loud and eloquent on his country's griefs, although he could never define exactly what they were. Again, apart from the general feeling of patriotism which animated him, he felt that he, as an individual, was the subject of a grievous wrong. Were it not for the brutality of the Saxon, he might have been a Royal King sitting on a real throne, in Limerick, the ancient Capital of his race; and herein the melancholy coincidence between his own fallen condition, and that of his friend the Raja, affected him much, and, in fact, to a certain extent, "warmed his heart" towards the latter.

The dinner passed off well, as such meets in India generally do. Wilkins was charmed with the unaffected good nature and geniality of the host, and the politeness of the Raja, who was a really well-mannered and courteous gentleman, and a very favorable specimen of the Native aristocracy. There was also a comical gentleman present, whose anecdotes, both original and compiled, were most racy and amusing. After dinner whist was proposed, but severely objected to by Billy, who said it was nearly as bad as chess, which he disliked as tending to thwart conviviality; not that he (Billy) was not a first-rate hand both at chess and whist, for didn't he learn the former from the famous Doctor Maguire, his "tutor," in Dublin, and universally acknowledged to be the first player in Europe and America; and as for whist, many a time he sat "foremost" Lady Malowney, the most accomplished professor of the art in the whole of Merrion Square, where she commonly played against the Duke of Lancaster; and, in fact, had made a rule never to sit down with any one lower than a Viscount unless he was a great player.

Cards were, therefore, tabooed, cheroots lit, and it was unanimously carried that there should be a song all round. Wilkins, as

the youngest of the party, was gracefully invited to begin. His education in that line had been limited to accompanying his mamma and sisters on the piano in a select course of sentimental music, which he doubted would be quite in accordance with what was expected of him on the present occasion. However, after some maidenly hesitation, he gave us Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter" with much taste and feeling. Billy followed him with the "Irish Recruit," the "Rakes of Mallow," and other enlivening strains of his native land. The Raja begged to be excused from singing, on the ground of want of practice; in fact, he remarked that when he wanted singing, he generally got some one else to sing for him,—a rule which he also observed in dancing. Billy asked him if he could not give a stave or two about Vikramaditya; and was surprised to learn that there were no popular melodies at the present day relating to that Monarch. This led to a discussion on the relative merits of the Sanskrit and Irish languages, in which Billy clearly showed the great superiority of the latter; he also reviewed briefly the lives of the early Irish patriots—Brian Boroo, Fin McCoul, and others; and gave such glowing descriptions of the achievements of these heroes, that the Raja cheerfully admitted them to be much superior to Vikramaditya. It was now getting late; so after a night-cap to correct the stomach, as Billy said, we tucked ourselves under the curtains at about 11 p. m. For my own part, I slept the sleep of the just; but I could see next morning that some of the rest of the company had suffered. Wilkins, who had been much fatigued by the long ride of the previous day, and had been rather bibulous at dinner, looked pale, but determined—Billy I had detected drawing a cork about 5 a. m. This was in order to the decoction of a "dog's nose" to "pick himself up with." He said he had been weak in the stomach ever since he was a child, and was always obliged to take something to keep the cold out, the first thing after getting up. We all (including Wilkins) partook of the "dog's nose," which was followed by *chota haziri* at about 7; which done, the guns were loaded, and the attendants, headed by the bereaved sirdar, summoned. I took the smooth bore, Wilkins the fowling piece, and Billy provided himself with a sort of caliver or blunderbuss, which had been used by one of his ancestors in the fifteenth century. We found the hole where the alligator was embedded, on the edge of a dry khal or water-course; it was about two and a half feet in diameter, the mouth being securely blocked up with bamboos driven into the ground in front of it. The plan of operations agreed on, was to dig him out from overhead, shoot or destroy him with the "kodals" of the coolies as he ran out. Billy, as Commander-in-chief, had taken up his ground in front of the hole from which the bamboos had been removed; his fire would thus meet the quarry full in the front. I stood over the hole facing Billy; the victim would thus receive my volley *a tergo*. Wilkins occupied a commanding position on Billy's flank; two other guns were stationed at intervals

behind Billy, and between him and the river, which was some 400 yards away, and was supposed to be the place for which the brute would make when unearthed. Operations commenced about 8: a dozen coolies began digging over the hole; the rest were ranged round the mouth, "kodal" in hand, and loud in their denunciations of vengeance on the culprit who was so soon to meet an ignominious end. As the digging proceeded, the excitement became more intense. Just as the hollow was struck, I looked round on the manly favours of the sportsmen. Billy's eye was moist, and there was a slight quiver in the hand that grasped the lock of his fusil, but his teeth were set, and he looked full of fighting. Wilkins was pale, and his forefinger played nervously with the trigger of the fowling-piece; he had a desperate "do or die" look about him, and I thought it only prudent to dodge a pace or two to the rear, to get out of the range of his weapon, which was in a straight line with my abdomen. The rear guard looked nonchalant, probably because they were in no immediate danger from the first burst, and had greater freedom of action. It was an anxious moment. Suddenly a deep grunt was heard, whereat each cooly dropped his weapon and "skedaddled;" a kind of burrowing noise succeeded. I saw a broad back emerge from the hole, about 3 yards in front of me into which I let drive with the smooth bore. Billy's piece went off simultaneously with a terrific report. When the smoke cleared off, the first object which met my gaze was Billy prone on his hand and face half a dozen yards off, and the Alligator trotting steadily on to the river, closely pursued by Wilkins and the other two guns. The pace gradually got slower; four barrels were leisurely poured into the poor brute one after the other. It was all up now; and, after slowly toddling on a few paces further, it quietly stopped, gave a valedictory flourish or two with its tail, and turned over like a turtle.

Our attention was next directed to Billy, who, however, speedily dispelled our apprehensions by getting up and giving a tremendous kick to the nearest cooly for running away. Billy's mishap had occurred in this wise; the Alligator, as it ran past, had made a slap at him with its tail, which was furnished with a row of prickles standing on end, and would have cut him like a knife had it taken effect; he was fortunately almost out of range, and had only received the extreme end of the tail, somewhere about the seat of his breeches, with sufficient force to upset him, but leaving his "chumra" intact. It was amusing to observe the contumely with which the coolies treated this fallen enemy. The sirdar was particularly cockawhoop; he immediately got an advance of five rupees of his pay, partly for the purpose of performing propitiatory rites to the *manes* of his deceased spouse, and partly for celebrating the destruction of her murderer. The rest of the eventful day was observed as a close holiday by all the Factory servants, the coolies who assisted in the digging out receiving an allowance of rum each as a gratuity. Tom-tomming began about 6 P. M., and was spiritedly kept up all night; the sirdar's voice was heard

at intervals above the din, chanting a funeral dirge commemorative of the departed, and the prowess of her avengers, who were compared to Ram and Krishna. His grief was further soothed by a *post mortem* on the Alligator, which resulted in the discovery of the woman's ornaments in a state of excellent preservation.

Our party broke up next morning. The following was the reply which (with his travelling allowance bill) Wilkins shortly after submitted to the Commissioner:—

"SIR,—In reply to your letter on the subject of the new alligator, I have the honor to report as follows:—

(a.) I have had the good fortune to procure a specimen which measures 14 feet 4 inches in length, with an average width of 3 feet 10 inches. The caudal development to which you directed my attention is most remarkable, forming a weapon of great power of incision; it is unfortunate that the animal seems incapable of domestication, otherwise it might be usefully employed in cutting down trees and chopping firewood.

(b.) I regret that I am unable to state whether it is oviparous or not. It seems, however, like the ostrich, to have a predilection for food of the toughest description; its last meal consisted, in part, of several pounds' weight of silver ornaments. I am therefore inclined to think that, even if oviparous, the probable strength and hardness of the shell would prevent the eggs from becoming a general article of food, except among those who are provided with a very strong maxillary formation.

(c.) Of the private life of the animal I have ascertained nothing. Its virtues and vices inside the domestic circle are entirely unknown to me. I cannot, however, refrain from observing that the little I saw of it in public did not impress me favorably. I am, at the same time, not unaware of the danger of error in judging of private character by the analogy of public actions.

(d.) As to its sensibility to kind treatment, I was not in a position to show much kindness to the specimen in question. I must therefore reserve my opinion on this point. I am however certain that it must undergo a very rigid system of training before it can be trusted as an auxiliary in commercial operations; at present it seems entirely ignorant of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

(e.) Nor do I think its employment will enable navigators to dispense with the tow-rope. Should you, however, consider the latter mode of locomotion undesirable, the subject shall have my closest consideration with a view to the introduction of a substitute.

(f.) Its indigeneness is beyond all doubt; it is, in fact, according to some authorities, only *too* indigenous. When I proposed to the gentleman, near whose Factory the specimen above described was captured, to take some steps for the permanent retention in his vicinity of some members of the species, with a view to their ultimate domestication, I was met by a most emphatic negative, coupled with some remarks in

the vernacular, which I am not, unfortunately, sufficiently acquainted with to be able to give you a translation of.

"In conclusion, you may rest assured that any future orders from you, in reference to this interesting animal, shall always have my best attention.

"I have, &c.,

A NATAL PAPER states that Colonel Towers and Captain Chaplin, of the Coldstream Guards, have returned from a hunting tour in the Zulu country, where they bagged 120 hippopotami, 23 rhinoceroses, 5 lions, 12 buffaloes, besides a great many antelopes and other small deer.—*Sporting Gazette*.

THE AUTHOR'S remarks on that most essential part of an Indian sportsman's outfit, "the hog spear," are so thoroughly practical and to the purpose that we give them in his own words:—"Whatever form of head, however, be adopted, it should be made of good, well-tempered steel. It is better to pay well for, and take a little trouble to obtain, such, than to buy the iron-hoop sort of article so often foisted on the indifferent or unwary by the native "lohar." With regard to the bamboo, it should be tough, supple, and sufficiently tapering to give it a nice balance in the hand; it should also be a male. A male bamboo is that which is solid throughout, in contradistinction to the female bamboo, which is hollow. Those with the joints closest are said to be the strongest, but are, I think, at the same time the heaviest and stiffest. Under certain circumstances, the very stoutest bamboo will be shivered like a reed, or broken, equally with one much lighter. Still a due degree of strength is necessary, and should be required in selecting sticks. The ability to choose the best, however, from a bundle of bamboos is only to be acquired by experience and practice. One slightly crooked should not be rejected, for the lohar will render it quite straight. It only remains to notice the fixing on of the head. This is cemented by "lac," and it should be so attached as to leave no projecting edge. When fixed on to the bamboo, the shank end might be filed away till it is level with the stick, otherwise it is apt to catch in the pig's bones. Some slightly cut away the bamboo, and thus let it in; but this has a tendency to weaken the stick, as is proved by its constantly snapping at that point."—*The Field*, on *Captain Newall's Hog Hunting in the East*.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.—A general meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Newmarket after the races on Wednesday next, when the dates of the Newmarket meetings, 1868, will be submitted for approval. According to the usual arrangements, they will fall as under:—Craven meeting, Easter Monday, April, 13th; First Spring meeting, Monday, April, 27th; July meeting, Tuesday, 7th. First October meeting, Tuesday, September 22nd; Second October meeting, Monday, October 5th; and Houghton meeting, Monday, October 19th. If these dates are not altered, Epson Summer meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 28th, and Ascot on Tuesday, June 9th.—*Sporting Gazette*.

A Trip in Gurhwal.

SO it has come at last !” I breathed with a sigh of thankfulness as my companion and I took our seats, amid a chaos of confusion, in the gharry which bore us from the fever-haunted plains, bound for a couple of months’ leave of absence to the Himalayas ; “ it has come at last !” I thought the day never would arrive ; but however sceptical I might have been in this respect, the exorbitant demands of our Jehus, in the first instance, had the effect of partially recalling me to my senses, and the bustle of the Railway Station finally placed the matter beyond a doubt.

I am not sanguine enough to suppose that I can add anything new to the many interesting accounts which have been written about sport in the Hills. I have a notion, however, that there is room for the amusement of others in a narration of what I enjoyed so much myself ; and it is with this hope that I take leave to lay before the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* a few pages of my journal among the mountains.

I will not, as some authors feel bound to do, “ jolt all who deign to read” along my weary journey to the foot of the Hills. Suffice it to say, that the transit was accomplished with the orthodox amount of dirt and discomfort ; that we were conveyed by a liberal dākwallah from Gazeabad to Roorkee for a mere trifle ; and that when he got us there, he wouldn’t budge a step towards Rajpore under three times the first sum ; that lest this time-honored method of progression should, in any wise, be shorn of its fair proportions, one of our hind wheels came off in the middle of the night, nearly jolting us out of the trap ; and that at length we really did get to the last-named station, feeling as thoroughly “ done” in both senses of the word as travellers need wish to be. A “ peg,” however, at the *Ellenborough Hotel*, where we were treated with promptitude and civility, set us to right in one of the senses ; and, mounting a couple of strong hill “ tats,” which had good-natured home looks about them, we commenced the arduous ascent to Mussoorie on the morning of the 20th of April.

We labored up the steep path which leads to the station for a couple of hours ; but it was a labour of love. None but he who was grilled in the plains of India, hot season after hot season, can fully appreciate his first advent to the Himalayas. The atmosphere, as you ascend, becomes cooler and more invigorating ; and when the crest of the ridge is at length achieved, and the majesty of the snows burst upon your sight, the gaze is at once rivetted to that

icy barrier, and one's whole being awed into the height of admiration—profound silence. So at least it was with me; and far from attempting to describe what is next to indescribable, I at once confess my inability to do so, and will only say, that it must be seen to be understood.

On arriving at Mussoorie, we took up our quarters at the *Himalaya Hotel*, and found a most obliging adviser in Mr. H. G. Scott, its deservedly popular manager. The next three days were spent in making active preparations for our trip. Tents were procured, provisions laid in, shikarrees and coolies engaged, &c., &c., and we at last got under weigh on the afternoon of the 23rd, and proceeded to a place called Ranoo, about four miles from the station, whither we had sent our camp some hours before. We mustered in all twenty persons, and determined to halt here for a day or so, in order that we might supply whatever had been forgotten on starting.

The route we had sketched out for ourselves was this:—To march with as much despatch as practicable over the Rupin Pass to Spiti and Lahoul to hunt ibex, returning by one of the more eastward ghats to the burial ground above Jumnootri, and thence back to our starting point, Mussoorie. This design, it will be hereafter seen, we were unable to carry out in its entirety, though our failure to do so arose from no fault of ours.

With regard to supplies, the sportsman, who meditates an expedition either to Thibet or to Cashmere, whether it is to be of long or of short duration, need never be at a loss how to furnish his commissariat. He has only to turn to one or other of the works which discuss the subjects, and he will find everything cut and dry for him. Let me recommend him, however, to do all he knows to "save his bacon," and by no means to omit taking plenty of *onions*, *salt*, and *pepper*. Potatoes, if he projects a longish tour, are, owing to weight, almost out of the question; and other vegetables being, except in certain localities, unprocurable, onions should be his mainstay in this respect. Brandy, I really believe, ought to be taken during a sporting trip, only as a medicine; and though I would hardly have ventured upon the expression of so unpalatable a sentiment, unless backed by high authority, I am convinced that he who slakes his thirst with a draught from the mountain rill, and from it alone, will feel better, and, what is more, shoot better, than one who cannot deny himself (what I freely admit to be no slight temptation) a mantling bumper by the camp-fire.

Our first march was a tough one; perhaps the toughest we encountered. On descending the northern slopes of the ridge beyond that on which Mussoorie stands, our way wound through a forest of the most magnificent rhododendra I ever beheld. They are trees there, not shrubs, as in England, and suffer much from a practice the Natives have of burning the dry leaves and grass in order to improve the pasture on the hill-side: not one of these splendid plants but was charred, some of them almost through and through, by the ignition of their own leaves. I afterwards observed that the pines of the

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middle ranges suffer even more from the same cause. You come across hundreds of gigantic firs supported on the steep declivity by little more than a fifth or sixth of their proper stem; waiting, you would fancy, only for the first blast to hurl them headlong down the precipice.

On arriving at a place called Kindaree, I determined, with a knowing villager as a guide, to try for goral along one of the hills above the village, and succeeded in bagging a kid, and wounding an old male which escaped down the cud. This was our first kill, except a few partridges and Kallij pheasants, some days before. Our kid made an excellent stew, and lasted us a couple of days. On Easter Sunday we reached the banks of the Jumna, and enjoyed a dish of trout for breakfast. On our way to Burnee, the next stage, we stood for some time on a rock overhanging the stream, and beheld countless multitudes of fish, averaging, I should judge, half a pound each. Capital sport might be had there by "brethren of the angle," who chose to devote a little patience to discovering the taking flies. Our next march led us through a grassy valley stocked with thousands of black partridges, among which we carried fire and destruction. Two more stages brought us to Rama Serai, a tolerably extensive flat of alluvial land surrounded by mountains. A tea plantation was, I believe, some time ago, tried here; but the basin is now a kind of rendezvous for shepherds and their flocks, when the winter snows drive them from their summer-feeding grounds among the mountains. We found Rama a detestably hot place, and were almost driven frantic by the swarms of sand-flies which infest it. Our only protection was gloves. He will confer a great boon upon all Himalayan mountaineers, who proscribes a specific for their bites. The low ridges around Rama abound with goral and barking deer. I came across many of the former, and made an execrable shot at one of the latter, misjudging my distance sadly. Wild animals of all kinds, we learned, make this locality a species of asylum during the severity of winter, and fall an easy prey to the *habitués* of the basin during three idle months.

On the march from Rama to Gurrah Ghât, we overtook a party of Ladak merchants returning to their country beyond the snows. They had with them say three score sheep and goats, each laden with a sackcloth pannier of rice. Four men undertook charge of the flock, assisted (and to all appearance most ably so) by a couple of huge, shaggy dogs, with enormous iron collars round their necks. Two of these animals, the men told us, were fully equal to a leopard; and one, they said, in possession of a native at Jeeree, had, single-handed, attacked and killed a tiger. *Credat Judeus!* Yet certainly they would be ugly customers to come across alone. The sheep and they appeared on the most intimate terms, and the whole party toiled along with a perfect understanding of their respective duties. Each man carried a matchlock along across his shoulders,—the most extraordinary old blunderbuss in the world; and, judging from their appearance, infinite

ly more dangerous to the sportsman than to his quarry. A pilgrimage to Mussoorie and back occupies them a whole year. In the evening it threatened a thunder-storm. The sky for some time wore a yellow aspect, which had a peculiar effect on the mountains and tall bare stems of the lofty pines, making them appear bluish in the half light. Several flashes of forked-lightning now and then dazzled the scene, followed by thunder at a considerable distance. The wind which had heralded the approaching storm, now fell away completely, and everything seemed awaiting the outburst in unbroken silence. It passed off, however, without favoring us with more than a few drops of rain.

We crossed the Tonse, a rapid, brawling volume of water, on the 7th of May, at Nitaree, where it joins the Rupin, and saw some tahr on the opposite hill, but could not get a shot. A couple of marches hence brought us to Rhuharce, where we found it cold enough to enjoy a splendid pine-wood fire after dinner. We made Jakh the following day, drenched to the skin, and encamped under an enormous rock, about 150 feet high. A natural coping, of about 20 feet, sheltered us most opportunely from the rain, which fell almost incessantly during our stay. The scenery on our way from Rhuharee had gradually assumed a wilder character, and Jakh itself, which stands on a precipitous hillside, at the foot of the Rupin Pass, nearly marks the limits of vegetation.

Our expectations of crossing the snows were now doomed to be disappointed. We could not get over, the villagers told us, for the next 20 days. So, with much reluctance, we had to abandon our design of visiting the ibex grounds, and content ourselves with the prospect of a few weeks' shooting in Gurhwal. Before, however, quitting Jakh, I determined to go in search of a bear we had seen one evening on the opposite end. I accordingly set out the following morning very early, and after a tremendous climb, mounted the crest of the hill, without having seen anything except a musk deer, and some munal pheasants. Soon after commencing the descent, the shikaree, with great excitement, declared the bear to be within a few paces of us; but before I could rid myself of a vile crooper in which I had become entangled, Bruin had made good his retreat. Some distance further down the mountain, I had an opportunity of observing the method adopted on the hills for snaring game. The plan consists of a long low hedge traversing the hill, about a foot or a foot and a half high, with small gaps in it every dozen yards or so. A contrivance on the principle of the mole-trap seizes anything that passes through these gaps. I found one of the traps sprung and munal feathers sticking to the noose. A little lower down, I came upon an old fellow at work on the snares. He adjusted them, in the most impracticable-looking places, with remarkable dexterity. I made camp at noon almost dead with fatigue.

We now agreed, in substitution of our original design, to retrace our steps as far as Nitaree, with as much expedition as possible, and

proceed thence to a village called Our or Ourah, where, our shikarees assured us, we should find fair sport. We resolved, moreover, that whenever we reached ground where we could be sure game abounded, to abandon the valleys in which, with a view to reaching the pass early, we had hitherto for the most part travelled, and betake ourselves either to the depths of the forest, or, if necessary, to the summits of the mountains. It was to the prosecution of this determination, as the reader will see, that our subsequent success is to be attributed.

Nothing worth recording occurred till we reached Ourah, if I except meeting, on our re-arrival at Nitaree, one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw ! At first she ran away from us ; but at length, her looks bent modestly to the ground, permitted her husband, (she was only sixteen) to lead her by the hand to where we stood, with the prettiest submission imaginable. She was slightly formed, tall, with languishing black eyes and long eyelashes, and moved, as they all do, with infinite ease and grace. We thought that, dressed as a Turk, she would have looked excessively bewitching ; and could not help recalling those lines in which the poet laments that—

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air !"

At a village named Koonaur, which is hemmed in by precipitous mountains, I got a shot at a bear. He was sitting, seemingly dozing, with his back towards me, on a ledge of rock which projected over a steep ravine. I fired at about sixty yards distance, and broke one of his shoulders. He tumbled off his perch with a tremendous howl, and gathering himself together, commenced re-ascending the rocks in a different direction to where we were standing. We followed him upwards by the blood, which ceased at the entrance of a cavern in the granite. Into this we first threw stones, &c., without effect, and as the shikarees, honest men, would not venture into the hole, I let myself gradually down, and discovered the place to be untenanted. I could see no outlet by which an animal might escape, though possibly one may have existed. We tried hard to find further traces of Bruin, but were, in the long run, compelled to relinquish the search as hopeless. We reached Ourah on the 23rd of May, to find our prospects of shooting blasted. A party, it appeared, had been keeping up a regular cannonade there during the early part of the season. I determined, nevertheless, to try the well-wooded hillside for whatever it might hold, and my efforts were rewarded by my bagging a musk deer with a very fair pod. I found him first under the snow. In rolling down among some large boulders, the point of one of his tusks was unfortunately broken. The venison proved excellent: Fresh marks of pig and other game occurred all over the forest, but with the exception of the deer and a few munal pheasants, I saw nothing. On my return, I shot a few kallijes and several brace of black partridges. Hence we determined to make our way to Bonk, a lofty mountain in the middle of the country, and arrived there, by easy stages, on the 2nd of June. We made three halts on our ascent. At the first we bagged a goral,

and on our way to the second, the forest of Oodaroo, a barking deer. I missed him with the rifle, and bowled him over with large shot, as he bounded past me. As we had secured six brace of partridges, and one or two koklass and kally pheasants, before leaving the low-lands, in case of shortcomings in the wilds of the forest, our larder was by no means to be sneezed at. With a good supply of every necessary and several luxuries from Mussoorie, we lived like fighting cocks; and our legs being by this time well seasoned, and our thighs and sinews brought into full play, we were fit to walk and climb for a man's life.

A stiff scramble over the very summit almost of Bonk, and a short easy descent on the other side of the peak, brought us to our next encamping ground, beside a lovely open spot of velvet grass, enamelled with flowers and wild strawberries. One side of this Eden, that towards the north, was bounded by a precipice, along the brink of which grew a belt of oak trees. I had a rug brought up from the tents, and fanned by a refreshing breeze, lay down to enjoy a magnificent panorama of Gurhwal. The eye beheld, in all directions, the summits of a thousand hills: Northward—here the gaze became completely entranced and description feeble—towered in august majesty the cloud-capped mountains of eternal snow; presiding, so to speak—for one cannot help personifying them—over their puny scions below, at whose efforts to look big, their white heads and experience of ten thousand years have given them a right to look down in calm, parental tranquillity. To our immediate north they bounded Gurhwal; north-west lay Koonour; south-east Kumaon; and thus I viewed, at one glance, a dazzling rampart of at least 250 miles—a spectacle which perhaps has not its equal in the world. Early the following morning I was to take another look at the snows, and was much struck by their solemn grandeur, remaining for long overawed by the deep sanctity of the scene. The sun had not yet risen over them, and the spectre-like peaks above Gangootri—at least the sides towards me—were shrouded in shade of the deepest purple. Here and there, amid the dark mass, spots, like diamonds of surpassing brilliancy, shone forth, as the sun's rays fell upon some projecting eminence, and the glaciers, held high up to heaven in the mountains' arms, sparkled resplendently in the morning light. Along the entrance summit a fringe of the most delicate tone caused the ridge to stand out in clear relief against the sky, and a slight vapour, which was being rapidly dissipated by the heat, streamed, pennant-like, from the top of the topmost pinnacle, and thus achieved the crowning triumph of the view.

The day after our arrival at this stage, another barking deer fell to my rifle. A coolie, whom I sent to bring him up the hill, on attempting to lay hold of his hind leg, received an ugly gash on his thigh from one of the tusks with which his upper jaw was armed. The subsequent stiffness of the limb quite disabled the man from further work; so, as he was luckily within a few miles of his village, I paid him up to date and dismissed him with a *doupen* of ten rupees, with which he was greatly pleased. He soon recovered the

effects of his accident. I believe musk deer defend themselves in a similar manner with their tusks, and could, I fancy, inflict a terrible wound. The following morning, I took a turn round a side of the hill which I had not before visited, and ere long started a couple of Barasingh—a buck and doe. They ran right across me up hill, at not more than seventy yards distance, offering a capital shot. I fired at the buck, a magnificent beast, who continued his course up the mountain, and for a moment I hardly knew what to think of my shot. Almost immediately, however, a sound of laboured breathing broke upon my ear, and then, with a tremendous rush, the huge deer came tumbling down the steep, head foremost, and was brought up in a rocky gully not 20 yards from where I stood, stone dead. A prize, such as the deer which now lay before me, does not often fall to the rifle of the sportsman in Gurhwal, and my delight may be imagined as I stood

"Measuring his antlers with my eyes."

Much to my disappointment, however, I found his horns in the velvet, and grown only to the second fork. They measured round the base thirteen inches and a half, a circumference probably a little in excess of that which they would have measured when fully developed. It took long to skin him and cut him up; but the "grallicking" was at last accomplished, and the meat, &c., safely conveyed to camp. All the villagers around were supplied with venison, which they took gladly from our coolies in exchange for salt.

The opposite side of the mountain was tried next day. Upon this occasion we were particularly unfortunate. Posting myself in what I thought a good position, I quickly awaited the approach of the shikarees, whom I had directed to enter the forest some distance from where I was, and bent towards me. I had not long occupied my post, when one of the coolies I had brought with me, and who was placed above me on the hill side, crept softly down to say there was an animal of some kind about 150 yards in front of us. On looking in the direction he indicated I discovered a musk deer, feeding on the leaves of a small shrub, totally unsuspecting of our proximity. I waited for some time in hope that he would come towards us, but, my patience at length failing, I tried to stalk stealthily towards him. The ground to our immediate front, which I had to pass over, was steep and broken, and I had not gone far, before my footing gave way, and down I went with a run through a layer of dry leaves, making noise enough to scare all the musk deer within a mile. I couldn't pull up for the life of me, and my pace was rapidly becoming faster and faster. At last, by dint of sticking the butt of my rifle into the soil I managed to arrest my downward progress, and commenced scrambling back to the point whence I had made so involuntary a descent. A hazardously narrow path along the middle of a perpendicular face of rock, with a tree at the further end of it was the route I had selected before starting from my first position, by which to approach the game. Making my way cautiously along this crevice,

I arrived at the tree in safety ; but the musk deer was no where to be seen. I sat down in silence, and ere long was joined by the shikarees, on whose approach the deer sprung out from some loose stones, and bounded down the mountain with headlong recklessness, before I could draw the trigger. My men told me they had seen three musk deer, of which doubtless this was one ; and three tahr, which they said had moved along in my direction. To fill the measure of our ill-luck, another coolie, who had been stationed as much below as the other was above, now came up and reported that the tahr had passed within an easy stone's throw of him, soon after I had quitted my post. This was a bitter lesson of the mistake of changing one's place when once judiciously taken up. *You should never move*, no matter how great are the seeming advantages of doing so. But for my neglecting this precaution, I believe both tahr and musk deer would have passed close to me. A beat on the same plan that afternoon gave no better result. On this occasion my position was not so good a one. A number of sheep were feeding in a ridge behind me, and I might have known their noise would prevent any wild animal approaching this direction with confidence. This actually happened. I twice heard rustling among the leaves in the forest in front of me, and have no doubt it was caused by a couple of scrows, which my shikaree afterwards told me he had watched for long, moving about uneasily a hundred yards or so in advance of where I sat. A tremendous hail-storm put out our fires that night, and rendered our dinner for some time highly problematical. The next day proved a misty one ; so in lieu of better amusement, we started to rob a bee's nest, which some of our men had discovered in a hollow tree. Many a bear must have tried his claws at that hive, as the bark around the crevice amply testified. We succeeded in taking the honey after about two hours' hard work. Our coolies, who had gone at it with a will, returned with their physiognomies bulged out, in the most grotesque fashion, amid shouts of merriment from those who had stayed in camp.

We moved from this encampment on the 11th June, and on our way to the next halting-place bagged our first bear. We discovered him in an open tract of ground on a steep incline, busily engaged in turning over stones for insects. Screened by a small knoll, we ran rapidly in his direction, and taking a steady aim at not more than forty yards distance, I pulled the trigger. The brute reared up upon his hind legs and came right up hill at us, roaring desperately. My companion, while the bear was in this position, put another bullet into him, but he still came on. Two charges of shot, delivered by both of us almost simultaneously, had the effect of turning him, and he now made across the open space, coming to a stand-still when about twenty or thirty yards off. He then sank gradually to the ground, and rolled a short way down the hill, dead. Examining his wounds, we found the first shot placed well behind the shoulder coming out in an exactly corresponding spot on the left side. This bullet, we afterwards discovered, had torn its way all along one side of the heart lacerating,

it severely. The other had entered the chest, and completely divided the wind-pipe, lodging in the side between the shoulders. Either of these shots, one would imagine, should have proved instantly fatal; but the animal not only lived, but was able to do considerable damage for some minutes after receiving them. He was a male bear, and though there was not an ounce of fat on his body, his skin was a magnificent one.

Galton in his admirable little work entitled, "The Art of Travel," judiciously observes that it contributes greatly to the good humour and even the success of an expedition, if natives are encouraged after a hard day's work, to chat round the camp fire. Our coolies were capital fellows, wholly unlike their kinsmen of the plains, and by no means inclined to presume upon an indulgence of this kind being extended to them. Our converse this evening naturally turned upon bears, and I have translated, supposing it will amuse the reader, a story with which one of them regaled us. Our shikarees having mentioned the extraordinary sagacity of bears in general, the Munchausen in question said it was no uncommon thing for a bear to fall in love with a woman and run off with her to the woods; and that he himself knew a lady who had had an *affaire de cœur* of this ursine nature. She and her husband were one day gathering firewood in the forest, when a bear made his appearance, seized the woman, though without in the least degree hurting her, and made off to the woods. The husband, directed by the screams of his wife, followed as fast as he could, but on seeing him the ravisher quitted his prize for an instant, and, attacking the man tore the flesh completely off his face. The poor fellow thus mauled, was unable to pursue the brute further, and nothing more was heard of the woman for three months. At the end of that time she returned to her village in perfect health, and the coolies story goes, that in due time she became the interesting mother of a couple of cub bears. Her shaggy lover she said, had treated her with the utmost consideration, and supplied her with wild fruit daily. She had made several attempts to escape from the cave in which the bear had deposited her, and that the animal had always recaptured her and taken her back to his den. How her release was finally accomplished did not appear, but shortly after her return to the village, Bruin showed himself once more upon the scene of action, and foiled in his endeavours to recover his *quondam* spouse, he attacked the houses one by one, and neither "stayed" nor "stinted" till he had levelled half of them with the ground. Having thus wreaked the vengeance of disappointed passion, he retired in "single blessedness," to the mountains, and dreamed, we will suppose, of the enchanted hours which he had enjoyed with a being of a higher order.

While making an excursion from the ground we had now reached, I came across the carcass of a cow which had been killed by a leopard a couple of days before. I sat down to enjoy my pipe a short distance from where the body lay, and had only been a few minutes so occupied, when the handsome depredator leaped upon a large rock about sixty

yards from where I was stationed. I took aim and fired, making him drop quickly from the stone. He made off up hill through some broken ground to our right. We tracked him by the blood for about 200 yards, and then lost the traces entirely. My companion went next morning to try and follow up the trail, but could make nothing more of it. On his way back to camp, he was fortunate enough to come across another bear and kill him with a single shot.

Having heard that a harvest-home festival was to be celebrated with much pomp on a hill above Kindaree on the 18th of June, and that the youth and beauty of Gurhwal for miles round would be there assembled, we resolved to visit the scene of rejoicing, and take what shooting we might come across on our way thither. Nothing occurred of any interest till our arrival on the 17th. The Rains were evidently preparing to set in, and it was manifest our sport would not be of much longer duration. Heavy banks of cloud now began to obscure the sky, and showers were of frequent occurrence.

The 18th broke ominously for the festival; but towards 12 o'clock, the mists which had been hanging sluggishly in the valleys began to creep briskly up the mountains, and were soon airily poised, in fleecy clouds, high above them, while the sun shone brightly down. Every now and then the ear caught the beat of distant tom-toms, and other festive sounds from the villages far below told that the merriment was afoot. Presently we caught glimpses of gaily-dressed groups of women, each group escorted by a village beau, winding in single file up the steep slopes, and all making towards the temple on the summit of the hill above us. We now left our encampment and took up a position above the path by which the holiday makers would pass, from which we could have a good view of their appearance. Each village group halted before it reached the spot upon which we were seated, and the women put the finishing touches to their finery, while the climb up the mountain may be supposed to have a little disarranged. This over, they formed a procession, the beau, most likely the village headman, leading, and the rest in order of age or importance. As they drew nearer, parti-colored garments of the brightest dyes broke upon the view, orange, blue, and scarlet appearing in the favorite hues. The women were loaded with silver ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, nose-rings, and a string of bangles which encircled the face and was fastened over the forehead to a long shawl, almost covering the head and depending down the back. A tight-fitting waistcoat with sleeves, open in front, so as slightly to disclose the bosom, and a petticoat made full and rather longer than those ordinarily worn, completed a costume not altogether devoid of grace. Curious to know what took place when they reached the "holy of holies," we followed one of the bands up the hill. A rude pile of stones just above the path where it first gained the summit of the hill seemed to command much respect, and was reverently approached to. This however, in passing; and the top at last reached, the line broke up at once, and it was who to get first to the sanctuary.

The sacred edifice had some appearance of a church on a small scale, being built half of stone and half of wood, and contained in an inner compartment the images of a Deity to which the woman now hurried to pay their brief devotions. These satisfactorily concluded, they passed out through another door, and clasping each other by the waist, began to dance slowly round in a circle to the tune of a discordant kind of chant. A few more were on the ground when we arrived, and they and the women took verse and verse about, each continuing to move round as the others sang. Much shouting, beating of drums, and blowing of horns on the path by which we had arrived, now attracted our attention, and a number of men, some having boughs of trees above their heads, others brandishing old swords, cutlasses and whatever they could lay hands on, were seen dancing furiously towards the spot where we stood. As they came nearer, they looked perfect savages, the sweat pouring down their faces with the exertions they were making to do honor to the day. The temple reached, in they all dived, out at an opposite door, and forming a chorus such as before described, to it they went, heel and toe, as furiously as if their lives depended on it. Villagers now began to arrive pell-mell, and the place soon became one of the most uproarious confusion. How all would have ended, goodness knows, but the rain began to descend heavily, and we were all obliged to take shelter in the temple. While cooped up close together, we had ample experience that the fragrance of the Paharie belles is not precisely that of "Araby the blest." A short cessation of the shower gave us an opportunity of bolting down hill to our tents.

The wet weather had now fairly set in, and we turned our thoughts from shooting to getting back to Mussoorie as speedily as possible. We determined to take the peak of Noak on our return, and make a last effort to secure a tahr. Two days brought us to the encamping ground near the summit of the hill, but, during our two day's stay, clouds and mists rolled around us to such an extent, that we were wholly unable to do anything in the way of sport. Our march thence into the station was an un-eventful one. I shot a munal pheasant, and some chukor partridges shortly after leaving Noak, and in the end below Mussoorie added another goral to our bag.

I ought not to conclude this paper without paying a tribute to the services of those who were instrumental in helping us to enjoy our ramble. The shikarees and coolies we took with us worked admirably; and we parted with them, as I believe do most travellers who have engaged the services of hill-men, with regret. I hope upon a future occasion to renew my acquaintance as a master, with some of them, when I trust I may have something of keener interest than these pages to communicate to the Magazine, and that in the opinion of those whose opinion is best worth having in such matters, I may then more fully deserve the *nom de plume* which I have adopted.

Rocket and Van.

2 MILES. TIME—3m 44s.

2nd January, 1868,

'Tis 7 o'clock, and on the Stand
Blooms many a bright young face,
While men below with doubtful mind
Are betting on *the* race.

For "The Merchant's Cup" is run to-day,
And *Van*, though rather thin,
With *Hackney* up, 5lbs to boot,
Must very nearly win.

On *Rocket* very fit, there's Gooch,
No better judge of pace
To force the running, wait in front,
Or finish in a race.

There's *Nancy*, sporting Vincent's mare,
With *Favourite* rightly named;
While *Scishtail* canters slowly down,
Unfit, though grandly framed.

The flag is down, and now they're off,
See, *Rocket* shoots away;
While *Hackney* waits behind with *Van*
When *Swishtail* cannot stay.

Three-quarters of a mile from home,
Gooch takes a steady haul;
And *Hackney* rouses grand old *Van*,
Who answers to the call.

See! now he reaches *Rocket's* head,
And Gooch begins to ride,
As from the corner up the straight
They thunder stride by stride.

Alas! for *Van*, it may not be;
He has not quite the pace;
Three-forty-four is clipping time,
His beating's no disgrace.

Van and Rocket.

1½ MILE. TIME 2m. 45s.

4th January, 1868.

See what is that up in the Stand—
Exposed to public view—
A cup from a Member of the Turf Club,
A sportsman keen and true.

The jockies all are weighed—
The saddling bell has rung—
There's a buzz in the enclosure;
"Who's to win" 's on every tongue.

See that lean, grey-coated figure,
With eye so keen and knowing look,
"With even weights I'll take the odds,"
Says he—won't any of you book?

'Tis true the weights are even,
But the course a half mile less;
Beware bookmakers of the odds,
Or you'll get into a mess.

The first to show is *Silverstar*,
Not shining like silver bright;
She sweats as she goes past the Stand,
And looks to the eye too light.

Rocket next greets the public eye;
Gooch looks not so elate
As when he steered him home
First for the merchant's plate.

For he lathers sadly on the neck;
What do I hear, ye Gods!
That same lean grey-coated man
Still cries, "I'll take the odds."

Then rafe old *Van* with *Hackney* up—
Goes down and back again;
Man and horse both look as if
They will not race in vain.

W. W.'s *Favorite* last
 Shews with her own Choochoo ;
 You'll wait in vain with *Van* my boy
 With him your pace won't do.

Now comes the shout, "they're off! they're off!"
 Gooch rushes off with *Rocket*,
 Heedless alike of all behind,
 As if the cup were in his pocket.

Choochoo with *Favorite*, follows hard,
 With *Van* close at her side ;
Swishtail as usual far behind,
 And dropping stride by stride.

Round the mile course then they come
 Up to the three-quarter mile ;
 When *Hackney* rushes past the mare,
 With *Van* in his old style.

Gooch with *Rocket* still in front,
 Looks as if he'd win the race ;
 But *Van* comes creeping, creeping up—
 'Tis clear he's got the pace.

Loud rise the shouts "'tis *Rocket* wins,"
 "'Tis *Van* ;" "they're both at work ;"
 When *Hackney* calls on *Van*, and he
 The summons does not shirk.

Like a rocket shooting *Rocket* past,
Van strides onward home :
Van, *Rocket*, *Favorite*, *Swishtail*,
 Then to the post they come.

Thus once more "black with white cap,"
 In spite of all chaff and banter,
 In ten forty-five comes homeward first,
 And almost in a canter.

As *Hackney* and *Van* come back to scale,
 That lean, grey-coated man, ye gods !
 Still cries with a rejoicing wail—
 "I'm glad I haven't got the odds."

S. R. D.

The Month.

ENGLAND.

THE TURF.—As this is the first number under new Editorship, we hope we may be excused for glancing a little further back than the last month.

At home the turfite has now nearly ceased to ponder over the "glorious uncertainty" so forcibly illustrated by the in-and-out running of the three-years olds during the past season. Indeed if we consider the good and indifferent performances of *Achievement*, *Hermit*, *Julius*, and *Eriponnier* alone, we shall have to go back a long way to remember any year like it. But it is past and gone, and with a sparkle of delightful anticipation at the probable contest for the Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups, our turfite's reflections turn to the performances of the *two-year-olds*, and the light they throw on the chances of the great races for 1868.

The *Saturday Review* justly observed not long ago, that the fillies have been far above the average, while the colts were decidedly below it, and certainly Lady Elizabeth, Leonie, Green Sleeve, Athena, Lady Coventry, and Formosa, are a creditable lot for a single year. Until the Middle Park Stakes came off, Lady Elizabeth had shewn such superiority over all others of her year, that it seemed likely that there would be but little speculation on the Derby during the winter, but Sir J. Hawley's two came to the rescue, and the performance of Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian has not only made the great race more open, but deposed her Ladyship from the proud position of first favorite for the "blue riband of the turf." Considering, however, the number of times she had already run that season, and the way in which her struggles at the starting post must have affected her strength at the end of the race, we see no reason why her defeat should affect her position in so marked a manner. But we envy the Indian sportsmen who have the prospect of the next racing season at home before them, and who will see so many interesting problems solved both as regards the three and the four-year-olds of 1868.

The home newspapers are beginning to publish the usual statistics. Little has yet appeared about racing matters, but one of our extracts gives the number of winning and losing rides of the most successful jockeys; and it will be seen that Fordham is again first in the list as regards winning races, while he treads close on the heels of the favorite light-weights as regards the number of mounts. We have always thought that a successful jockey is the richest man in the world for his position in life, and if nothing were earned but the three guineas for losing and five for winning rides, it would be a fine income; while the handsome presents given for success in great races or handi-

caps, in which owners win a good stake, make up the receipts of the most favored to four or five times the amount of the fees.

CRICKET.—The statistics of cricket exhibit so many long scores of individuals, and so many heavy totals of runs, that some change in favor of the bowler appears inevitable before long. The most practical suggestions are that the wickets should be an inch wider or an inch higher, and we expect that both will be eventually conceded.

SHOOTING.—On the whole, the shooting has not been good. To crown the misfortune of the grouse disease, which seems to have culminated in 1867, there were in most parts of the United Kingdom but few partridges; something has evidently affected them also, though the cause does not appear to be the same every where. The regular *battue* shooting has held its own much as usual.

HUNTING.—The hunting man has had what the Americans call "a good time" from the day when the first Monday in November saw the "Quorn" at the time-honored Kirby Gate, to inaugurate the legitimate season.

There have been a few changes among the huntsmen and promotions of "whips," but very little alteration of importance as regards packs and countries, save that the Cheltenham and Broadway difficulty has been finally settled by Lord Coventry undertaking the latter country. We observe, by the way, that the number of bad falls was unusually great in the early part of November.

INDIA.

THE TURF.—As regards India and the East, we are in the midst of the racing season. The North-West Provinces and the Punjab have fallen from their high estate of late years, and beyond a bad meeting at Deyrah, where Collaby, a very inferior colonial, was the great card, we have heard of little but Skye. But at large stations like Lucknow, Delhi, Meerut, Agra, Allahabad, Umballah, Lahore, and Peshawur, there ought to be at least a four-days' meeting annually from Saturday to Saturday. We are glad to hear that a meeting is contemplated at Allahabad, but we have not seen any public announcement of it.

In the Lower Provinces the season was inaugurated at Sonapore, and an account of the meeting will be found in this number.

Since then we have had the first Calcutta meeting, which is also reported, and we refrain from any comment here on the results of either meeting, though we may have a few remarks to make on the Calcutta, one in our next. The Mozufferpore Stewards have put a selling limit on all horses running at the meeting, in order to exclude all bad horses, on the ground that enough of the latter do not come to make good racing, while a single one has often proved a Triton among the minnows, and spoilt the racing. This is, we think, unobjectionable as the best horses have a fair field in Calcutta about

this time, and it is highly desirable to give owners a chance of getting something out of horses that have not proved as good as was expected.

The failure of the Dacca meeting is note-worthy. A very fair prospectus was issued, but none of the Calcutta or Behar stables would enter a horse. The reasons for this should be borne in mind by the Dacca sportsmen with an eye to the future, as if the meeting is fixed for a later date, we do not doubt that it will be successful. Few owners of horses would be inclined to run them between the Sonepore and Calcutta meetings, unless there were races at Bhaugulpore or some other place, with railway communication between Patna and Calcutta, as, between constant marching and racing, there would be a risk of the horses getting stale just before the great racing meeting of the year; and then there are peculiar difficulties in getting to Dacca and back from either Calcutta or Patna. But if the Dacca races are fixed for the end of February in future, we think that, with nothing else before them, owners will be very glad to send their horses there, if the prospectus be judiciously framed, with sufficient penalties for winners of the season to prevent the best plater, the best Colonial, and the best Arab of the year carrying off every thing, without giving their opponents a chance. After the Calcutta meeting, the short rest of the railway to Kooshtea and the steamer to Dacca would do the horses no harm, and there would be time to give them quite enough work by the end of February. As for getting back again, any delay in that would be immaterial after the last meeting of the season.

CRICKET.—Cricket is going on merrily in Calcutta and the large stations, but we hear of little shooting or hog-hunting at present. At Madras boating is much in vogue just now.

THE CALCUTTA HOUNDS.—There are no hounds this year in Calcutta. The epidemic which cost the Calcutta hunt so dear last year proved a damper to most of the subscribers, who had already got somewhat lukewarm in the cause, owing to other attractions which were offered them, such as the opera, &c. Times are changed from the days when men left the ball-room for coverside. An attempt was made, when it was ascertained that a public subscription would not be successful to get a few couples of hounds out on private account, but the season was so far advanced when the order got home, that the year's drafts from any of the well-known kennels had already been disposed of, and none could be got for this season. We hear of two bobbery packs within a few miles of Calcutta, but have not received any accounts of their doings.

We have endeavoured to make our extracts as varied in character and as interesting as possible, and we would draw special attention to the advertisement about a shooting expedition to Algeria. It is thoroughly French, especially the idea of striking medals in commemoration.

Cricket.

IN publishing the following scores of matches played this season by the Calcutta Club, we regret that we cannot, from want of space, enter fully into the details of the play. In future numbers we hope to be able to allow its proper place to a sport so conducive to generous rivalry and good fellowship. India contains many old cricketers, whose names are still a glory and a pride to the universities and public schools of England. We cannot of course notice matches of purely local interest. But if Secretaries of Cricket Clubs in all parts of India will favour us with scores, and a concise notice of the play of *important matches*, we will promise that neither shall their trouble be in vain, nor our hearty thanks be wanting. Many a reader in the solitude of the Mofussil, will, we are sure, gladly welcome a notice of a game which will recall to him the days when perchance, in the words of D'Urfrey,

“Hur was the prettiest fellow,
At foot ball or at cricket.”

THE CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB *vs.* H. M.'s 60TH ROYAL RIFLES.

This was the first match of the season, and resulted in an easy victory for the Club in one innings and 66 runs, on 5th and 6th December.

C. C. C. 1st. Innings.

D. R. Onslow, Esq., bd Crofton	15
G. G. Morris, Esq., bd Moseley	19
Hon'ble H. Strutt, bd Freeman	4
E. R. Scott, Esq. et Crofton b Mosley	71
F. J. Crooke, Esq. bd Crofton	7
Captain H. Forbes, bd Freeman	62
H. L. Harrison, Esq., run out	22
Lord John Hervey, run out	15
Captain H. Lockwood, et Crofton b Freeman	2
G. L. Harris, Esq., b Crofton	17
Colonel Pester, not out	7
Byes	5
Leg-byes	5
Wides	15
Total	266

H. M.'s 60TH ROYAL RIFLES.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lt. Gordon, bd. Crooke	... 11	bd. Onslow	... 0
A. G. Bagot, Esq. ct. Harris, bd. Harrison	... 26	L. B. W. bd. Crooke	... 0
H. A. Ward, Esq. run out	... 23	bd. Crooke	... 8
Lt. Parker, bd. Onslow	... 25	bd. Onslow	... 0
Lt. Farmer, run out	... 27	bd. Crooke	... 2
Pt. Freeman, bd. Onslow	... 3	run out	... 7
Capt. Moseley, bd. Crooke	... 16	bd. Onslow	... 0
W. Froster, Esq., run out	... 0	ct. Hervey, bd. Crooke	... 4
Pt. Hoskins, run out	... 8	bd. Onslow	... 1
Lt. A. Morris, not out	... 3	ct. Crooke, bd. Onslow	... 3
Lt. Crofton, bd. Onslow	... 0	not out	... 6
Byes	... 15	Byes	... 2
Leg-bye	... 1	Leg-byes	... 2
Wides	... 5	Wides	... 2
Total	... 163	Total	... 37
		1st Innings	... 163
		Total	.. 200

On Thursday, the 12th inst., the Calcutta Club sent an Eleven to renew their yearly match at Bhaugulpore, and play commenced shortly after 12. Calcutta won the toss, and electing to go in, Messrs. Morris and Bagot faced the Bowling of Browne Wood and Knyvett. Morris gave away to Wood's first ball (one wicket for 0) and was succeeded by Gordon, who was caught after a quickly-got 16 made by two fives, one four, and a two (two wickets for 30.) Maclean's 18 consisted of a five, a three, three twos and singles, when he was caught by long off. (three wickets for 63,) and was succeeded by Crooke, Bagot playing steadily meanwhile. Crooke did not trouble the scorer as usual, contributing only 11 by a four, a three, &c., (4 wickets for 84.) Ward was run out for 0. (Five wickets for 88) and the remaining scores do not call for notice, except Lyall's 13 not out, with a 5, 6 and 2, and Bagot's 29 (he having defended his wicket till he had seen 8 of the eleven out) carefully and steadily got by a four, three threes, three twos, and singles, and the innings concluded for 120, a total which would have been greater but for the thoroughly brilliant fielding of Doyle at long leg and long off, and McNeale at cover point, with the marvellous quickness of Toker at point. Wood and Knyvett bowled steadily throughout the innings. Bhaugulpore then commenced with Toker and Bayley, to the bowling of Crooke and Ward, Bayley in the 1st over gave a chance accepted by Ward, and

resulting in 1 wicket for 0. Wood then came in, and runs were got very fast, the bowling being weak and the fielding generally loose excepting that of Lockwood, who was repeatedly cheered by friend and foe, and the 2nd wicket did not fall till 64 had been made, when Wood was caught by longstop for a very lucky 21, consisting of one four, two threes, two twos, and singles. Barnett got a careful 19, by two fives and nine singles. In his innings time was called, and the game resumed the following morning, when his wicket was taken by Crooke. He was succeeded by McNeale who was indebted to the field for allowing him to get so many as he did. During his inning, Toker was bowled by Hoyes for 48 runs, comprising two fives, two fours, three threes, &c, 4 wickets for 118 runs. Doyly then joined McNeale, and runs were made quickly till Hoyes found his way to McNeale's wicket, 5 wickets for 146 runs. Mosely joined Doyly, who was in great hitting form, and the score rose rapidly to 173 runs, when Mosely was caught by longstop for 12 runs. Knyvett added 11 runs, and then made way for Adams, during whose stay the score was increased to 225 runs, when Morris, who had been most insinuating in his bowling, got Doyly for 47 runs, decidedly the best innings so far, and made up of a 6 (a magnificent off-drive) three fives, two fours, one three, two twos and singles, 8 wickets for 225. The Sergeant was not quite quick enough between the wickets for Morris, who disposed of him by a most masterly display of wicket keeping, and then bowled Adams for 7, the innings closing for 226, of which 46 were *et ceteras*. There was decided improvement this day in the Calcutta fielding all round. Nothing daunted, and fortified by an excellent luncheon, Calcutta set to work with 106 to work off, and Lyall and Bagot faced the same bowling as before. Bagot put one into longstop's hands for 9 (one wicket for 26) and was followed by Maclean, and after the score had reached 36, Lyall was run out by his partner for 14, in which were two fours, &c. Maclean then gave way to Wood for 17 (three wickets for 55) and Morris and Crooke were in possession, and proceeding merrily, when Morris tried too much, and paid the penalty, having made a careful 14 (four wickets for 74), and Crooke shortly after played a very easy catch to Toker, having made 25 thus, two eights and the hit of the match to square leg, a seven, and two singles, (five wickets for 100,) leaving Ward and Gordon in possession. Gordon added 11 to the total, and then Lockwood and Ward made a most determined stand. Lockwood succumbing at last for 23, in which were a five, three threes, and the same number of twos (seven wickets for 190,) Ward meanwhile playing down the straight, and punishing the loose ones severely. Hoyes added 6 runs, and Mowbray then played a most lively innings of 23, of which 19 were got in 4 hits, three fives, and one four, &c. This gentleman exhibited much judgment in the placing of hits, and thereby sorely discomfited the field, the innings finally finished for 262, including 33 extras, by Ward being bowled for a magnificent 89, in which he scored one seven, two sixes, one five, six fours, seven threes, &c., and thoroughly deserved the

applause that greeted him. Bhaugulpore then went in to try and get 150 against time, and it was evident that the match would be most exciting. No one made any particular stand against Crooke and Hoyer's bowling till McNeil made 35, comprising one six, three threes, six twos, &c., somewhat luckily. Moseley 17, one splendid off-drive for 6, and Adams 18, both hitting freely, were in when time was called, leaving 33 to get to win and 3 wickets to go down. The Match therefore was a drawn one—though Bhaugulpore had a shade the best of it—for the three days, during which Bhaugulpore surpassed itself in its well-known hospitality, and the C. C. C. are especially indebted to Mr. Doyly, who spared himself no trouble or inconvenience either in arrangement for the Match, or giving up his house for two very successful dances, the last of which concluded by a most eloquent speech from the Calcutta Umpire, whose correct decision in favour of the ladies proved him “the right man in the right place.”

CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB *vs.* BHAGULPORE.

The Calcutta Eleven appeared at Bhaugulpore on the 12th December, and after a hard fight for 3 days, the Match was drawn, leaving Bhaugulpore 30 runs to get with 3 wickets. The Bhaugulpore Eleven was, without exception, the best Mofussil eleven the Club has met for a long time.

CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
A. G. Bagot, Esq. bd. Knyvett	29	ct. Adams, bd. Wood	... 9
G. G. Morris, Esq. bd. Wood	0	run out	... 14
Lieut. F. A. Gordon, ct. Burnett, bd. Wood	... 16	bd. Wood	... 11
J. D. Maclean Esq. ct. Mosely, bd. Knyvett	... 18	bd. Wood	... 17
F. J. Crooke, Esq. ct. and bd. Knyvett	... 11	ct. Toker, bd. Wood	... 25
H. A. H. Ward, Esq. run out	0	bd. McNeale	... 89
Capt. H. Lockwood, bd. Knyvett	2	bd. Ward	... 23
Lieut. Cautley, bd. Wood	3	not out	... 0
A. A. Hoyer, Esq. ct. Toker, bd. Wood	... 5	ct. and bd. Wood	... 6
R. A. Lyall, Esq. not out	13	run out	... 12
A. Mohray, Esq. ct. Barnett, bd. Knyvett	0	bd. McNeale	... 23
Byes	8	Byes	... 11
Leg-byes	1		
Wides	14	Wides	... 22
Total	... 120	Total	... 262

BHAUGULPORE.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Capt. Tokor, bd. Hoyes	... 48	ct. and bd. Crooke	... 8
S. Bayley, Esq. ct. Ward	bd.		
Brooke	... 0	not out	... 0
Browne Wood, Esq. ct. Lyall,			
bd. Hoyes	... 21	bd. Crooke	... 5
Barnett, Esq. bd. Crooke	... 19	bd. Hoyes	... 1
Lieut. McNeale bd. Hoyes	... 15	bd. Crooke	... 35
W. H. Doyly, Esq. bd. Morris	47	ct. Morris, bd. Hoyes	... 5
Capt. Mosley, ct. Lyal	bd.		
Hoyes	... 12	not out	... 17
Knyvett, Esq. ct. Ward	bd.		
Morris	... 11	bd. Crooke	... 9
Revd. J. Adams bd. Morris	... 7	not out	... 18
Serj.-Major Barsett, run out	... 0	not out	... 0
Capt. Winson, not out	... 0	bd. Crooke	... 1
Byes	... 20	Byes	... 14
Leg-byes	... 6	Leg-byes	... 4
Wide Balls	... 20	Wide Balls	... 9
Total	... 226	Total	... 126

CIVIL vs. MILITARY.

This match was played on the 26th, 27th, 28th December, the Civil winning by 152 runs score.

CIVIL.

D. R. Onslow, Esq., bd. Scott	40	bd. Scott	... 44
W. E. Ward, Esq., L. B. W.			
bd. Scott	... 32	Hit wicket, bd. Forbes	... 42
W. H. D'Oyly, Esq., ct.			
Forbes, bd. Kennedy	20	ct. Tokor, bd. Crofton	... 10
F. J. Crooke, Esq., bd.			
Kennedy	20	bd. Crofton	... 35
J. D. Maclean, Esq., ct. Ward,			
bd. Scott	... 0	L. B. W. bd. Crofton	... 33
H. M. Aitken, Esq., bd. Ken-			
nedy	21	bd. Kennedy	... 33
H. L. Harrison, Esq., run out	3	ct. Tokor, bd. Kennedy	... 2
A. Butter, Esq., ct. Pester, bd.			
Crofton	... 2	not out	... 1

CIVIL,—(Continued).

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
R. A. Lyall, Esq., ct. Kennedy,		bd. Crofton	...
bd. Crofton	0	bd. Crofton	15
Geo. R. Ruxton, Esq., bd.			
Kennedy	6	bd. Crofton	20
A. A. Hoves, not out	1	ct. Luard, bd. Crofton	1
Byes	4	Byes	3
Leg-byes	3	Leg-byes	5
Wide-balls	11	Wide-balls	12
	163		256

MILITARY.

Cornet R. G. Kennedy ct.		ct. and bd. Onslow	...
Ward, bd. Onslow	12	not out	23
Col. Pester, bd. Onslow	4	ct. Ward bd. Crooke	19
Lieut. H. Ward, bd. Ward	12		
Capt. H. Forbes, ct. Maclean,		bd. Ward	5
bd. Ward	10	ct. Harrison bd. Onslow	31
Lieut. J. K. Scott, bd. Ward	27		
Lieut. F. Gordon ct. Harri-		ct. Ward, bd. Onslow	16
son, bd. Ward	4		
Capt. Luard, ct. and bd. On-		ct. Butter, bd. Onslow	0
slow	2	hit wicket, bd. Crooke	0
Lieut. Toker, bd. Ruxton	18	ct. Maclean, bd. Ward	3
Lieut. Thuillier, bd. Onslow	4		
Lieut. Cautley L. B. W., bd.		bd. Onslow	31
Onslow	7	bd. Onslow	4
Lieut. Crofton not out	2		
Byes	5	Leg-byes	4
Leg-byes	3	Wide-balls	7
Wide-balls	4		
	112		155

ETON, HARROW, AND WINCHESTER, vs. THE CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

This match was played on New Year's Day, and was won by the Dark and Light Blue's combined efforts, by 48 runs score.

ETON, HARROW, AND WINCHESTER.

(E) H. A. Ward, ct. Sibley,			
bd. Onslow	...	0	ct. Ward, bd. Onslow

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
(E) J. Bagot, bd. Onslow ...	12	bd. Onslow	3
(H) J. D. Maclean, run out .	21	run out	13
(W) F. J. Crooke, bd. Onslow ...	27	ct. Harrison, bd. Ward	33
(W) E. K. Scott, bd. Ward..	76	ct. Knyvett, bd. Onslow	6
(E) H. M. Aitken, bd. Hills .	8	L. B. W., bd. Ward	17
(E) S. J. Blanc, bd. Hills ...	13	bd. Onslow	5
(W) T. Willes, run out ...	8	L. B. W. bd. Onslow	4
(E) C. Gosling, ct. Forbes, bd. Ward ...		bd. Onslow	
(E) A. Mowbray, ct. Lockwood, bd. Onslow ...	0	not out	
(H) H. Anstruther, not out .	0	bd. Ward	1
Byes ...	16	Byes	7
Leg-Byes ...	2	Leg-Byes	0
Wide-balls ...	11	Wide-balls	3
	<hr/> 194		<hr/> 101
Grand Total		295	

CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

D. R. Onslow, ct. Willes, bd. Crooke ...	4	et. and b. Crooke	... 13
W. E. Ward, Esq., bd. Scott...	1	bd. H. Ward	... 9
Col. Pester, bd. Scott ...	1	not out	... 7
Capt. Forbes, ct. Bagot, bd. Scott ...	7	bd. Scott	... 7
R. Knyvett, bd. Crooke ...	5	bd. Willes	... 2
H. L. Harrison run out ...	1	L. B. W. H. Ward	... 11
Capt. Lockwood, ct. Gosling, bd. Crooke ...	7	et. Crooke, bd. Willes	... 5
Capt. Luard, bd. Crooke ...	26	bd. Willes	... 3
Col. Sibley, not out ...	13	run out	... 15
R. S. Hills, ct. Willes, bd. Crooke ...	32	bd. Crooke	... 23
R. A. Lyall, bd. Crooke ...	12	run out	... 12
Byes ...	2	Byes	... 7
Leg-Byes ...	1	Leg-Byes	... 2
Wide-balls ...	10	Wides	... 15
	<hr/> 122		<hr/> 130
Grand Total ...		252	

Correspondence.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—There was a discussion the other day as to the best trotting time that has ever been done, and one of those present said, that the mile had never been done under 2-30, or two miles under 5 minutes. We shall be much obliged if you can give us any information on the subject.

Yours truly,
ALLAHABAD.

[We give two extracts that have appeared in the English sporting newspapers at home within the last year, on this very subject, by which our correspondent will see that the time mentioned in his letter has been improved on considerably, and often.—Eds.]

THE QUICKEST TROTTING TIMES IN AMERICA.

The following record of the quickest trotting times in America, which we extract from a late number of our American contemporary, the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, will be interesting to a large circle of English readers:—

FASTEST AND BEST TROTTING TIME AT ALL DISTANCES.

One mile, pacing, to waggon, June 21, 1855, Pocahontas	2.17½
One mile, trotting, under saddle, Aug. 17, Buffalo, N.Y., Dexter	2.18
One mile, in harness, Oct. 15, 1859, Kalamazoo, Mich., third heat, Flora Temple	2.19½
One mile, with running mate, Sept. 5, 1861, Ethan Allen	2.19½
One mile, to waggon, June 14, 1866, second heat, Geo. Wilkes	2.25
One mile, to waggon, May 31, 1851, first heat, Flora Temple	2.25
Two miles heat, in harness, Aug. 16, 1859, Flora Temple	4.50½
Two miles, to waggon, Oct. 27, 1865, second heat, Dexter	4.50½
Two miles, to waggon, 1863, first heat, General Butler	4.56½
Three miles, to saddle, Oct., 1839, Dutelman	7.32½
Three miles, in harness, Flora Temple v. Time	7.33
Three miles, to 250lbs. waggon, Kemble Jackson	8.03
Four miles, in harness, Trustee	11.00
Four miles, to 250lbs. waggon, Sally Green	13.56
Ten miles, in harness, Nov. 11, 1853, Prince	28.08½
Twelve miles, in harness, Philadelphia, Top Gallant	38.0
Twenty miles, in harness, Trustee...	59.35½
Twenty miles, in harness, Lady Fulton	59.55
Twenty miles, in harness, Captain McGowan, over half mile track	58.25
Fifty miles, to waggon, driver and waggon weighing 400lbs., Oct. 15, 1855, Spangle	3h. 59m. 4s.
One hundred miles, in harness, Nov. 12, 1853, Conqueror	8h. 55m. 53s.
One hundred miles, in double harness, Master Burk and Robin	10h. 17m. 22s.		

AMERICA.—DEXTER AND BROWN GEORGE.—*Wilke's Spirit* of August 3, contains an account of a trot in harness of three mile heats, for 5,000 dollars, between the above well-known clippers, the latter having a running mate. The

match came off on Riverside Park Course on July 30, and all three heats were won by Dexter, whose time was extraordinary. The first heat was 2 min. 21½ sec., second heat 2 min. 19 sec., third heat 2 min. 21½ sec. This is the best time, we believe, ever made in harness in three consecutive heats.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—I have a colt born and bred in Calcutta which, on the day he completed his first year, measured as follows; the measurement being taken by one of the best authorities on horses in India.

The colt is almost pure desert blood, being by the celebrated Arab "Hermit" out of Hebe, also bred in Calcutta by Arab out of belooch Mare.

Girth	59½ inches.
Arm	17 "
Under knee	7 "
" Hock	8 "
Gaskin	15 "
Length from Fetlock to Elbow	28½ "
Height	14 hands ¾ inch.

The above dimensions appear to me so good, that I seek information through your columns as to the comparative measurements of a T. B. English yearling, and I should much like if any vendor in India will compare those above given with any yearling they may have.

Yours faithfully,
THE OWNER.

[NOTE BY EDITORS.—We shall be obliged by any information breeders may favor us with, and shall ask the Field for similar information regarding English T. B. yearlings.]

STUD BREDS AND REMOUNTS FOR THE INDIAN ARMY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—As a mounted officer, my attention has been much drawn lately to the mode of supply and quality of Remounts for the Indian Army of the three Presidencies, and I should wish to invite some discussion on the point, for it appears to me that sooner or later, unless radical changes are made, the Commander-in-Chief will find himself in a fix, and the mounted branch of his army be simply unserviceable. The Bengal Army are necessarily better off than the sister presidencies, having a stud capable of supplying the cavalry with serviceable horses; but it is notoriously incapable of furnishing the artillery with the number of horses of the stamp required. The rejected breeds go a great way to mount the Irregular Cavalry, but how is it in Madras and Bombay, and what are the steps Government

have taken to secure Remounts for those armies—literally none, other than to order a special Remount Committee to favor Government with an opinion on facts which Government must have been perfectly well aware of.

It appears incredible that the Government authorities should not attach more importance to such a subject, and remedy the present deficiencies and glaring existing evils. Take even Bengal itself, although 10 years have elapsed since the mutinies; let the stud returns speak for themselves, and the numbers of castings and rejections shown by those returns. Instead of getting better, from all I can see and learn, the stock are more weedy and less serviceable for army purposes than ever; and to supply the shortcomings of the stud, Government have been forced into the market to purchase Walers for their artillery, and some 4 or 500 have already been purchased by the Remounts' Standing Committee who select the best of the importations at Rs. 600 each,—a very convenient arrangement indeed for the Government, if it could but be continued. But dealers have now found out, when their refuse can fetch in the market an average of Rs. 585, which is a fact as evidenced by the last sale, that it don't pay to let Government have their pick at Rs. 600, many of the horses being worth twice the money. The consequence will be, that when the order of things becomes reversed, and only the refuse is offered to Government, how will they complete the stud deficiencies? Now, it is all very well for the stud authorities to say they can supply all the requirements, and tell Government they have any given number of Artillery horses to present to the Annual Committee; but they have no such thing. They may have the number—even more. The Committee, after a champagne lunch, may obtain magnifying powers, and pass horses for Horse artillery which ultimately turn out utterly unfit, and are either transferred to cavalry or cast. This fact is proverbial, and yet the old story is repeated. "Quantity not Quality," would appear to be the Stud motto. The Stud authorities are thus far to blame for not coming forward like men, remonstrating against the system, and exposing the cause of failure, in place of concealing facts so well known to every man in the mounted service. With independent authority, the head of the Studs could rectify matters, but so long as they continue to breed from the thoroughbred, as sent out from England out of weakly mares, what can they anticipate but weedy produce. It has been proved beyond all doubt, that horses can be bred in the country suitable for all branches, what then is the cause of the falling off of late years? It is a rare study the art of breeding horses, and in India peculiarly so, especially as many parts of the country are unfavorable. It might be assumed therefore, that the Government Stud, the only horse-breeding establishment of any size, is conducted on the most approved principles suited for the country, which experience should have taught those entrusted to the charge, and we might suppose every endeavour is being made to improve the stock; that the young ones are reared in the most eligible and healthy sites; that they have

extensive paddocks for them to exercise freely ; their unformed limbs in that they are never littered ; that the Government officers in charge are selected for special qualifications ;—yet I think every one will agree that *none* of the above conditions have been properly regarded, and the result is patent to the world.

I have remarked above, that horses for Army purposes can be, and have been, bred in India, and one needs but to look at the Viceroy's Body-guard and some specimens in the Bengal Horse Artillery to establish that fact. Why then perpetuate the present farce by continuing to breed weeds in quantity, and risk the efficiency of our Army by depending to such an extent on external assistance in consequence. I am no advocate for discouraging importations by Government from both Colonies. On the contrary, I think that Government Depôts should be established both at the Cape and New South Wales. But what I maintain is, that the great and efficient nucleus should be formed in India which should place the Government in a more independent position than they now are—trusting to auxiliary Colonial Depôts more for exigencies and for a limited annual supply for the three Presidencies.

A Stud should at once be established in Madras for the supply of both that Presidency and Bombay. There could be no better locality than the present depôt at Oosoor, about 15 miles from Bangalore, where the country is undulating, water good, and grass plentiful.

The Bengal Studs would have plenty to do to provide for Bengal. But a well-organised stud at Oosoor would meet the requirements of both the minor Presidencies, and be in good working order 5 years hence. Meantime, without such a provision, it is imperative on Government to consider that the Madras and Bombay armies are at the mercy of Arab, Persian, and other dealers, who can dictate their own terms for remounts, which have lately given such universal dissatisfaction. It is a grave question, and one well worthy the early consideration of Government, who are perfectly well acquainted with the defective and insufficient manner remounts are now supplied in both Presidencies.

The remedies all appear very simple if the Government would but devote a little attention to the subject of Studs and Remounts, and as suggested, I will, in conclusion, give them the benefit of my opinion, which, if acted on, would I venture to think, prove a lasting benefit to the mounted branches of the army.

Let the Government prepare itself to open its purse-strings in the Budget for a few years to come,—they will be repaid tenfold. Re-organize at once the Studs in the Madras Presidency, in the vicinity of Bangalore, where grass and good water are abundant, and climate most suitable for breeding. Form another Stud in the Punjab, say at Rawul Pindee, and breed mules and baggage cattle, as well as horses. Form a very Select Committee of experienced officers to perform what the Stud Authorities never will do, to turn out all the mares they con-

sider unfit to breed from. I may mention an opinion, I coincide with:—Dr. Hulse, in his report in 1860, on Horse-breeding in the Punjab, at once strikes at the root of the evil by remarking, "that sufficient attention is not paid by breeders to obtain good mares, and that the inferiority of the dam is the cause of the defects in the young stock." Again "with defective mothers, however good the sire, a perfect foal cannot be expected."

The useless overbred English stallions should all be sent away from the Stud, and the Superintendent of Studs should be made a more responsible independent agent, who should visit the Colonies, and England too, and to provide his own wants; and lastly, remount depôts should be permanently located at both the Cape and New South Wales, which should keep up a supply of 100 colts, each shipping annually in the favorable season 200 to India.

Yours faithfully,
M.

Since writing the above, I have received from Mr. T. Bayley, well known both here and at the Cape, the "De Find's Afrikan" Paper; and it will be seen *by annexed extract* some enterprising gentleman is forming a Company to supply India with a certain number of Remounts. We wish him all success.

"HORSE BREEDING FOR INDIAN REMOUNTS.—FORMATION OF LOCAL COMPANY—A number of gentlemen, residents in town and district, met together at Stubbs's Royal Hotel on Saturday afternoon, to discuss the feasibility of breeding in this district horses suitable for Indian Remount purposes, and of forming a local company for the furtherance of such an object. Amongst those present were C. D. Griffith, Esq., C. C. and R. M. Messrs H. Bertram, S. Coryndon, C. K. White, S. Harding, D. S. Batrable, E. Bell, C. Evans, W. S. Ridgway, W. J. Nettelton, Inspector Gillfillan, Sub-Inspector Nesbitt, &c.

"Mr. H. J. Bertram intimated to the meeting that from conversations held with, and from letters received by, Mr. James Hall, of King William's Town, he was warranted in saying that a company had been formed in England with a capital of £30,000, to breed or purchase horses in the Cape Colony to supply the Indian Remount. Mr. Hall was the Managing Director of that company for the Colony, and had offered to purchase all such horses as were from four to six years old, as were not less than 14-2 hands high, and were sound in wind and limb. For such horses the Managing Director would give prices averaging from £14 to £18, and guaranteed to purchase all horses of such a stamp as the Queenstown company could send him. Horses reared on or under the Stormberg would be preferred. He (Mr. Bertram) thought that a company could be worked cheaply and very profitably. The Company might hire a farm on the Stormberg at a low rent,—employ a man to look after it at a mere nominal salary by allowing him to keep cattle, sheep, &c., and who could cultivate forage for the horses of the company, to be paid for at market rates. He had jotted down his idea about expense, thought three stallions could be purchased for £150, and seventy mares for £7-10 each, making a £1,000 in all. A company with 200 shares of £10 each, with £5 paid up, would be ample to commence operations with. And from calculations gone into, there could be no doubt but that the affair would be a paying one. It was resolved to open a list of applicants for shares, the company to be considered formed as soon as 200 shares were applied for. About 180 were at once taken up, so that it was decided to appoint a sub-committee to select a farm, draw up Trust Deed, and make all preliminary arrangements. We look upon this as a legitimate means to another export from the Colony, and we hope the trade opened up with India may lead to permanent results.

Racing Calendar.

RACES PAST.

THE SONEPORE MEETING.—BY PEGASUS.

"It's dull in this station, let's get up some fun,
Some balls or some races, what say you?" Says one.
"But then we've of dancers and riders too few;
Suggest something else. What on earth shall we do?"
And then quoth a stranger, a man from Behar,
"If you'll take my advice, I won't take you far;
Whatever you like your tastes you can please,
If you go to Sonapore and live under the trees.

Under the trees,
Under the trees,
Under the tree-ees,
Of jolly Sonapore.

A suitor at Patna says "Where are the Courts?
I've twenty-three precedents, High Court Reports.
Is there no body here my case for to try?"
Then somebody answers, and gives this reply—
"Collector, Inspector, Magistrate, and thieves,
Are just now intent on the rustling green leaves."
Assistant and Judge Queen's Bench, Common Pleas,"
They're all of them gone, Sir," "Where?"

Under the trees,
Under the trees,
Under the trees,
Under the tree-ees
Of jolly Sonapore.

Such were the lines that suggested themselves when the train was carrying me towards Sonapore, and if there had been a Planter or Civilian's Mess as of yore; the inspiring muse might have completed a song in honor of the place that annually affords the pleasantest ten days that can be passed in India, as such a Mess table would have been a suitable place at which to bring it out. But this is verging on anticipation, so I must hark back.

Eleven years had elapsed since my last visit to Sonapore, and as might be expected in the case of such a river as the Ganges, the

place of crossing from the Patna side is now a long way from where it used to be. Our party turned off the Patna and Dinapore road near the great *golah*, and, after a drive of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles on a good road, across the *chur*, we crossed the river, and after another drive of about 4 miles came on to the Race Course, and so "under the trees" again.

I had heard of the special difficulties with which the Secretary of the Meeting had contended this year, and when on the spot they were very intelligible. About a month before the Meeting took place, the Secretary found that the Mango Tope in which the tents are pitched, and the Race Course, were under 18 inches of water, owing to the Gunduck inundations. Without seeking the assistance of the district authorities he had the bunds cut, and though the rains lasted unusually long, the ground dried under the fine climate of Behar at the commencement of the cold weather, and, though the camping ground was of course damper than usual, it was quite dry enough for security from malaria. The Course was, at the commencement of the Meeting, decidedly heavy between the $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile posts, but after the first two days it was, what trainers call, good going.

It was satisfactory to find that the untoward season was not likely to affect the Meeting, as Monday, November the 4th, saw the usual succession of Visitors, Carts, and Coolies trooping in. There are always some who cannot get away from their occupations till the last moment, and this circumstance diminished the attendance at what may be called the opening of the Meeting,—the first Ordinary, though some horses had been aged on that day.

There were a good many stables, large and small, to contend for the handsome cups and other stakes, but accidents and misfortunes had affected the prospects of some materially. Mr. Collins had lost *Morning Star*, and *Vanderdecken* had engagements at Hyderabad. The death of Dr. Rimmer would have disqualified all his nominations had not the Calcutta Turf Club, in advance of the Jockey Club in this respect, provided a rule, whereby, neither the family of the deceased nominator, other owners of horses, or the public, are losers. Mr. Freeman was allowed to take up the nominations and run the horses, but the latter all got rheumatism, owing, it is said, to a very curious and novel proceeding in training race horses, *viz.*, bathing them in cold water after a sweat. Mr. Manchester had a good stable, but not only had he lost *Hammond*, who had brought out *Debutante* in such good form last year, but all his horses were in very backward condition, owing to the shape of the Patna Course, on which they were trained, not allowing of real galloping for horses with any stride, and to the Sonepore Course not being fit for use till so late. Mr. W. W. had a fine string of horses: *Rocket* looking very well, considering the hard work he has had during the last year. Messrs. Vincent, Milford, Wheal, Major, and Haward made up the list of candidates for Sonepore honours.

At the first Ordinary, the moderate attendance affected the Lotteries

which were decidedly mild, though five horses were declared to start for each of the three first races on the following morning. The results of the lotteries are given with each race. As for betting, not a single bet was laid within my hearing. The lotteries at Sonepore are now carried on with ten-rupee tickets, and the biddings in tens of rupees, an excellent amendment on the imaginary gold-mohur which is too high a unit in these days when so many wish to have their "small speculation," and which is attended with difficulties in calculation to non-arithmetical minds.

The Races commenced on Tuesday, November 5th, with the Sonepore St. Leger for all maidens. As it was known that neither *Red Lancer* or *Knight of Arcuel* were in a state to run well, while *Orphan* and *Venture* were facing company rather too good for them at the weights, it looked like Lombard Street to a China Orange on *Favourite*; after her performances at Mysore, especially as she was in excellent condition. The prices realised in a lottery of eighty tickets were: *Favourite* Rs. 220, *Red Lancer* Rs. 50, *Orphan* Rs. 30, *Knight of Arcuel* Rs. 10, and *Venture* Rs. 10.

The Sonepore St. Leger of 35. G. Ms. from the Fund, for all Maidens. Calcutta Turf Club weight for age and class. 1½ mile. Each subscription taken on the 15th August, 5 G. Ms. from the Fund, 1st October 10 G. Ms., when the race will close. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 2. p.m. the day before the race. Horses declared to start to pay 4 G. Ms. each, in addition to the subscription money. Five subscriptions.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. W. W.'s b. aust. m.	(1)	<i>Favourite</i> 6 years	... 9 7	Gooch.
Mr. Manchester names b. aust. m.	(2)	<i>Orphan</i> , late <i>Marchioness</i>	... 9 4	Low.
Mr. Jas. Collin's ch. aust. h.	(3)	<i>Red Lancer</i> a	... 9 7	Dignum.
Mr. F. Wheal names b. aust. m.	(4)	<i>Venture</i> 4 years	... 7 11*	Khuoh Loll.
Mr. H. Freeman's ch. aust. g.	(5)	<i>Knight of Arcuel</i> , late <i>Hotspar</i> a	... 9 4	Joseph.

On the word being given Gooch took *Favourite* to the front, where she remained with a lead of several lengths. The others went in pretty close order to the mile post, where *Knight of Arcuel* dropped off quite beaten, and after another quarter of a mile *Venture* also retired. *Favourite* maintained her lead throughout and won in the commonest of canters by several lengths; *Orphan* beating *Red Lancer* by four or five for the second place, though, if *Dignum* had not cased the horse in the heavy ground when he saw he could not win, there would have been little between the two at the finish. *Venture* was beaten off a long way, and *Knight of Arcuel* walked in. Time 2-58.

Then followed the Bettiah Cup for all Horses. In a Lottery of 54 tickets, or Rs. 540. *Rocket* sold for Rs. 100. *Debutante* Rs. 40, *Nancy* Rs. 30, *Doctor Swishtail* Rs. 10, and *Erl King* Rs. 10.

The Bettiah Cup, value Rs. 500 with 25 G. Ms. added from the Fund, for all horses 1½ mile. Calcutta Turf Club weight for age and class: Maidens allowed 7 lbs. Entrance, 15th August, 5 G. Ms., added from the Fund; 1st October,

* By a rule in the Prospectus, gentlemen riders were allowed 6 lbs. and Native Jockeys 4 lbs., in all races except Handicaps.

10 G. Ms., when the race will close. All horses declared to start to pay 4 G. Ms. each, in addition to the entrance money. 11 Subscribers.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. W.W's. b. aust. g.	(1)	... <i>Rocket</i>	... 9 4	Gooch
Mr. Milford's b. aust. g.	(2)	... <i>Erl. King, late Zuiderszee</i>	... 9 4	Wheal
Mr. Vincent's b. r. aust. m.	(3)	... <i>Nancy 4 years</i>	... 8 1	Livesay
Mr. Manchester's b. k. e. h.	(4)	... <i>Doctor Swishtail 5 years</i>	... 10 7	Tingey
----- b. ans. m.	(5)	... <i>Debutante</i>	... 9 4	Auckland

All got off together, but as soon as they settled down to their stride, *Rocket* made strong running, with *Doctor Swishtail*, *Erl King*, and *Nancy*, about three lengths behind him close together, and *Debutante* last, which place she held throughout, and was quite out of the race, seven furlongs from home. The others maintained their respective positions to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post where want of work told on *Doctor Swishtail* who dropped to the rear: *Erl King* at the same time going a head of *Nancy*. In this order they finished the race: *Rocket* winning hard-held by three lengths, and the same between *Erl King* and *Nancy*. The others were a long way behind. Time 2-24 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Third Race was for Country-breds and Arab Maidens: a race that excited much interest. The following were the prices in a lottery of 47 tickets: *War Eagle* Rs. 50, *Eruption* Rs. 40, *Diamond* Rs. 40, *Dauntless* Rs. 30, and *Caliph* Rs. 20.

The Durbungah Cup, valued Rs. 500, for Country-bred and Arab Maidens, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Calcutta Turf Club weight for age and class. Subscription, nomination, &c., same as first race, first day. 6 Subscribers.

			st lbs.	
Mr. Jas. Collins's b.e.b.f.	(1)	... <i>Eruption 3 years</i>	... 6 8	(carried 7st. 3lbs.) {Jaffur.
Mr. Wheel's w.e.b.g.	(2)	... <i>War Eagle 3 years</i>	... 6 8	{Roopan.
Mr. W. W.'s g.r.a.h.	(3)	... <i>Diamond 6 years</i>	... 8 0	{Gooch.
Mr. Vincent's g.r.a.h.	(4)	... <i>Caliph 6 years</i>	... 8 0	{Livesay.
Mr. Manchester g.r.a.h.	(5)	... <i>Dauntless</i>	... 8 0	{Auckland.

Diamond jumped off with the lead and ran fast for three furlongs, after which the race became very slow. *Dauntless* came to grief at once, never shewed in the race, and did not pass the post. The other three followed *Diamond* till they passed the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post, where *Eruption* came out, and going well through the dirt, passed *Diamond* just before they turned the last corner. At this juncture *War Eagle* was brought up (and that rather too quickly) and closed with *Diamond*. In the straight running, *Eruption* gradually increased her lead and won rather easily by 3 or 4 lengths; a good race for the second place, between *War Eagle* and *Diamond*, resulting in favour of the former by half length. *Caliph* beaten off. Time 3-8. *Dauntless* broke down in the race and died suddenly of internal inflammation half an hour afterwards, to the regret of none, as he was a most dangerous man-eater, and had to be brought on to the course at a place where there were no spectators.

The days sport wound up with the Moorcroft Stakes, so called after a gentleman who mainly established the Meeting.

The Moorcroft Stakes, Rs. 100 from the Fund. Calcutta Turf Club, weight for age and class, for all horses valued at Rs. 700; Horses valued at a higher

rate to carry 3lbs. additional for every Rs. 100; at a lower rate to carry 3lbs. less every Rs. 100 difference. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 3 Subscribers.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. Major's b. aust. m.	(1) ..	<i>Virtue 4 years</i>	8 8	Khoohdol.
Mr. John's b. aust. m.	(2)...	<i>Lord of the Isles a (Rs. 500)</i>	8 12	Auckland.
Mr. Arthur's ch. st. ed. g.	(3)...	<i>Longfellow a (Rs. 700)</i>	8 11 (car. 8st. 12lbs.)	Joseph.

Lord of the Isles, a speedy roarer, was made a little too free with, and led all the way, closely followed by the others to the last turn, where *Longfellow* was either beaten or cut it, and *Venture* ran up to *Lord of the Isles*. Inside the distance both Jockeys set to work, and after a good race *Venture* won by half a length. Time 1-29 $\frac{1}{4}$.

The attendance and biddings at the Ordinary, on Wednesday evening, shewed considerable improvement. The chief feature of the evening was the remarkable difference between the biddings in the two lotteries for the Hutwah Cup, the first consisting of 100 and the second of 50 tickets, and which will appear below.

The second day's racing commenced with the Hutwah Cup for all horses.

In the first lottery of 100 tickets, *Rocket*, with whom Mr. W. W. declared to win, sold for Rs. 300. *Bellona* Rs. 70, *Erl King* Rs. 50, *Silver Star* Rs. 30. In the second of fifty tickets only *Rocket* went for Rs. 500, *Bellona* Rs. 100, *Erl King* Rs. 70, *Silver Star* Rs. 100.

The allowance of 6lbs. for a G. R. was claimed for Choochoo in this and other races.

¹ The Hutwah Cup, valued Rs. 500, given by Maharajah Rajender Pertaub Sahai Bahadoor, for all horses, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Calcutta Turf Club weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 10lbs. The Winner of the Bettiah Cup to carry 7lbs. extra. Subscriptions, nominations, &c., same as first race; first day. 6 Subscribers.

				st. lbs.	
Mr. W. W.'s b. aust. g.	(1) ...	<i>Rocket a</i>	...	9 11	Gooch.
----- ch. aust. g.	(2) ...	<i>Bellona a</i>	...	8 12	Choochoo.
Mr. Milford's b. aust. g.	(3) ...	<i>Erl King a</i>	...	9 4	Wheel.
Mr. Manchester ch.e.m.	(4) ...	<i>Silver Star a</i>	...	10 4	Auckland.

Erl King got the best and *Rocket* very much the worst of the start. The former cut out the work at a good pace, *Bellona* second and *Silver Star* next, several lengths before *Rocket*, who made up very little ground till he came to the mile post, when Gooch made the most of a straight half mile, and on *Silver Star* compounding at seven furlongs from home, *Rocket* passed her and gradually came up to his stable companion whom he quitted before reaching the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile corner. A little further on *Rocket* caught *Erl King*, and after some tremendous strides Mr. W. W.'s colours forged a head as they rounded the last turn. *Bellona*, who had been going steadily all the way, then increased her pace and joined *Erl King* at the distance. *Rocket* remained in front and won in a canter by two lengths; *Bellona* beating *Erl King* by half a length for second place with a good deal to spare. Time 2m. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. and *Rocket* did it in about 2m. 50s.

The Planter's Purse for all horses. 1 mile. Calcutta Turf Club weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 5 G. Ms. H. F. to close 1st October. The winner to be claimable for 100 G. Ms. 3 Subscribers.

Mr. Howard's b. aust. m.	(1)	... Orphan a	...	st. lbs.	8 11	Low.
Mr. Manchester names b.e.h.	(2)	... Abernethy a	10 7	Tingey.

This was a hollow affair, as the English horse, though nice looking enough, is a bad roarer, and *Orphan*, getting away as quickly as she could, ran the first half mile in 57 seconds, which was sufficient, with 10st. 7lb, to tell on *Abernethy's* infirmity, and he was beaten before they had gone another quarter, *Orphan* cantering in a winner by any length you please. Time 1-59s.

Next came a new race, or rather the revival of one introduced for a few years, but afterwards abandoned; the Sonepore Derby for maiden Arabs, suggested this year as a race that ought to bear the same relation to the Calcutta Derby as the two thousand bears to the Derby; and it was so far a success that it drew a good entry, though Arabs do not flock to Sonepore, where they have never been so much petted as at Calcutta. Only three, however, actually faced the starter.

In a lottery of sixty tickets—*Diamond* sold for Rs. 300, *Abdul Kadir* Rs. 140, and *Caliph* Rs. 30.

The Sonepore Derby. A Sweepstakes of 25 G. Ms. each for Maiden Arabs, with 25 G. Ms. added. 1½ mile. Weight for age. To close 1st October. 6 Subscribers.

Mr. W. W.'s gr.a.h.	(1)	... Diamond 6 years	...	st. lbs.	9 3	Gorch.
Mr. Vincent's gr.a.h.	(2)	... Caliph 6 years	9 3	Joseph.
Mr. Manchester's b.a.h.	(3)	... Abdool Kadir a	9 3	Tingey.

Diamond made the running at a good pace, with the others in close attendance. Early in the race, *Abdool Kadir* dropped a stirrup leather, and was beaten besides when he had gone ¾ of a mile. *Caliph* made an attempt at a race as they neared the last turn, but could not fairly collar *Diamond*, who, with a prick or two of the spurs, came away at the stand, and won easily by a little more than 2 lengths, which might have been more. Time 2-30½.

The Galloway Stakes of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 4 G. Ms. each. 1 mile. Calcutta Turf Club. Weight for inches with 7lbs. added. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close 1st October. 3 Subscribers.

Mr. Johnson's b.e.b.m.	(1)	... Rosebud	...	st. lbs.	9 0	Auckland.
Mr. Major's ch.e.b.m.	(2)	... Velvet	8 10	Khoob Lol.

The Bay was too fast for the Chesnut, and cut her down in the first half mile, *Rosebud* winning as she liked in 2-8. A wag observed, as we moved off to the tents, that the only thing worthy of notice in that race was that both *Velvet* and her rider were *Khoob Lol*.

The great success of Mr. W. W. now threatened to stop the races for the two remaining plates altogether, and it was with much regret

and many thoughts over the contests of old days, that I heard that the Civilians' Cup was to be a walk over. Moreover, the Visitors' Plate for horses of moderate pretensions shared the same fate, owing to *Jack Sheppard's* rheumatism and *Abernethy's* incapacity to do as well for $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile as he had before done for a mile. In fact, the prospect for this day's racing was confined to a mile handicap for all Arabs, which took the place of a race that had not filled, and a pony race, to which was added, at the Ordinary, an *impromptu* Hack Race.

The Ordinary, on the 8th, was nevertheless well attended, and the Arab handicap being all that there was worth notice, had full attention paid to it. The Secretary filled two lotteries with a hundred tickets each, as fast as he could write down the names. As all that were entered started: the complete handicap will be found in the account of the race, and, certainly, it was not easy to bring the four together, considering that two out of the four had not run at all this year, had never run with each other, nor with the other two. *Prince Alfred* had always shewn himself to be a first-class Arab, but had only made one appearance in the previous year, and was known to have "a leg" which had prevented his doing good work. *Buckleys*, though he won the Calcutta Derby (because he was there the best of a bad lot,) was short of work, so the only pleasant materials for the Stewards to work on were *Diamond* and *Caliph*, and the result was that, though the owners were satisfied with the weights, nothing in the way of a contest followed, as 9st. 10lbs. proved insufficient to bring *Prince Alfred* to the level of his antagonists in a mile.

On the third day the following was the meagre and unsatisfactory card:—

The Civilian's Cup for all horses. Calcutta Turf Club Weight for age and class. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on day of the race 10lbs. Winners, once during the Meeting, to carry 7lbs.; twice or oftener 10lbs. extra. Subscriptions and Nomination same as first race first day. 6 Subscribers.

Mr. W. W.'s b. aust. g. <i>Rocket</i> a ...	st. lbs. ... 19 0 W. O.
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The Visitors' Plate. For all horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Calcutta Turf Club Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 5 G. Ms. H. F. To close 1st October, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary, the day before the race. Winner to be claimable for 100 G. Ms. Winner of Planters' Purse to carry 7lbs. extra. 3 Subscribers.

Mr. Steward's b. aust. m. <i>Orphan</i> ...	st. lbs. ... 9 4 W. O.
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In the two hundred ticket lotteries for the Arab Handicap, the horses sold as follows:—*Prince Alfred* Rs. 330, *Buckleys* Rs. 190, *Diamond* Rs. 150, *Caliph* Rs. 80. *Prince Alfred* Rs. 510, *Buckleys* Rs. 130, *Diamond* Rs. 150, *Caliph* Rs. 80.

20 G. Ms. from the Fund, Handicap for all Arab horses. 1 mile. Entrance 5 G Ms. H. F. To be made at the Ordinary on the 6th Handicap. To be

declared at 4 P. M. on the 7th, and acceptances at 2 P. M. on the 8th. 4 Subscribers.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. Jas. Collins' gr.a.h.	(1) ...	<i>Prince Alfred a</i>	... 9 10	Auckland.
Mr. W. W.'s gr.a.h.	(2) ...	<i>Diamond 6 years</i>	... 8 6	Choochoo.
Mr. Vincent's gr.a.h.	(3) ...	<i>Caliph 6 years</i>	... 7 8	Livesay.
Mr. Manchester's b.a.h.	(4) ...	<i>Bucklegs a</i>	... 8 12	Tingey.

Prince Alfred and *Diamond* went off together, with the others not far behind: no change occurring for $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile—after which *Prince Alfred* took a decided lead, and *Bucklegs* dropping behind was quite done for at the 2 mile post. *Prince Alfred* had them all safe a quarter of a mile from home, and won in a canter by 3 lengths. *Diamond* was second, beating *Caliph* by as much, notwithstanding the 12 lbs. allowance the latter received for his previous defeats by *Diamond*. Time —1-57s.

5 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all ponies. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 13 hands. To carry 9st. 7lbs; 4lbs. allowed for every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. 3 Subscribers.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. Collins' gr.c.b.p.	(1) ...	<i>Little Fan</i>	... 8 13	Auckland.
Mr. Howard's ch.c.b.p	(2) ...	<i>Tomato</i>	... 9 0	Low.
Mr. Wheel's gr.c.b.p.	(3) ...	<i>Duchess</i>	... 7 9	Livesay.

Little Fan (who by the way is not in the least like Big *Fan*) took a strong lead and won all the way. *Duchess* seemed to have been started to make a race, as she was "as slow as a man" when she did start, which, however, was not till the others had gone at least hundred yards.

They had a lottery of forty tickets on the Sky Race, and *Lord of the Isles* sold for Rs. 220, *Longfellow* Rs. 80, *Bad Beer* Rs. 50, *Beauty* Rs. 20.

A Hack Race for all Hacks. Catch weights 10st. and 7lbs. 4 G. Ms. from the Fund and 2 G. Ms. from Mr. Collins. Entrance 2 G. Ms. $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile G. R. Winner to be sold for Rs. 700.

Mr. John's b. aust. g.	(1) ...	<i>Lord of the Isles</i>	...	Mr. McLeod.
Mr. Arthur's ch.st.b.g.	(2) ...	<i>Longfellow</i>	...	Mr. Lindsay.
Mr. Gwatkin's b.c.b.h.	(3) ...	<i>Bad Beer</i>	...	Mr. McNelle.
Mr. Howard's b.st.b.m.	(4) ...	<i>Beauty</i>	...	Captain Sewell.

Longfellow stuck to *Lord of the Isles* till he came round the corner, when he cut it and *Lord of the Isles* won in a canter. The others no where. Time 5-6s.

Certes, a very poor morning's sport for the third day of the Sonapore Races, but a good time was coming with the handicaps, as will be seen further on.

For the fourth day there was the Sonapore Cup, destined, like the other principal plates, to fall an easy prey to Mr. W. W. But then there was the Doomraon Cup, a handicap for all horses R. C., which excited great interest. Five horses were entered, and it seemed a difficult task to do what it is always desirable to do, make a race between the two cracks and *Orphan*, without going a long way above racing

weights. It fortunately happened that Mr. Collins's native jockey Jafir could ride very light; and taking advantage of this, the Stewards turned out the following Handicap on Monday, the 11th.

			st.	lbs.
<i>Bellona</i>	10	7
<i>Favorite</i>	10	0
<i>Erl King</i>	8	10
<i>Silver Star</i>	8	0
<i>Orphan</i>	6	10

It was satisfactory to the Stewards to find that every one liked it, all the owners especially. Mr. W. W. said he thought a little too much was put upon *Favorite*, who, however, proved the winner. After *Erl King's* running with *Rocket* on the second day he was bound to be there, or thereabouts, with 8st. 11lbs., and if *Silver Star* could stay round the course (1½ mile—158 yards) she had little to carry round it, while *Orphan's* very light weight and excellent condition would enable her to go from post to post. There was, in this instance, as throughout the Meeting, no betting; but the *prestige* of Mr. W. W.'s *Favorite*, with whom he declined to win, no misnomer.

For the two Lotteries of 100 tickets each the sales were:—

			Rs.	Rs.
<i>Bellona</i>	100	and 40
<i>Favorite</i>	350	" 280
<i>Erl King</i>	150	" 110
<i>Silver Star</i>	160	" 190
<i>Orphan</i>	10	" 50

It will be seen by the above that on thinking over it the race appeared to speculators more and more open, the sales in the second Lottery showing much less difference than in the first.

There were no Lotteries on any other race.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH.

The Sonepore Cup. 25 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all horses. Calcutta Turf Club Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners once during the Meeting to carry 5lbs., twice 7lbs., three or oftener 10lbs. extra. 2 miles. Subscription, nomination, &c., same as first race first day. 5 Subscribers.

			st.	lbs.
Mr. W. W.'s b. aust. g. (1) ...	<i>Rocket a</i>	...	0	8 Choochoo.
Mr. Manchester's bk.e.h. (2) ...	<i>Dr. Swishtail</i>	...	10	7 Tingey.

Rocket led all the way, *Doctor Swishtail* following about 3 lengths behind to the mile post where he ran up a little, and the pace, which had been slow, improved. At the 2 mile post Tingey took his horse up to *Rocket's* quarters, and from thence to the winning post we saw a fine turn of speed. Want of work told on the black, of course, and *Rocket* won in a canter. Time 3m. 59½s. The last mile was run in 1-53s.

Then came as good a race as one is likely to see in India in half a dozen Meetings.

The Doomraon Cup, of Rs. 500, for all horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards. R. C. Entrance 5 G. Ms. and 5 G. Ms for horses declared to start, Nomination to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. of the 3rd day. 5 Subscribers.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. W. W.'s b. aust. m.	(1)	... <i>Favourite</i> 6 years	... 10 0	Choochoo.
—ch. aust. m.	(2)	... <i>Bellona</i> a	10 7	Dignum.
Mr. Howard's b. aust. m.	(3)	... <i>Orphan</i> a	6 10	Jaffer.
Mr. Milford's b. aust. g.	(4)	... <i>Erl King</i> a	8 11	Auckland.
Mr. Manchester's ch. c. m.	(5)	... <i>Silver Star</i>	8 0	Mahomed.

Jafir got well away with *Orphan*, who, making the most of her light weight and good condition, cut out the work at a great pace all the way, *Favourite* second, *Erl King* next, *Silver Star* next and *Bellona* last. At the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile they closed up and a very pretty race commenced,—*Orphan's* lead decreasing to less than a length, and *Bellona* being half length behind the other three. In this way they ran packed together to the 2 mile post where *Silver Star* was in difficulties. At the last turn *Erl King*, who looked as well as any thing up to that point, retired gradually and let in *Bellona*. From this point a splendid race ensued between *Favourite*, *Bellona*, and *Orphan*, for though *Bellona* had a good deal the best of *Orphan*, Mr. W. W. had declared to win with *Favourite* who had to do all she could.

Locked together the three came up the rails, and at the Stand it looked as if *Orphan* would beat *Favourite*, but Choochoo had a little powder left, and making a fine effort at the last moment he got *Favourite's* head well in front, and Dignum following with consummate coolness and judgment, *Favourite* won by a short neck, *Bellona* beating *Orphan* by the same. Time 2-59 $\frac{1}{2}$.

This was altogether a very satisfactory race, and the Stewards were congratulated on their handicap. The orders given to the riders were judicious, and were faithfully carried out. Had the jockey set to work at the last turn, as so many are inclined to do in this country, the race would have been quite spoilt. Dignum, in just securing the second place with *Bellona*, was entitled to all praise. The performance was a very good one for the heavy weights, especially in the case of *Bellona* who could certainly have won with another 5lbs. up. *Erl King* disappointed his owner as he did not run the same horse as on the last day, or, with his weight, he would have been in the struggle opposite the stand. Popular as is Mr. W. W., and glad as all were at his general success at the Meeting, most people wished that *Orphan* had managed to get home first, after the gallant fight she made of it, and considering the number of big fish that had already fallen into one net.

The order of the next two races was transposed as *Bellona* had to run again in the Welter.

The Hadjee pore Stakes. Rs. 100 from the Fund. Calcutta Turf Club Weight for age and class. For all horses valued at Rs. 700. Horses valued at a higher rate to carry 3lbs. additional for every Rs. 100; at a lower rate to carry 3lbs.

less for every 100 rupees difference. Entrance 2 G Ms. Distance 1½ miles. 3 Subscribers.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. Major's b. aust. m. (1) ...	<i>Venture 4 years (Rs. 700)</i>	...	7 11	Khoob Lol.
Mr. Cuswell's b.c.b.a. (2) ...	<i>Armada (Rs. 400)</i>	...	7 3	Jaffer.
Mr. Gwatkin's b.c.b.a. (3) ...	<i>Bad Beer (Rs. 800)</i>	...	8 11	Joseph.

Armada took it out of himself by bolting before the start. *Venture* and *Armada* ran pretty close together all the way round, the former winning tolerably easily. Had *Armada* not bolted, we might have seen a good struggle. *Bad Beer* never showed in the race. Time—2m. 27s.

The Sonepore Welter Stakes of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. each, for all horses. ½ mile. G. R. Calcutta Turf Club. Weight for age and class, with 2st. added. Maidens allowed 7lbs. half forfeit.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. W. W.'s ch. aust. m. (1) ...	<i>Bellona, a</i>	11 4	(carried 11st. 4½lbs.,	Mr. McLeod.
Mr. Major's b. aust. m. (2) ...	<i>Venture, 4 years</i>	9 8	(carried 9st. 11½lbs.,	Mr. McNeil.
Mr. Manchester's b.a.h. (3) ...	<i>Bucklegs, a</i>	10 0		Mr. Lindsay.

It was plucky of the owners of the other two to meet *Bellona*. *Venture* made the running, *Bucklegs* next, and *Bellona* waiting in the rear. Before long, however, *Bucklegs* felt he had had enough, and, *Bellona* taking second place from the mile, the distance between hers and *Venture* varied considerably at times for the next half mile. Mr. McLeod gave us, however, a very pretty bit of cool riding at the Winning Post, for he held *Bellona* back to *Venture* till within three strides of the chair, and then let her go in by half a length: so much did she pull over *Venture*. Time—3m. 4s.

There were two matches among the small fry for 10 G. Ms. each on the Fourth Day; in one of them *Bad Beer*, 9st. 4 lbs., beat *Rosebud*, 8st. 13lbs., 1 mile, in a walk, and in the other Mr. John's *Australian Chancellor* beat Mr. Gwatkin's stud brod *Peter* for a quarter of a mile, owners up, 10st 7lbs. each, almost as easily.

On a reference to the terms of the races for the last day, it appeared likely that the Steward would have to spend the greater part of the thirteenth in handicapping all kinds of horses. There were three handicaps, — one forced for Winners of a certain amount, another for Winners of less than that amount, each being optional to certain horses besides; and then there was a Loser's Handicap, for which every horse that had started at the Meeting, and had not won, had to be handicapped without any necessity for entering. The Steward, however, set to work to weed the horses by ascertaining their owner's views as to handicapping them at all.

If there had been two class handicaps, instead of the three, in the Prospectus, two very good races might have been made up, without fixing the top weight for the first-class at more than 10st. 12 lbs., or, at the most, 11st.; and in the other race the weights, need not have been as high as the desirable standard top weight, 10st. 7lb.; while, at the same time, there would have been a range of nearly 10st. between the cracks and three years old C. Bs.

As it was, however, *Rocket* and *Favourite* had to be handicapped with *Diamond* and *Eruption* in one race, and the Second Winner's Handicap was spoilt by *Bellona*. The Stewards, therefore, had the option, under the Prospectus, of presenting the two races to Mr. W. W.'s, or of trying to make a race by going above 12st., which, of course, they did.

And here I trust I may be pardoned for a slight digression. When *Vanderdecken* was weighted at 12st. 7lbs. at Bangalore some months ago, I heard some Sportsmen abusing the Stewards, and I wish to point out that they were not in the least to blame, not merely on account of the result of the race, (for the horse won it) but because they had a duty to perform, *viz.*, to try and bring horses together by weights, and not to present the race to *Vanderdecken's* owner. It may be a matter of opinion whether there should be a limit to the top weight in handicaps, as there used to be under the Calcutta Turf Club Rules, though it was afterwards found, by experience, advisable to cancel it. But when there is no such rule, there surely can be no question as to the duty of the Stewards, and so Sportsmen should hesitate before they put the saddle on the wrong horse. In a great majority of cases, class handicaps, irrespective of whether horses are winners or losers in either or both, though the entrances are forced for winners, will prevent the necessity of putting up more than from 10st. 7lbs. to 11st. in the first-class, and this plan is the real remedy.

It is fair to say that I have a special interest in class handicaps, as I had the honor of introducing them several years ago; but I can fairly point to their success, and to the impossibility of bringing horses together in any other way at weights at which the best are likely to run. In the present instance, Mr. W. W.'s three, *Erl King*, *Doctor Swishtail*, and *Prince Alfred* would have made a good race for 2 miles with weights ranging from one 11st. to 6st. 8lbs.; and then there would have been a fine margin for the second-class between 10st. and 6st. 8lbs.

The Stewards, however, had to make the best of the Prospectus, and turned out the following handicaps, omitting horses which the owners did not desire to run.

*Teccaree Cup 2 miles.**Second handicap 1½ mile.*

	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
<i>Rocket</i> ...	12	7	<i>Bellona</i> ...	12	3
<i>Favourite</i> ...	11	7	<i>Erl King</i> ...	9	3
<i>Diamond</i> ...	7	8	<i>Prince Alfred</i>	8	12
<i>Eruption</i> ...	6	8	<i>Orphan</i> ...	8	2
			<i>Silver Star</i> ...	8	0
			<i>Nancy</i> ...	7	6
			<i>Venture</i> ...	7	0
			<i>War Eagle</i> ...	5	12

Losers' handicap. R. C.

	<i>st. lbs.</i>		<i>st. lbs.</i>
<i>Erl King</i> ...	9 7	<i>War Eagle</i> ...	5 12
<i>Silver Star</i> ...	8 0	<i>Armada</i> ...	5 12
<i>Debuture</i> ...	7 8	<i>Knight of Avenel</i>	5 7
<i>Nancy</i> ...	7 8	<i>Caliph</i> ...	5 7
<i>Abernethy</i> ...	7 5	<i>Abdool Kadir</i>	5 7

Mr. W. W. was not at all dissatisfied with the weights, and said he could win the Teccaree Cup with *Rocket*; but he and Mr. Collins consulted, and the result was that they generally agreed to cancel the race, if the Stewards would allow the cup to be given for a handicap, R. C. for all C. Bs. and Arabs, which was, of course, agreed to; and though it made an excellent race, it drew so many horses away from the other two handicaps, that it was a pity they could not be thrown into one.

The following was the handicap for the Teccaree Cap. *Growler* was a Bay Arab of Mr. W. W.'s that had never started:—

	<i>st. lbs.</i>		<i>st. lbs.</i>
<i>Prince Alfred</i> ...	10 5	<i>War Eagle</i>	7 12
<i>Diamond</i> ...	8 7	<i>Bucklegs</i>	7 5
<i>Eruption</i> ...	8 1	<i>Caliph</i>	6 10
<i>Growler</i> ...	8 0	<i>Abdool Kadir</i>	5 7

The handicap gave universal satisfaction, and all accepted but *Abdool Kadir*, because Mr. Manchester said he could not get a rider at the weight or anything near it. Messrs. W. W., and Collins, each ran two horses, it will be observed, and the result was another triumph for the Stewards.

Fifth day, November 14th.—The other two races having drawn off, most of the horses, the Losers' Handicap, was reduced to a match.

The Losers' Handicap. 20 G. Ms. from the Fund for all horses that have started for, and not won a Cup or public Money during the Meeting. R. C. Entrance for those accepting 3 G. Ms.

		<i>st lbs.</i>
Mr. Milfords b. aust. g. (1)	<i>Erl King, a</i> ...	9 7 Joseph.
Mr. Manchester's b. aust. m. (2)	<i>Debuture, a</i> ...	7 8 Roopun

Erl King made the running at his own pace, and won easily on the post by nearly a length. Time—3m. 12s.

Then came a race worth going a long way to see. That for the Teccaree Cup, and the 100 ticket lottery for which went thus:—

	<i>Rs.</i>		<i>Rs.</i>
<i>Prince Alfred</i> ...	280	<i>War Eagle</i> ...	90
<i>Diamond</i> ...	40	<i>Bucklegs</i> ...	10
* <i>Eruption</i> ...	100	<i>Caliph</i> ...	20
* <i>Growler</i> ...	30		

Eruption and *Caliph* were bought in; and it will be seen that no one fancied the latter after his indifferent performances.

The Teecaree Cup, value Rs. 500. A handicap for all C. Bs. and Arabs. R. C. Entrance 5 G. Ms. H. F. 8 Subscribers.

			at lbs.		
Mr. Vincent's gr.a.h.	(1)	... <i>Caliph, 6 years</i>	... 6 10	(carried 7st. 11lbs.)	Lower.
Mr. Milford's br.c.b.g.	(2)	... <i>War Eagle, 3 years</i>	... 7 12	...	Livesey.
Mr. Jas. Collins b.c.b.f.	(3)	... <i>Eruption, 3 years</i>	... 3 1	...	Jaffeer.
Mr. W. W.'s b.a.h.	(4)	... <i>Growler, 5 years</i>	... 8 0	...	Khoob Lol.
Mr. J. S. Collins' gr.a.h.	(5)	... <i>Prince Alfred, a</i>	... 10 5	...	Dignam.
Mr. W. W.'s gr.a.h.	(6)	... <i>Diamond, 6 years</i>	... 3 7	...	Gorch.
Mr. Manchester's b.a.h.	(7)	... <i>Bucklegs, a</i>	... 7 5	...	Roopun.

After one failure, owing to the impatience of *Prince Alfred*, a good start was effected; *Bucklegs* cutting out the work, closely followed by *War Eagle*, *Caliph* third, and the rest in a body not far behind. In this order they continued till they came to the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile post, where, in spite of his light weight, want of work told on *Bucklegs*, who gradually receded till he became last, and all the others, having closed up, a sheet would have covered the six for the next quarter of a mile, *Prince Alfred* being a neck ahead of the others, and evidently pulling hard. As they turned the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile corner, *Caliph* fell back, apparently beaten, the others still maintaining their close order. After running another 300 yards, however, *Caliph* seemed to recover himself, and, as they turned the last corner, ran up to his horses again. As they neared the distance, good glasses showed first *Diamond*, and then *Prince Alfred*, to be in trouble, and that it was any one's race out of the remaining four. At the far end of the Strand the Jockeys set to work, and after as interesting a race as ever was seen, *Caliph* lasting a little the longest, won by a short length, half a length between *War Eagle* and *Eruption*, and not as much between the latter and *Growler*, who ran fourth, though there were so many horses near the post, that the Judge only placed the first three—*Prince Alfred* and *Diamond* were not ridden out, but were well up. Time—3m. 12s.

A prettier race was never seen anywhere; and excepting *Caliph's* unexpected performance with no less than 15lbs. overweight, the Stewards had reason to congratulate themselves more on this handicap than even on the Doornraan Cup. *Caliph* is a curious little horse, and one of the very few, who, when decidedly beaten, will, if eased, really come again. Nothing could be more decided than his failure, $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from home; his Jockey said that at that point he considered it useless to ride the horse any more. To his astonishment, however, *Caliph* suddenly began, of his own accord, to go again with a will, and this of course he was allowed to do as he liked. He is clearly a stayer, and not fast, though he improved during the Meeting; but still his performances with *Diamond* and others for only 158 yards less than R. C. were very different to what he did on the last day.

A Handicap. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, forced for all winners of less than Rs. 900 Winners of Moorecroft and Hajepore Stakes excepted. 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 40 for each race won during the Meeting. Optional to losers and the excepted winners mentioned. Entrance on 4th day, Rs. 40, and 1 G. M. forfeit.

			at lbs.		
Mr. Vincent's br. aust. m.	(1)	... <i>Nancy, 4 years</i>	... 7 6	...	Livesey.
Mr. Howard's b. aust. m.	(2)	... <i>Orphan, a</i>	... 8 2	...	Low.
Mr. Manchester's ch.s.m.	(3)	... <i>Silver Star, a</i>	... 8 0	(carried 8st. 10lbs.)	Tingey.
Mr. Major's b. aust. m.	(4)	... <i>Ventura, 4 years</i>	... 7 0	...	Jaffeer.

We were doomed to be unfortunate in this the last race of the meeting for *Silver Star*, who is known to be most sensitive to weight—carried 10lbs. over—which put her chance out, and *Orphan* dropped a plate just before starting, which made her change her feet in the race several times, and took away half her chance. *Nancy* and *Silver Star* went off together at a good pace, closely followed by the others to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile turn, where *Venture* succumbed; the others came into the straight running together and began to race at the rails; *Nancy* got the best of it before long and won rather easily by two lengths: *Silver Star* would have been second but was pulled up. Time—2-21 $\frac{1}{2}$.

If it had not been for the extra weight and *Orphan* losing a plate, we should probably have seen another good race.

By way of a wind-up, four Cabools, fresh from the fair, scampered in for a quarter of a mile.

And now for a few remarks on the horses, and the racing generally, before I leave the subject.

All rejoiced in the good fortune of Mr. W. W., a thorough sportsman, who has, for two years, been always running second to Mr. Collins. Mr. W. W. had good horses in good condition, and for reasons before adverted to, no one else had. It may be observed, however, that if *Morning Star* had lived it would have been the same thing as regards sport, for she would have beaten. Mr. W. W.'s *Stable* as easily as he beat the others. Those, and there are perhaps not a few of them, who have thought that *Vanderdecken* was better than *Morning Star* when once her feet got all right, will probably be surprised to hear, on the authority of the owner of the two horses after trials, that *Van.* never had a chance with her. With an allowance of 7lbs. more than weight for class, or 21lbs., he could not make her gallop for a mile. As weight always tells when the scale is above a certain point, as the distance increases, she could not give him as much as that at 2 miles, but beat him handsomely at a stone; and Mr. Collins thinks she could have given him 10lbs at even 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Bellona I believe to be as good as *Rocket*, and after a march from Hyderabad, a railway journey, and then a sea voyage, *Vanderdecken* will have plenty to do to beat Mr. W. W. at Calcutta. *Favourite* looks to me like an English mare, and on my observing this to her owner, he said he never got her pedigree, though she certainly came here from Australia,—a fair Australian; and there is no reason beyond her appearance to suppose she is anything else. She ought to win the Colonial in a canter. *Caliph* will stay the 2 miles better than *Diamond*, and unless the 6 years weight for age is too much for so small a horse, he ought to run forward in the *Derby*, as he was improving daily. *Grouser* wants a good deal of riding, but ran well for the handicap on the last day, and will be heard of again. *Doctor Swishtail* is the very stamp of a horse for India, and has a fine stride when extended; he was fat and had a doubtful leg, but if it does all the work required of him, he will run well in Calcutta. *Silver Star* can neither carry weights nor stay in good company, but

I should like for curiosity to see what she could do with 7st. 7lbs, for $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. Mr. Manchester has a chesnut Arab, and Mr. Vincent a gray, named *Saladin*, that will cut no mean figure when they make their appearance on the Turf.

There is a point worthy of the notice of owners of horses, and that is the immense advantage of getting light weight native jockeys. It was in all probability this that enabled *Eruption* to beat *War Eagle* for the Durbungah Cup, and it was of public benefit in enabling the Stewards to give *Orphan* so good a chance for the Doomraon Cup. We are so accustomed to a high scale of weights in India, that the effect of a very light weight is seldom tried in the way it would be most likely to add to the interest of racing. *Hermit* ran with 9st. 7lbs. and 9st. 3lbs. without doing anything first rate; but his plucky owner ran him with 8st. which, however, is not at all a light weight for small horses, against *Voltege*, for the Governor-General's Cup, and he stamped himself a first-class horse, and no mistake. Certainly, as a rule, even first-rate Arabs have no chance with good English and Colonials at weight for age and class, but it would be an interesting experiment to see what horses like *Hermit*, *Bonnie Morn*, and *Prince Alfred* could do in good condition with *Jaffee's* 6st. 8lbs. for 2 miles. Owners should turn their attention to this point, as coachmen and syces may often be able to pick up small boys who may be taught to ride.

Some amendments in the Prospectus for next year were discussed during the Meeting, and I beg to make another suggestion. Instead of so many $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and R. C. races, the start for which cannot be well seen from the Stand, make them 1 mile and 5 furlongs—no great difference in distance—but it would make the start 62 yards behind the winning post, which would be well in front of the Stand, and easier for reckoning time than the 158 yards. And now for generalities. On the whole, the Sonapore Meeting was decidedly a good one, and everything went off most pleasantly, without "rows" or disputes about anything. A few points about racing were raised, but the Stewards settled them and nothing more was said, to the credit of those who raised the questions. The attendance was considerable, though there were one or two camping grounds vacant, and certainly the civilians of Behar did not muster as strongly as usual. The fulminations of the High Court perhaps kept away the Judges, but besides the bench some others were missed who might have been expected as certainties.

One great change struck me forcibly. There was neither a Civilian's nor a Planter's mess as in the old days, when all the bachelor administrators joined the former, and when the Behar Province generally seldom turned out fewer than thirty members of the Planters' Mess, and often a good many more. Well do I remember the jolly parties of the blues, and I have seen sixty sit down to dinner at their Mess. It was remarkable how small an attendance there was from Tirhoot. The general management of the indefatigable

Secretary is excellent, but it is hard that everything connected with Sonepore should fall on one person. The Races, the Course, and the Stand might devolve on one, the management of the balls on another, and everything to do with camping grounds on a third. The balls were most successful; and the arrangements admirable; light decorations took away from the cold look of the white walls, and I have never seen a room so well lighted in India, where one seldom sees a room even half lighted. One change made is scarcely for the better. There are no seats in the Ball Room, so no one can look on at the dancing in comfort which is half the battle of a ball, it is a great mistake to suppose that no one but the actual dancers need be consulted. It is wearisome to sit for hours out of sight of the dances, and such a thing is unknown in the London rooms. The reason assigned is, of course, to give more room to the dancers, but taking the size of the room and the fullest attendance ever seen, it is, making full allowance for the emptiness of Indian ball-rooms—seldom nearly so full as it ought to be for a ball to go off really well, and at least light cane seats, like Gunter's, at home, might be put all round the walls; they would always be occupied, and being so, would improve the appearance of the room, which between the dances is completely empty, and looks as if the ball was over. The Band of the 105th Regiment needs the attention of its Officers, as the Band Master has certainly no musical instincts. The Supper and Wines were excellent.

One of the chief events of the Meeting was a Fancy Fair, held to raise funds for the improvement of the Stand, and supplying it with appurtenances requisite for the balls, which are held in the same building. There was at first an idea of rebuilding, altogether, but the expense put this out of the question; nor is it necessary, as all that seems to be required is a new division wall between two of the rooms, and a few new beams. Next to this, the ball room referred to, seats a complete stock tables of chairs chandeliers and other lights, crockery glass cutlery, &c., should be laid in, to save borrowing annually. At present there is no pressure for space on the Stand as two small platforms near the winning post are always well filled. But in each of these a raised plank for the back row would be useful. And above all a Judge's covered chair is required, with a rail all round it, and round the post on the opposite side of the course to prevent crowding when the horses pass the post.

The Fancy Fair was a great success, and a large sum was realised. The prices were as exorbitant as usual, and there were odds and ends, such as two good sells in the shape of Richardson's Show and a photographic tent, Aunt Sally, Skittles, American Bowls, Beer Taps, &c.

Roses were sold at a rupee each on condition that they should be placed in the *button-hole* of the purchaser by the fair seller, but perhaps the most profitable sale of all was that of a bottle of scent which realised in sprinkles on handkerchiefs nearly £5.

The native Fair was about an average one, and the usual variety of races were to be seen. Some of the parti-coloured camps looked well enough, but there was an inclination to the tawdry. The shops have rather improved of late years, and some of the exhibitions of glass were really good. A brisk business seemed to be done in strictly native wares, and brightly shone the colours in the cap shops where the *jeunesse d'orée* of Behar and India could ornament their heads to the extreme of fashion.

The horse fair was good as regards weight-carrying Cabools, but that was all, and they say that of late years more attention has been paid to that class than others. I scarcely saw a decent looking horse, and the show of Rungpore ponies was poor, while there was not a single good hairy *hubshee*. There was as usual a diminutive pony; he was nine hands and one inch in height, but not well proportioned. There was a very fair lot of elephants, and one or two very fine ones among them; and when I say there were a few hawks with cruel eyes, a few parroquets, minahs, &c., there is nothing more to notice.

Before concluding, I would suggest to the Magistrate of Sarun that in these advanced days something should be done in the way of conservancy arrangements, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Race Course.

And now I have told my tale; but as I hear there are many people who enquire how they can attend a Sonepore Meeting, and how they live when they get there, I may add that they should write to the Secretary, Bankipore, Patna, for ground for their tents, and that they must bring these, and furniture, &c., of every description, as nothing is to be had at Sonepore but fresh provisions and straw. It will be troublesome to arrange all this, perhaps, but it will be found worth the trouble, for I agree with an old Soneporite, who said, that though a particular day at home might be better, he never in the course of a three years' furlough spent ten consecutive days that were half so enjoyable as a good Sonepore Meeting.

PEGASUS.

Horses aged at the Calcutta Race Stand by the Stewards on Saturday, 21st, and Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1867.

Name.	Cast.	Age.
<i>The Dean</i>	Waler	Six.
<i>Finasse</i>	Ditto	Five.
<i>Banker</i>	Ditto	Six.
<i>Caliph</i>	Arab	Aged.
<i>Long Triumph</i>	Ditto	Six.
<i>Prince</i>	Ditto	Six.
<i>Bloodsucker</i>	Ditto	Four.
<i>Growler</i>	Ditto	Five.
<i>Cyclone</i>	Ditto	Four.

HYDERABAD RACES,—1867.

STEWARDS :

COLONEL KNOX, 18th Hussars.
 MAJOR SLADE, K. D. G.'s D. A. G.
 MAJOR HENDERSON, Bombay Army.
 W. TWEEDIE, Esq.

SECRETARY :

C. WALFORD, Esq.

FIRST DAY, 21ST NOVEMBER, 1867.

The Bedouin Stakes. Rupees 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rupees 150 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance, 1st July, Rs. 100 ; 1st September, Rs. 150 ; 1st October, Rs. 200.

			st. lbs.	
Hajee Abdool Wahab's g.a.c.	(1) ..	<i>Haji</i>	7 13	Rizzaok.
Mr. St. Andrew's b.a.h.	(2) ...	<i>Peer i Mughan</i>	8 12	Hackney.
Mr. Field's g.a.h.	(3) ...	<i>Kohinoor</i>	8 6	Capt. Ahmud.
H. H. Aga Khan's g.a.h.	(4) ...	<i>Tiger</i>	8 6	Strud.
Mr. William's c.a.h.	(5) ...	<i>Mulakide</i>	9 9	Calton.

Haji started, the *Favourite*, having, however, only a slight call of *Peer i Mughan* in the 3 Lotteries on the race, they having fetched, *Haji* Rs. 1,000, 785, and 735, to *Peer's* Rs. 750, 700, and 615 respectively, *Kohinoor* being third in the public estimation. *Haji* broke away twice, but at the third offer Major Henderson got them away to a capital start, *Haji* at once cutting out the work at a slapping pace, having a lead of half a dozen lengths at the top of the hill, which he increased to a couple more in the next $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. *Peer* quitted the rock at the half mile from home, but could never get on terms with the *Haji*, who had been steadied to a canter in the straight, and won as he liked by about 3 lengths. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 mile	$1\frac{1}{2}$
30	57	1-26	1-55	2-55

The Galloway Purse. Rupees 250 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rupees 50, for starters. For all Maiden Galloways. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance on the 1st July Rupees 50, 1st September Rupees 100, 1st October Rupees 150.

			st. lbs.	
Mr. William's g.a. gall.	(1) ...	<i>Alchymist</i>	8 12	Calton.
Mr. Walford's b.a. gall.	(2) ...	<i>The Upas</i>	9 0	Capt. Ahmud.

A good deal of money changed hands on this match, both parties having been very confident. They got away at the first attempt.

The *Upas* making the paco hot, the grey hanging on his quarter. At the turn home the latter got his head in front, and (the bay not being quite fit) came away winning a fast gallo way race by about a length and a half. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
29	57	1-26	2-27

The Great Welter.

Mr. Burt's br. aus. g. ... *Promised Land* ... W. O.

The Pony Stakes. Rupees 100 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rupees 50. For all Ponies that have never previously started. Catch weights over 9 st. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Mr. Walford's b.p.	(1) ... <i>Oliver Twist</i>	st. lbs.	Capt. Ahmud.
Mr. Yelsham's b.p.	(2) ... <i>Farinot</i>	Mr. Rizzack.

Both heats won in a canter.

The Accommodation Stakes, Rupees 150 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rupees 100. For all horses. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. 8-7.

Mr. B.'s br. aus. g.	(1) .. <i>Sans Merci</i>	... 9 4	Calton.
Capt. Steven's b. aus. g.	(2) .. <i>Speculation</i>	... 8 11	Hackney.
Mr. Beaver's b. a. h.	(3) .. <i>Namook</i>	... 8 7	Capt. Ahmud.
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. h.	(4) .. <i>Mah</i>	... 8 7	Syud.

The Arabs were in great request at the lotteries, both of them having sold for over Rs. 500, whilst the drawers of the Walers only pocketed Rs. 50 and 125 for their prizes. At the fall of the flag, *Namook* rushed to the fore maintaining a lead of 2 or 3 lengths to the quarter from home. Here the two Jocks brought the big horses up, and a slashing race between them ended in *Calton's* favour by a neck. Time —

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
29	58	1-26 $\frac{1}{2}$	2-24 $\frac{1}{2}$.

SECOND DAY, 23RD NOVEMBER, 1867.

The Mowla Ali Trial Stakes. Rs. 400 from the Fund added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 150 for each horse declared to start. For all English, Colonial, and C. B. Maidens. Weight for age. 1 mile. Entrance on the 1st August Rs. 100, 1st October Rs. 200.

Haji Abdool Wahab's b. aus. c.	(1) <i>Black Thorn</i>	... 8 9	Hackney.
Mr. Field's br. aus. f.	(2) <i>Illumination</i>	... 8 9	Capt. Ahmud.
Mr. Burt's b. aus. g.	(3) <i>Albourne</i>	... 9 11	Calton.

Blackthorn and *Albourne* were nearly equal favourites for this event, the former, however, fetching rather the highest price in all three lotteries, the filly having only one enthusiastic admirer, who dropped his money with Milesian pertinacity, although, had her virtues

been only guessed at, she would have commanded treble the small prices she fetched. The two geldings got well away together; *Blackthorn* on the inside they galloped knee to knee to the turn home, where *Albourne* fell back; the filly running an honest slow mare, was able to score second honors: *Blackthorn* winning in a canter by a couple of lengths. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1 mile.
26	53	1-52

H. H. Aga Khan's Purse. Rs. 1,000. Presented by H. H. Aga Khan. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winner of the Bedouin Stakes 5 lbs. extra. 2 miles. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the Purse will be withheld. Entrance, 1st June, Rs. 100; 1st July, Rs. 200; 1st August, Rs. 100.

Hajee Abdool Wahab's g.a.c. (1) ... *Haji* ... *st. lbs.* 8 3 W. O.

The Galloway Plate. Rs. 300 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each horse declared to start. Weight for inches. Winners of one previous season 5 lbs. extra, of more than one previous season 10 lbs. extra. 2 miles. Entrance on 1st August Rs. 50. 1st October, Rs. 100.

Mr. William's b. a. gall.	(1)	<i>Lottery</i>	...	<i>st. lbs.</i> 9 4 2	Calton.
Hr. Field's g. a. gall.	(2)	<i>Moonshine</i>	...	9 10 0	Capt. Ahmud.
M. H. Aga Khan's b. a. gall.	(3)	<i>Jairam</i>	...	9 5 10	Syud.

Jairam a hot favourite, *Lottery* finding least favour with the public. *Jairam* took up the running from the start, and carried it on to the $\frac{1}{4}$ from home, when both *Moonshine* and *Lottery* passed him, the former shutting up the moment he heard the whip going on *Jairam*, and allowing *Lottery* to win by about a length. *Jairam* half a length behind. Time—

$\frac{1}{2}$	1	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2 miles.
59	1-58	2-28	3-0	4-1.

The Secunderabad Stakes, Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100. For all horses, 8st. 7lbs. 1 mile. Any horse running to be claimed for Rs. 2,000.

Mr. B.'s br. aus. g.	(1)	<i>Sans Merci</i>	...	<i>st. lbs.</i> 9 4	Calton.
Capt. Steven's br. aus. g.	(2)	<i>Speculation</i>	...	8 11	Hackney.

A slashing race throughout; *Speculation* hanging at the finish slightly, allowed *Sans Merci* to win by $\frac{1}{4}$ of a length. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1 mile.
30	59	1-45

THIRD DAY, 26TH NOVEMBER, 1867.

The Hyderabad Derby. Rs. 1,000 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden

horses. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance, 1st July, Rs. 100; 1st September, Rs. 150; 1st October, Rs. 200.

Haji Abdool Wahab's br. aus.c.	(1)	<i>Black Thorn</i>	... 8 9	Hackney.
Mr. Field's br. aus. f.	(2)	<i>Illumination</i>	... 8 9	Calton.

The filly was allowed to lead for about quarter of a mile, when *Blackthorn* was set going, made the pace throughout, and won in a canter by a couple of lengths. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 mile	$1\frac{1}{2}$
32	1-0	1-26	1-54	2-53

The Raby Purse. Value Rs. 500. Presented by Haji Abdool Wahab in honor of his horse *Raby* added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Previous winners 4lbs. extra, and of the Bedouin Stakes, or H. H. Aga Khan's Purse 7 lbs. extra; the winner of both 10lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Entrance, 1st July, Rs. 100; 1st September, Rs. 150; 1st October, Rs. 200.

Haji Abdool Wahab's g.s.c.	(1)	<i>Haji</i>	... 8 13	Mr. Rizznok.
Mr. St. Andrew's b.s.h.	(2)	<i>Peer I. Mughan</i>	... 8 13	Hacknec.
Mr. Field's g.s.h.	(3)	<i>Kohinoor</i>	... 8 5	Capt. Ahmad.

The shortness of the race brought *Peer I. Mughan* into about the same request as *Haji*, although it was known that the latter had had lots to spare when they met before. Immediately the flag fell *Haji* flew to the front, and made furious running for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. getting such a lead that no maiden Arab of late years could have caught him. *Kohinoor* was completely outpaced throughout, and finished half a dozen lengths behind *Peer I. Mughan*, *Haji* contrary in at least the same distance in front of the latter. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
26	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	1-22	2-23

THE LITTLE WELTER.

Mr. William's b.s. gall. ... Lottery ... W. O.

The Auction Stakes. Rs. 250 from the Fund, for all horses. Entrance Rs. 75, R. C. If to be sold for Rs. 1,200 to carry 9st. 7lbs.; 1,000 Rs. 9st. 0lb.; Rs. 800, 8st. 7lb.; Rs. 600, 8st. 0lb. (R. C. is 60 yds., less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile).

Mr. B's br. aus. g.	(1)	... <i>Sans Merci</i>	... 9 0	Calton.
Mr. Beaver's b.s.h.	(2)	... <i>Namook</i>	... 8 0	Capt. Ahmad.
H. H. Aga Khan's g.s.h.	(3)	... <i>Mah</i>	... 8 7	Syud.

An enterprising Persian bought in the whole lottery, in which *Sans Merci* fetched far the longest price. *Namook* made play to the distance, where the Australian came up, and won by a length; *Mah* as far to the rear of both. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 mile	R. C.
27	56	1-25	1-54 $\frac{1}{2}$	2-54

Free Handicap. Rs. 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for all horses accepting the Handicap. 2 Miles.

				st. lbs.	
H. H. Aga Khan's b.a.gall.	(1)	<i>Jairam</i>	...	8 0	Syud.
Haji Abdool Wahab's c.a.h.	(2)	<i>Raby</i>	...	10 0	Mr. Riszaok.
Mr. Field's g.a. gall.	(3)	<i>Moonshine</i>	...	8 4	Capt. Ahmud

Moonshine and *Raby* about equal favourites, *Jairam* giving his drawer only some Rs. 250. He and *Raby* made alternate running for 1½ mile, when it was apparent that *Moonshine* had the race in hand; but though galloping over his horses, directly the brute heard *Jairam's* usual allowance of whip commencing, he shut up, and fixed himself close to *Raby's* flag, *Jairam* and *Raby* running a magnificent race home, the former winning by a short head. Time—

½	1 mile.	1¼	1½	2 miles.
59	2-0	2-30	2-49	3-59

FOURTH DAY, 28TH NOVEMBER.

The Hyderabad Gold Cup. A piece of plate, value Rs. 1,200, presented by the Minister of His Highness the Nizam, with Rs. 3,000 in specie added from the Fund, and a Sweepstakes of Rs. 250 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. Weight for age. Horses that have never started before the Meeting allowed 5lbs., and those bred in His Highness the Nizam's dominion allowed 1 stone. 2¼ miles. To close and name on the 1st July at a subscription of Rs. 250, but horses may be entered up to the 1st October at a subscription of Rs. 500. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the added money will be withheld.

					st. lbs.	
Mr. Collins's b. aus. g.	(1)	...	<i>Vanderdecken</i>	...	9 11	Hackney.
Capt. Joy's c. aus. h.	(2)	...	<i>Cœur de Lion</i>	...	9 5	Calton.

One great feature of interest in this race disappeared when it was known for certain that *Bude Light* would not be able to start. Mr. Field's bad luck seems now to have become constant. The colt was going on well, and great hopes were entertained by his party that he would be able to cope with even the mighty *Van*. When, about five weeks before the Meeting, he returned from his gallop with a very large wound on his off-elbow, great differences of opinion at first existed as to its cause; but it is pretty generally conceded now that it was due to the bursting, during his gallop, of a partially-formed deep-seated abscess, the torn wound from which kept him in his box until just before the day of starting, and totally extinguished the hope the public had of seeing whether this son of *Fisherman* would act up to his Australian promise on the Indian Turf. Both Mr. Field and Mr. Collins are much to be pitied in the matter; the former for his disappointment after giving such a long price as Rs. 10,000 for a colt untried in India in not seeing him run for his first great stake; and Mr. Collins because he, in con-

sequence of the stable rule, had to start the great horse for the cup and entrances only, instead of Rs. 3,000 in addition. Luckily the cup is a very handsome piece of plate, and we hope that the sporting owner of *Tanderdecken* will consider its possession as nearly a set-off to the great risk from perils by land and by water which his sporting spirit induced him to face when asked to send the great crack to Hyderabad. *Cœur de Lion* was driven out from the start, the great shadow behind him apparently only cantering. Things went on thus to the turn home, when Hackney first steadied *Jan*, and then shot him out like a shell, coming home apparently in a common canter about 3 lengths a head of the *Pride of the Deccan*. Time -

$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$
27	1-17	2-17	2-48	3-16	4-13

THE WHIRN PLATE.

Mr. Burt's br.au. g. Promised Lord W.O.

THE GARRISON STAKES.

Mr. B's br.au. g. ... Sans Merci W.O.

The Deccan Stakes.

Rs. 150 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for all countrybred horses that have been for one year in H. H. the Nizam's dominions. Catch weights over 8-7. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. Walford's b. p.	(1) ...	<i>Olive Twist</i>	...	st. lbs.	Capt. Ahmad.
Mr. Yeldham's b.g.	(2) ...	<i>Tarnant</i>	...		Synd Ahmad.

It is generally feared that this race will not, after all, materially improve the breed of horses in the Deccan, there having been "sharp arguments" against one at least of the animals engaged being useful in the stud line. Won in a walk. Time—1-0.

The Arab Stakes. Rs. 250 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for acceptors. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Mr. Walford's b. a. gall.	(1) ...	<i>The Upas</i>	...	st. lbs.	Capt. Ahmad.
Mr. William's g. a. gall.	(2) ...	<i>Alchymist</i>	...	8 4	Calton.
Mr. Beaver's b. ah.	(3) ...	<i>Namook</i>	...	8 6	Mr. Rizzack.
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. h.	(4) ...	<i>Moh</i>	...	8 10	Synd.

Alchymist, a long way the favourite, fetching over Rs. 700 in each lottery; Next to him *Namook* coming in the public estimation; the *Upas* selling for next to nothing.

Alchymist took the lead, making slow running for $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile, when *Namook* took it up to the quarter from home, where *Alchymist* again passed him. Immediately afterwards the *Upas* came with a rush through his horses, was never caught, and won hands down by a length, *Namook* losing second honors by a neck. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1 mile	$1\frac{1}{2}$
34	1-4	1-32	2-1	3-1

The Scurry. Rs. 150 from the Fund added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 20. The straight run in. Catch weights over 11 stone.

Capt. Hazlerigg's c. aus g.	(1) ... <i>Revenge</i> ...	st. lbs.	Mr. Warner.
Capt. M'Leod's b.s.g.	(2) ... <i>The Duke</i> ...		Mr. Brough.
Mr. Ellis's g. aus. m.	(3) ...		Mr. Rizzack.
Col. Holland's g p.h.	(4) ... <i>Tinted Venus</i> ...		Mr. Yeldham.
Major Bolton's br.p.h.	(5) ... <i>Abboo bin Bakke</i> ...		Capt. Tisdall.
Capt. Bishop's b. aus. g.	(6) ... <i>Tom Tit</i> ...		Mr. Frendergaat.

The *Duke* the favourite. *Tom Tit* having levelled the Course for 10 minutes, a good start took place, *Revenge* getting away in front, and winning easily by a couple of lengths.

FIFTH DAY, 30TH NOVEMBER.

The Resident's Plate. A piece of Plate value Rs. 500, presented by Sir G. U. Yule, C.B.K.C.S.I. added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. Weight 9 stone, without reference to breed. Winner of the Gold Cup 7lb extra. 1 mile. 1st July, Rs. 200; 1st October, Rs. 300.

Mr. Collins's b. aus. g.	(1) ... <i>Vanderdecken</i> ...	st. lbs.	9 4 Hackney.
Capt. Joy's c. aus h.	(2) ... <i>Cœur de Lion</i> ...		9 0 Calton.

As in the gold cup, *Fan*, leisurely waited until in the straight, shooting past his opponent when he wanted to, and winning with the greatest ease by a couple of lengths. Time—

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	1 mile.
28	54	1-48

PONY PLATE.

H. H. Aga Khan's g.a.p. ...^{*} *Sweet William (Late Nightingale)* ... W. O.

Hack Stakes. Rs. 100 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25. 10st. 7½lb. mile. The winner to be put up for sale at Rs. 700 immediately after the race.

Mr. H's. g.a.h.	(1) ... <i>Chance</i> ...	st. lbs.	10 7 Calton.
M. W's. b.p.g.	(2) ... <i>74</i> ...		9 11 Oomur.
Mr. Stuart's c.p.h.	(3) ... <i>Qui Hi</i> ...		10 0 Syud Ahmad.

Won all the way. No speculation. Time—29 $\frac{1}{4}$ 1-38.

Syud Mohiud Deen's Purse, Rs. 500, presented by Syud Mohiud Deen's lottery company, added to, a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for all horses excepting the Handicap. 1½ mile.

Mr. Burt's br. aus. g.	(1) ... <i>Promised Land</i> ...	st. lbs.	9 7 Calton.
Haji Abdool Wahab's br. aus. c.(2)...	<i>Blackthorn</i> ...		9 3 Hackney.
Mr. B's br. aus. g.	(3) ... <i>Sans Merci</i> ...		8 0 Syud.

No less than eight lotteries on this event filled. *Blackthorn*, a hot favourite, fetching Rs. 1,200 in one lottery, and over Rs. 1,250 in each of the other seven, the *Land* selling for about Rs. 800 in each lottery, and the *Merciless* one also having his supporters. After a good start

the *Land* commenced slow running, carrying it on to nearly the quarter from home, when Hackney brought *Blackthorn* to the front, indulging him with a lead of a couple of lengths, and the race seemed over. Calton took to his whip a few strides on, and no sooner did *Blackthorn* hear the strokes than he commenced boring, getting gradually on to the training course, it being just as much as Hackney could, with a free application of whip on the outward side of his head, do to prevent his leaving the Course at the beginning of the ropes; though still left with a slight lead, he could not be induced to "come" and was in consequence beaten at the last moment by the *Land* by a very short neck.

	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 mile	$\frac{1}{2}$
Time—	33	1-1	1-29	1-58	2-53

The Desert Stakes. A Handicap for all Arabs. Rs. 400 from the Fund added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			st.	lb.	
Mr. Collis's g.a.h.	(1) ...	<i>White Friar</i>	...	8 10	Hackney.
Mr. Williams's b.a. gall	(2) ...	<i>Lottery</i>	...	8 12	Calton.
Mr. Walford's b.a. gall	(3) ...	<i>The Upas</i>	...	8 4	Capt. Ahmud.
H. H. Aga Khan's g.a.h.	(4) ...	<i>Moh</i>	...	8 5	Syud.

In the three lotteries on this event, although *White Friars* was finding favor latterly, yet *Lottery* was on the whole a hot favorite, and his defeat immediately succeeding that of *Blackthorn* was a blow to many individuals, who, a few minutes before, were men, speedily became handicoats, and the previous handicoats in many cases became men again. For the moment rope and cutlery came to a premium, but pegs, and the recollection of Hackney's finish, restored the world to nonchalance, and made them remember that such a race was next door to worth their losses.

The four got off well together. After giving 100 yards *Lottery* took up the running at a very slow pace, the others cantering a couple of lengths behind him. They ran thus to the half mile from home, when a little steam was put on. *The Upas* and *White Friar* joining *Lottery* at about the distance post, the two latter then singling themselves out and running dead locked together home, *White Friar* after a most perfect race, being pronounced the winner by a short half head.

$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 mile	$1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
33	1-3	1-32	2-2	3-0

SIXTH DAY, 4TH DECEMBER, 1867.

Run on the Okuderghaut Course.

The Nawab Salar Jung's Plate, Rs. 1,000 in specie, presented by the Nawab Mookhtar-ool-Moolk Salar Jung, Bahadoor, K.C.S.I., a

Handicap forced for all winners during Meeting, at Rs. 50 P.P. for each race won. 2 miles.

			st.	lbs.	
Capt. Joy's c. aus. h.	(1)	... <i>Cœur de Lion</i>	... 11	0	Calton
Haji Abdool Wahab's br. aus. c.	(2)	... <i>Blackthorn</i>	... 8	10	Hackney.
Mr. Burt's br. aus. g.	(3)	... <i>Promised Land</i>	... 9	3	Native.
Haji Abdool Wahab's g.s.c.	(4)	... <i>Haji</i>	... 8	7	Rizzack

Cœur de Lion and the *Haji's* stable very nearly equal favorites, *Haji*, commenced operations by running away for half a mile in a false start, when the horse came in view from the stand (this course being covered with trees, and mostly invisible from the stand) *Haji* was leading at a good pace, *Promised Land* next, and *Cœur de Lion* laying off. At the mile post *Haji* and *Promised Land* were neck and neck forcing the pace. Soon afterwards Calton took the big horse up, cut all their throats in 100 yards, and won hands-down by a couple of lengths. *Haji* beaten off. Time cannot be taken for all distances on this shockingly heavy and hidden course. The last $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Time—2m. 55s.

Galloway Handicap, Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for Acceptors. Open to all Galloways that have started during the Meeting. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			st.	lbs.	
Mr. Walford's b. a. gall.	(1)	... <i>The Upas</i>	... 8	0	Capt. Abmud.
Mr. William's b. a. gall.	(2)	... <i>Lottery</i>	... 8	12	Calton.

Lottery the favourite. The *Upas* took up the running from the start, and was joined by *lottery*. After going $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile, they raced together for another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, when the *Upas* quitted him, winning easily by a couple of lengths. Time—

$\frac{1}{2}$ $1\frac{1}{2}$
29 3-28

Consolation Stakes, Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 75. P.P. A Handicap open to all horses that have started, and not won during the Meeting, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			st.	lbs.	
Mr. Burt's b. aus. g.	(1)	<i>Albourne</i>	... 11	0	Calton.
Haji Abdool Wahab's c.s.h.	(2)	<i>Raby</i>	... 9	7	Hackney.
Mr. Beaver's b. a. h.	(3)	<i>Mumook</i>	... 8	0	Capt. Abmud.
Syud Ali Riza's b. aus. g.	(4)	<i>Speculation</i>	... 9	2	Owner.

Albourne and *Raby* in equal request; the former was forced to the front at the start, obtaining a lead of eight or ten lengths in the first $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. *Raby* joined him at the distance, and every one expected to see him shut up as usual, instead of which, he raced home as game as a pebble, and running the longest; won a fine race by a neck. The other two running a splendid match in about the time that the first pair had done weighing. Time—2ms. 26s.

The Hyderabad Steeple Chase. A piece of plate, valued Rs. 400, presented by a few Native Gentlemen of Hyderabad, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100. A steeple chase over about 2 miles of fair hunting country.

				<i>L. Use.</i>		
Mr. H's g.a.h.	(1)	...	<i>G. I. P.</i>	13	2	Owner.
Mr. B's b.p.g.	(2)	...	"71"	11	2	Owner.
Mr. M'Leod No. b. aus. g.	(3)	...	<i>Exhibition</i>	11	0	Mr. M'Leod.
Capt. Bishop's b. aus. g.	(10)	...	<i>Tom Tit</i>	10	2	Mr. Warner.
Capt. Hazlerigg's g. aus. g.	(10)	...	<i>Faugh a Ballagh</i>	13	2	Mr. Rose.

Old *Faugh* was expected to do the trick, and next to him "74" was fancied. *Tom Tit* fell with his rider at the first fence, and *Faugh* refused it, the other three going together very fast for about a mile, when on getting out of an old fort, *Exhibition* lost his way, the two others going on alone to the last wall, and the *Waler* and *G.I.P.* most steadily and pluckily ridden by his owner coming in a winner by a couple of lengths: *Exhibition* giving his rider a nasty cropper at the water jump.

Mr. Beaver No. g.a.h.	(2)	...	<i>Tamasnook</i>	Mr. Walford.
Mr. H's g.a.h.	(2)	...	<i>Chancer</i>	Mr. Brough.
Capt. Hazlerigg's c. aus. g.	(3)	...	<i>Revenge</i>	Mr. Warner.

The Bulacklava Charge. A saddle and bridle by Whippy, with, Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for all untrained horses. Catch weights over 11 stone. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats without dismounting.

The first heat won by a length, the second in a canter.

Thus ended the Hyderabad Meeting of 1867. A great deal had been done to draw stables to it, though, this year, without great success; nevertheless, it is hoped that now, when horses can get so close by the rail, they will be sent here, where lotteries still flourish; and where, though the expenses of moving a stable so far, are large, an owner can make his horses pay their travelling as well as training expenses easily. Both the new stable owners, Mr. Collins and Mr. Field, have been unlucky; but they at any rate have the sympathy of the Hyderabad public, who hope that they will see both them and their horses next year, and that then the former may find Field's to run against him; the latter, better horses to run against the Fields.

PRINCIPAL WINNING JOCKEYS IN 1867.

<i>Jockeys.</i>	<i>Mounts.</i>	<i>Wins.</i>
Butler	401	92
Cameron, J.	392	79
Cannon, T.	304	57
Custance, H. ...	168	41
Challoner, T. ...	247	49
Covey, H.	247	45
Daley, J.	151	44
Edwards, A.	122	46
Fordham, G.	386	142
French, T.	146	31
Huxtable	163	17
Kenyon, S.	406	101
Loates	104	33
Mordan, S.	264	51
Peppler	254	40
Parry	185	26
Snowden, J.	130	33

CALCUTTA RACES, 1867-68.

FIRST DAY, 28TH DECEMBER, 1867.

● AND "it came at last," the long-wished-for Derby Day, which causes such excitement the live-long year to the few who really take a lively interest in our Indian racing, for our Derby is, *the race par excellence*, of the meeting, notwithstanding the many non-admirers of Arabs, may try to assert the contrary. Because the long-legged ones can go faster, it is no reason that they struggle more, or cause such interest as the true little Arabs, pure as the desert air, are game to ensure.

For this year, twenty-three were entered in July, five in September, and two in November. Thirty in all. This number, however, dwindled into ten starters, whose running will be seen below.

Owing to owners of horses, conceiving to their cost I fear, that horses can be better trained out of Calcutta, the attendance at the enclosure of the Race Stand in the early training season was very limited, and the jokes and chaff equally so. White hats were at a discount, and racing prospects were looking indeed gloomy, until Sonapore Races burst upon us with an air that breathed, as though matters might still mend before the season was over, notwithstanding that, neither the Governor-General nor the Commander-in-Chief gave cups to be run for; nor were any Queen's Plates given; nor were there any Burdwan or Dacca Races, whilst that popular little meeting at Deyrah Dhoon had almost been a failure.

However, with the arrival of the Sonapore horses in Calcutta, the aspect in the enclosure improved. Our energetic Clerk of the Course had, by this time, put up the posts and rails the Cyclone had laid low. The Great Eastern supplied the coffee, and the enclosure began to swell, until at length, with the arrival of the Viceregal party from Lucknow, it assumed quite its old form; and instead of the eye accustomed to see going, two of the old Sheikhs and one of the old Colonel's screws, one now became dazzled at the multitude of horses passing the Stand. The stables of all the competitors, bar one—for Mr. W.W. keeps his snug at Barrackpore until the week before the Races—were up. This stable arrived at last too, and down came as powerful a lot to look at as to make many think them invincible—with *Tan*, just off a long journey from Hyderabad, the *Dean's* powers being unknown, and the only other likely competitors with a chance, all looking somewhat sorry. Such was my impression the week before the Races,—the week of the year most worth living for. During this week, the changes of countenance became marvellously marked; the man who had sneered at *Prince* a few days ago, and probably laid "again him," you could see sneer now at his old favourite. Another, whose face beamed with hope a fortnight ago, now looked long and anxious. Another sanguine, threw out sneers at them all, but his own. Another sneers at them all round, and won't have any of them for his choice; they are all such a pack of brutes!!!! At all events, the amount to be gathered from the general cup, was, that it was a China orange to all Calcutta against any but W.W.'s, Mr. Vincent's, and Mr. Collins' stables. This was a week before the Race, when, one morning, Mr. Vincent, graciously condescending, permitted the public to see *Saladin* stretch himself a bit with his stable companion, the Arab *Caliph*. This gallop convinced even the sceptical few that *Saladin* could gallop.

Prince had all along had steady slow work, and had many admirers, for he appeared in perfect health and condition.

The Dacca maidens were both pronounced too fat. *Long Trump* could not be thought of as having a chance, going in evident pain. *Russool*, a perfect beauty, took a gallop which put his chance away, for he could not show for many days.

On the Thursday before the Race, the 400 ticket lottery was drawn at the Town Hall, and the following was the result:—

DERBY LOTTERY DRAWN FOR 26TH DECEMBER, 1867.

Nos.						Sold for
179	Catchick	...	White Friars	Rs. 220
180	B. Harvey	...	Diamond	„ 260
109	W. P. Davis	...	Ct. Bismark	„ 110
350	Morris	...	Mymensing	„ 20
40	Blacker	...	Long Trump	„ 100
297	Ruxton	...	Caliph	„ 130
84	Col. Turnbull	...	Growler	„ 300
202	Young Esau	...	Russool	„ 50
138	R. M. Wibrow	...	Saladin	„ 190
325	J. D. Gordon	...	The Field	„ 90
121	H. Stansfeld	...	The Prince	„ 330

It will be seen that *Prince* was made favourite, and that a double lottery for so large an amount is a failure. The eventful morning of the 28th dawned without our usual fog, and before the hour announced; for it was only quarter past 7, when the following three appeared for the:—

FIRST RACE.

Trial Stakes, Rs. 500 from the Fund. For all horses. 1 mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs Entrance 15 G. Ms., 10 forfeit. To close 1st November, name or declare forfeit by 2 P. M. the day before the race. Winners of a previous season once 3lbs, twice or oftener 7lbs. extra.

	it. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Manchester's c.e.m. (1) <i>Silver Star</i>	10 7	Tingey	White.
Mr. Johnson's b.w.h. (2) <i>The Dean</i>	9 11	Hackney	Green and Amber.
Mr. W. W.'s c.w.m. (3) <i>Bellona</i>	9 11	Gooch	Blue Body, Red Sleeves, and Belt.

Time 1m. 50s.

A good start was easily managed, and *Bellona*, who was the favorite with Gooch forced the running with *Silver Star* on her quarter, the *Dean* following. They ran in this order to the turn in, when *Bellona* succumbed, and the *Dean* made his effort and raced home, swerving and going very wide across the Course, apparently hanging. *Silver Star* just managed to put her nose in first in 1-50, much to the astonishment of the public, who were evidently delighted at her sporting owner's success, after the very bad luck he had had at Sonapore. The first bell now sounded for the Derby, and the weighing room was over-crowded.

SECOND RACE.

The ten Jockeys, all Europeans but one, were soon weighed however, for they were all pretty handy; and with more than usual smartness began to show for the great event. One by one they cantered past the Stand to the two mile post, the last two being *Saladin* and *Caliph*, neither of them looking to our eye so fit as they did a fortnight before the Race. The ten assembled,

and were soon got in their places to a beautiful start, all passing the Stand in one rush at a moderate pace, *Caliph* leading, with *Growler* at his quarters, with a winning grin on Gooch's countenance, as much as to signify success; *Count Bismark*, *Russoul*, *Abdool Kader* in the rear, followed by *Long Trump*, *Saladin*, *Prince*, *Diamond*, and *Star* driving all before him.

The first half-mile was accomplished in about even time, and at the $\frac{3}{4}$ out, three of them began to drop to the rear, whilst at the mile post they were virtually out of the Race. Here *Saladin* put on steam, went up to *Growler*, and the pair headed the others, *Long Trump*, *Caliph*, *Bismark*, and *Prince*, all in good places; and running well enough to give hope: in this order they ran to the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from home, *Growler* running strong and with ease, whilst *Saladin* appeared in difficulty: he ran well, however, to the turn in, when it was evident *Growler* had the Race in hand; and he came in an easy winner. *Saladin* second, *Prince* and *Long Trump* contesting for third place, which the *Prince* got.

The Race throughout was slow, the $1\frac{1}{2}$ being a little over even time, and the last half-mile in about 1-5 or 1-6, making the 2 miles in 4-7, an unaccountable fact to one owner, who had tried his pets 10 seconds better.

The Derby Stakes of 50 G. Ms. from the Fund. For Maiden Arabs, 2 miles. Weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st December, 30 G. Ms., when the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start. 30 Subscribers 20 of whom pay forfeit.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s	(1) ... <i>Growler</i> , b.c.h.	8	9 Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Vincent's	(2) ... <i>Saladin</i> , g.c.h.	7	0 Joseph	Black Body, yellow Sleeves, yellow Cap.
Mr. Collin's	(3) ... <i>The Prince</i> , g.c.h.	9	0 Aukland	Black, white Cap.
Mr. Vincent's	... <i>Caliph</i> , g.c.h.	9	3 Wheel	Black Body, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.
Mr. Charles'	... <i>Star</i> , g.c.h.	9	0 Lambert	White and blue.
Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Madel Kader</i> , b.c.h.	9	0 Jaffir	All white.
Abdool Guncy Meeah's	... <i>Cl. Bismark</i> , g.c.h.	9	0 Chapman	Scarlet, Puce Belt.
The Colonel's	... <i>Long Trump</i> , g.c.h.	9	0 Hackney	White, scarlet Cap, and Garter.
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Diamond</i> , g.c.h.	9	0 Choochoo	All black.
Mr. R.'s	... <i>Russoul</i> , b.c.h.	9	0 Tungey	White, blue Belt, and Cap.
Time 4m. 7s.				

THIRD RACE.

The third Race on the card brought four to the post,—3 country-breds and the fast Arab, *Starlight*.

The start was by no means a good one, for *Starlight* lost four lengths which he could never recover; not that it would have altered the result, for *Shamrock* is evidently too much for him, for he made all the running, and won very easy by three lengths, *Starlight* second, *Madel* a bad third; an accident happening to *Blooming Heather*, which rendered it necessary to destroy her on the spot.

A Sweepstakes of 25 G. Ms. each; 10 forfeit; for all Arabs and Country-breds, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 1st. To close and name on 1st November, two to be named, one to the Post.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Vincent's	(1) <i>Shamrock</i> b.c.b.h.	8	11 Joseph	Black, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.
Abdool Guncy Meeah's	(2) <i>Starlight</i> b.c.b.h.	8	0 Chapman	Scarlet, Puce Belt. [Cap.]
Mr. Milford's	(3) <i>Madel</i> b.c.b.m.	8	6 Native	White Body, crimson Sleeves, and
Time 1m. 25s.				

FOURTH RACE.

The fourth Race brought six known fast ones to the post, Mr. W. W. having two, and declaring to win with *Favorite*. At the word off, Gooch on

her, with *Never Forgotten*, both went off a cracker, too fast to last, and they cut each other's throats in the first half mile, which was done in about 52 seconds; they fell back to *Nancy* and *Rocket* who came away, and an exciting race ensued, *Rocket* landing a winner with some little difficulty: the *Dean* and *Red Rover* being nowhere in the Race.

Baboo Shama Churn Mullick's Plate, value Rs. 500. For all Colonial and Country-breds. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 3lbs. additional. 1½ mile. Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 15 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms., when the Race will close. And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start.

Winners of the season 4lbs. Winners of the previous seasons 7lbs. Winners of two or more previous seasons 10lbs. extra,

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s, B.W.M. (1)...	<i>Favorite</i>	9	8' Choochoo...	Black.
—, B.W.H. (2)	<i>Rocket</i>	10	7 Gooch	Blue Body, Red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Vincent's, B.W.M. (3)...	<i>Nancy</i>	0	9 Joseph	Black, Yellow Sleeves, White Cap
Mr. Neville's B.W.H.	<i>Never Forgotten</i>	10	7 Irving	Purple and White.
Abdool Guney Meek's B.W.	<i>Red Rover</i>	10	7 Livesey	Scarlet, Purple Belt.
Mr. Johnson's B.W.H.	<i>The Dean</i>	10	4 Hackney	Green and Amber.

Time—2m. 21s.

SECOND DAY, 31st DECEMBER, 1867.

ANOTHER fine clear morning greeted us as we started for the Race Course on the last day of the year 1867, walking leisurely down (not at racing pace.) We arrived in even timing, 10 minutes, took our cup of coffee, and learned there were four races on the card, for which there were—3 Arabs to contest for the Bedouin, 1 mile; four for the Colonial; four for Charles Nephew's Cup; and two for the C. B.'s. There were no lotteries the night before the race, the public evidently preferring the Opera, or the Theatre, or, the Ball at Belvidere.

FIRST RACE—7-30 A. M.

The three Arabs made their appearance true to time, and all being well known, a good race was anticipated, and no doubt it would have been one but for an accident, which prevented a fine struggle home between *Bonnie Morn* and *Prince Alfred*.

At the start, *Prince Alfred* cut out the running, with *Bonnie Morn* well in attendance, followed by *Highlander*: they ran in this way to the half-mile post when a cry arose "one is down," and true enough Chapman, on *Bonnie Morn*, was unhorsed; how and wherefore is unknown; but it is supposed the horse hugged the course and ran him against a post, as, when he was taken to hospital, his thigh was found fearfully gashed.

From thence, Auckland on *Prince Alfred* came away with a clear lead, from *Highlander* accompanied by *Bonnie Morn* without a rider, who was not to be beaten, and galloped past the post first, *Prince Alfred* winning the race in a canter in 1-55.

The Bedouin Stakes of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Arabs. 1 mile. Winner of the Derby of the year to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Entrance 20 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close on 1st November, and name or declare forfeit by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Abdool Guney's (d.s.t.) <i>Bonnie Morn, g.a.h.</i>	9	3 Chapman	... Purple and Scarlet Cap.
Mr. Collin's (1) ... <i>Prince Alfred, g.a.h.</i>	9	3 Auckland	... Black, white Cap.
Mr. Walter's (2) ... <i>Highlander, b.a.h.</i>	9	3 Joseph	... Blue and white Hoops.

SECOND RACE.

Then followed the Colonials, for which there were 28 nominations, but only 4 came to the post. It was clear the race would fall to Mr. W. W., and equally so that he would be first and second, which he was. *Favourite* cut out the running, followed by his stable-companion *Longden*, doing what they pleased with the other two, and so they ran throughout, the mare winning the race in 3-23, or 4 seconds, worse time than last year's Colonial. It is believed *Longden* could have won, and he certainly proved himself a dangerous customer for next year.

The Colonial Stakes of 50 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Maidens, Cape, Australian, Tasmanian, and Country-bred Horses. R. C. Weight for age and class. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs.

Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.; 30 G. Ms. on 1st December, when the race will close. And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s (1) ... <i>Favorite, b.w.m.</i>	9	4 Gooch	... Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. W. W.'s (2) ... <i>Longden, l.w.h.</i>	9	4 Choochoo	... Black.
Mr. Waller's (3) ... <i>Brigand, b.w.g.</i>	9	0 Joseph	... Blue and white Hoops.
Mr. William's (0) ... <i>Bencia Boy, b.w.</i>	9	7 Tingley	... White.

THIRD RACE.

Favorite having to run again for Charles Nephew's Cup. The C. B. Race came off next which needs no description, for *Madel* not being herself cantered behind *Shamrock* the mile in 2-4.

A Purse of 25 G. Ms. for Country-breds. Maidens allowed 9lbs. Entrance 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit. Weight for age. 1 mile. To close and name 1st November.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Vincent's b.c.b. (1) <i>Shamrock</i>	9	0 Joseph	... Black Body, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.
Mr. Milford's b.c.b. (2) <i>Madel</i>	9	6 Native	... White Body, crimson Sleeves, and Cap.

FOURTH RACE.

Then the race of the day followed. The *Dean* had scratched, and *Van.*, wanting to save for the merchant's cup, did not start, so the race was an open one, the English horse having his admirers: so had *Nancy*, but *Rocket* was the favourite, and he proved too much for them all, as he won very easily in 2-40 the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, carrying 9-9.

Favourite again made strong running, followed by both *Rocket* and *Nancy*, the English horse waiting to the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile-post, when *Rocket* and *Nancy* passed *Favorite*, and Gooch, taking a judicious pull, *Nancy* appeared to be getting away from *Rocket*, and many thought she was going to win, but *Rocket* came when called on, passed the mare, and although swerving, not liking the crowd, won an easy race, *Nancy* second, proving herself a right good mare.

Messrs. Charles Nephew & Co.'s Cup of 50 G. Ms. For all Horses. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 10lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.

When the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start. Winners prior to day of entering carry 5lbs. extra.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s b.w.g. (1) <i>Rocket</i> ...	9 0	Gooch	Blue Body, Red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Vincent's b.w.m. (2) <i>Nancy</i> ...	8 6	Joseph, declared 2lbs.	Black Body, Yellow Sleeves, White Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s b.w.m. (3) <i>Favorites</i> ...	8 8	Choochoo	All black.
Mr. Manchester's b.g.h. <i>Dr. Swicktail</i> .	10 7	Tingey	All white.

THIRD DAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1868.

The card for this day looked indeed very promising, and our hopes were fully realized by the Merchant's Cup Race alone, which was worth riding a hundred miles to see.

FIRST RACE—AT 7-30 A. M.

The Welter for all horses, non-professional riders, produced three very moderate specimens when the bell rang at about 7½ A. M. *Milliner*, ridden by Mr. Archibald Hills; *The Abbott*, ridden by Mr. Middleton Scott; *Brigand*, ridden by Mr. Filden, 2-60th Rifles. The race will scarce bear description more than that *Milliner*, with a very archy-backed rider, played with the other two and won as she liked—a poor lot the three.

The Welter Stakes of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Maiden Horses. 1½ mile. Weight for age and class, raised 21lbs. Entrance 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; November, 15 G. M.; when the race will close. A Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms.; for all horses declared to Start. Winners of the season 5lbs. extra.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s b.w.m. (1) ...	10 11	Mr. Archibald Hills,	All black.
Capt. Walters b.w.g. (2) ...	9 13	Mr. Filden.	
Mr. Johnson's r.w.g. (3) ...	10 11	Mr. Scott.	Green and Amber.

SECOND RACE.

The Drawing-room Stakes followed ¾ mile, and was booked as a certainty for that great deceiver *Never Forgotten*; but the black-coated *Dean* managed to pull through to *Bellona* second; the mare forced the running *Never Forgotten* racing with her to the corner, the *Dean* well ridden by Hackney 2 lengths in rear. *Never Forgotten* was the first to give way, and the *Dean* soon collared the mare, the two racing all up the straight, the *Dean* at length winning rather easily. *Debenture* was out of the race from the start.

The Drawing-room Stakes of 20 G. Ms.; from the Fund. ¾ mile. Entrance 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close on November 1st, and name or declare forfeit by 2 P. M. the day before the meeting.

English	10 7
Colonial	9 0
Country-bred	7 10
Arab	7 0

No allowances.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Johnson's (1) <i>The Dean</i>	9 0	Hackney...	Green and Amber.
Mr. Freeman Name's o.w.m. (2) <i>Bellona</i>	9 0	Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves, & Belt.
Mr. Neville's b.w.h. (3) <i>Never Forgotten</i>	0	Irving	Purple and white.
Mr. Manchester's b.w.m. (4) <i>Debenture</i>	0	Tingey	White.

THIRD RACE.

The 3rd Race brought five to the post for the Merchant's Cup, amongst them the two great antagonists *Vanderdecken* and *Rocket*: the former receiving 5lbs., it was looked on as a certainty for *Fan*, supposing him to be in proper

trim; whilst *Rocket's* admirers were also very sungunie. The lottery prices made *Van.* much the favorite, and as much as 7 to 3 was offered and no takers. Mr. W. W. himself was very confident of beating *Van.*, saying it would take a better than even *Van* to beat him that morning, as *Rocket* could not be more fit, and truly his condition was perfect, whilst it was thought *Van* could not be quite himself, neither was he. The five got off on good terms, *Rocket* cutting out the work at a tremendous pace followed by *Favorite*, *Nancy*, *Van*. 4th, and *Swishtail* not able to pace it with them. Thus they ran past the mile to the $1\frac{1}{2}$, when *Van.* closed with *Nancy* who was now 2nd. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from home *Van.* passed *Nancy* and closed with *Rocket* at the turn, where *Gooch* got a pull on his horse and for a moment it looked *Van's* Race, but *Rocket*, superbly ridden, came, and such a race ensued home as the Calcutta public have seldom seen, ending in *Van's* defeat by $\frac{1}{2}$ a length in 3-44—probably the best timing on record on the Calcutta Course. Many were the comments after this race. Told you so—always said *Rocket* was the better horse, says another; beat him whenever they meet, says a third, and so on. They did meet next day, and the result is duly recorded below:—

THE MERCHANT'S CUP of 100 G. Ms. For all Horses. 2 Miles. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lb. Winners of Charles Nephew and Co.'s Cup or Trial Stakes, 5lb extra. If Winner of both, 9lb extra.

Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.

When the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start.

		st. lbs.	Rider	Color.	
Mr. W. W.'s	(1)..	<i>Rocket</i>	9 9	Gooch	Blue Body, Red Sleeves and Belt.
Mr. Collin's	(2)..	<i>Vunderdecken</i>	9 4	Huckney	Black, White Cap. [Cap.
Mr. Vincent's	(3)..	<i>Nancy</i>	7 12	Native	Black Body, Yellow Sleeves, White
Mr. Manchester's	(4)..	<i>Dr. Swishtail</i>	10 7	Tingey	White.
Mr. W. W.'s	(5)..	<i>Favorite</i>	8 8	Choochoo	Black.

FOURTH RACE.

The 4th Race on the card gave us a start of 7 Maiden Arabs for a spurt of $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 8-7 each.

It ought to be no difficulty to start 7 Arabs; neither would there have been but for the stupidity of the Native riders, who, eager not to be out done, jumped away with *Vidi* and *Abdool Kader* before the flag fell. They were followed by *Russoul* and *Star* who could not be stopped, and away the 4 came leaving 3 at the post. In about half an hour the 7 again met, and all got off to an unsatisfactory start for *Star* and *Vidi* this time reversed the order and lost 15 lengths, which of course put them out of the race. The *Prince*, *Caliph*, and *Diamond* raced it from the post. Before the $\frac{1}{4}$ home, *Prince* failed, and *Caliph* and *Diamond* came away, the little gem of a beauty *Caliph* winning very easily by a couple of lengths in 1-26.

A Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms.; P. P. with 15 added for all Maiden Arabs, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Set. 7lb each. Winners once 3lb. Twice 6lb. Three times or oftener, 9lb extra. Close 1st November, and name the day before the race.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Vincent's g.	(1) <i>Caliph</i>	8 10	Joseph	Black body, Yellow Sleeves, White Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s g.	(2) <i>Diamond</i>	8 10	Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves and Belt.
Mr. Collin's g.h.b.	(3) <i>Prince</i>	8 7	Anokland	Black, white Cap. declared 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Mr. Manchester b.a.	(4) <i>Abdool Kader</i>	8 7	Tingey	White.
Mr. Charles's g.	(5) <i>Star</i>	8 7	Lambert	Blue white.
Mr. Johnson's g.	(6) <i>Vidi</i>	8 1		Green and Amber.
Mr. Neville Names b.	(7) <i>Russoul</i>	8 4		White Jacket, Belt, and blue Cap.

FOURTH DAY, 4TH JANUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE AT 7-30 A. M.

Our fog to moderate extent came this morning, and there being two walks over,—one, alas! our Arab Welter for Caliph, the second for the Maiden Colonial and C. B. for Mr. W. W.

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. Half forfeit, for Maiden Colonial and C. bred. 1½ mile. Weight for age and class reduced 7lbs. Winners once during the season, 3. Twice, 6. Thrice or oftener, 9lbs. extra. To close and name 1st November. Two Horses to be named, one to the post. Winner of Colonial, 3lbs. additional penalty.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.	[W. O.]
Mr. W. W.'s ... Favorite	9	8 Gooch	Blue Body, red sleeves, and Belt.	

SECOND RACE.

The Arab Welter of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund for Maiden Arabs. R. C. 10st. 7lb. each. Entrance 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; 1st September, 10; 1st November, 15 G. Ms., when the race will close. 5 G. Ms. for all Starters. Winners of Derby to carry 3lbs. extra.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.	[W. O.]
Mr. Vincent's A. Caliph	10	7 Major Lambert	Black Body, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.	

THIRD RACE.

It was 8 o'clock before the bell rang for the Cup value Rs. 1,500 presented by Mr. Collins, which brought to the post *Rocket*, *Vanderdecken*, *Favorite*, and *Silver Star*. It was whispered that Mr. W. W. thought *Favorite* was good enough to beat *Van*. to-day at the distance, but the cognoscenti confined their speculations to the two great Horses, and were justified in putting the other two out of the race, which they were at the mile and a quarter. At the last quarter the two cracks came away, *Rocket* leading with *Van*., laying closing up to the turn where *Hackney* put on steam, passed *Rocket*, and came away in his customary form, winning easy the 1½ mile in 2-44.

Rocket was clearly not himself to-day. On passing the stand in his preliminary canter, he was observed to be sweating, and he showed temper, and tried to bolt into the enclosure, showing he was no better for his severe race of the previous day. *Van*., on the contrary, came out as cool as a cucumber and as *Hackney*, vainly, remarked when asked if *Van*. was better for the race:—"Why, Sir, he ain't no worse so suppose he must be better."

At the start *Rocket* forced the running as on last occasion with this difference that he only went out the 1st mile in 1-54, and *Van*. lay much closer to him. When at the turn in, he passed him, and *Rocket* made no effort to race home, and *Van* won easy, the 1½ mile in 2-44.

A Cup, value 1,500 Rs., presented by a Member of the Calcutta Turf Club, for all Horses. Weight for age and class reduced 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens of the day 10lbs. 1½ mile. Entrance 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; 1st September, 10; and 1st November, 15 G. Ms. when the race will close. A Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. additional for Horses declared to start.

	st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Collin's (1) ... <i>Vanderdecken</i>	8	11 Hackney	Black, white Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s (3) ... <i>Rocket</i>	9	11 Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. W. W.'s ... Favorite	8	4 Choochoo	Black.
Mr. Manchester's ... <i>Silver Star</i>	9	11 Tingy	White.

FOURTH RACE.

The next race was for C. B.'s and Arabs. Through some mistake on the part of Gunny Meesh of Dacca, *Bonnie Morn* was declared to start in place of

Shah-in-Shah. With the consent of owners, however, the *Shah* was permitted to start, and upset the pot by winning very easily. Then came the question how it effected the Lottery, which will be difficult to answer. It is a great pity *Shah* was allowed to start.

Starlight forced the running at a great pace for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, followed by *Prince Alfred*, *Shamrock*, and the *Shah*, *Grouler* well in the rear, not being able to live with the pace the others were going. In the straight run at the back of the course, *Starlight* had done his work, was passed by *Prince Alfred* and *Shamrock*, with the *Shah* gradually drawing up to the leading two. *Grouler* also began to improve his position; but he was too far in the rear to give him a chance with the three in advance, who came round the corner all together; and it was any ones race to the 2 mile post, when *Shah* headed the other two, and steadily ridden and nursed by Livesay, he won very easily, beating *Shamrock* by a couple of lengths.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit for all Arabs and Country-breds. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 1 stone. To close on 1st November, and name or declare forfeit the day before the race. St. Leger course ($1\frac{3}{4}$ miles and 132 yards.)

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Abdool Guney Meeah's (1) ...	<i>Shah-in-Shah</i> ...	8	0	—	Puce, Scarlet Cap. [Cap.
Mr. Vincent's b.c.b. (3) ...	<i>Shamrock</i> ...	8	11	Joseph	Black Body, Yellow Sleeves, White
Mr. Collin's, g.u.h. (2) ...	<i>Prince Alfred</i> ...	7	11	—	—
Mr. W. W.'s (0) ...	<i>Grouler</i> ...	7	0	Gooch	Blue Body, Red Sleeves, and Belt.
Abdool Guney Meeah's b.a. ...	<i>Starlight</i> , b.a. ...	7	11	—	Puce, scarlet Cap.
Time Leger Course ... 3m. 34s.				Time Race Course ... 3m. 25s.	

FIFTH DAY, 7TH JANUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.

A Purse of 20 G. Ms. A Handicap. For all Horses placed in the first class. 2 miles.

These Handicaps are forced for Winners of 40 G. Ms. and Upwards during the Meeting, and optional to Winners of less than 40 G. Ms., and to losers, if entered by 5 P. M. on the Fourth Day.

Entrance for a Winner once, 10 G. Ms.; a Winner twice, 15 G. Ms.; for a Winner thrice or oftener, 20 G. Ms. Half forfeit in each case.

Entrance for Winners of less than 30 G. Ms., and for losers, 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit.

All Horses will be divided into two classes, and then handicapped into one of these two races.

Mr. Collins's *Vanderdecken*, 9st. Hackney walked over.

SECOND RACE.

The Selling Stakes, a Purse of 15 G. Ms. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. each P. P. for all Horses. 1 mile.

Horses to be sold by auction after the race; all surplus to go to the Fund.

2nd Horse to save his Stake. To close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Horses entered to be sold for					
Rs.	st.	lb.	Rs.	st.	lb.
2,500	11	0	1,250	0	3
2,250	10	9	1,000	8	12
2,000	10	4	750	8	7
1,750	9	13	500	8	2
1,500	9	8			

RACES TO COME.

MOZUFFERPORE RACES,—1868.

R. C. 1 mile 3 furlongs and 202 yards.

STEWARDS :

H. A. COCKERELL, Esq., c.s.

R. P. JENKINS, Esq., c.s.

W. H. URQUHART, Esq., and

M. J. WILSON, Esq.

SECRETARY :

F. COLLINGRIDGE, Esq.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 14TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.

Trial Stakes for all horses. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Distance 1 mile 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 20th December, 2 G. Ms., 10th January, 3 G. Ms., when the Race will close. Horses declared to start to pay 2 G. Ms. each, in addition to the entrance money.

SECOND RACE.

A Purse of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund for all Maidens. Weight for age and class. Distance $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Subscription 20th December, 2 G. Ms., 10th January, 3 G. Ms.

THIRD RACE.

Hack Purse Rs. 100 from the Fund, for Maiden Hacks, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. G. R. Weight for age and class with 2 stone added. Entrance Rs. 20. Winner to be sold for Rs. 70,

FOURTH RACE.

Pony Stakes for all Ponies 13 hands 2 inches and under, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 12 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. and 3lbs. extra for each $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above that weight, and 5lbs. allowed for each $\frac{1}{2}$ inch below it. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Rs. 50 from the Fund. Entrance 1. G. M.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 16TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE,

A Purse of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund for Maiden C. B.'s and Maiden Arabs. Weight for age and class. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Subscription, &c., same as 2nd Race, 1st Day.

SECOND RACE.

Messrs. Jones and Co.'s Purse for all Colonial, Country-breds and Arabs. Weight for age and class. R. C. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance same as 1st Race, 1st Day. Three horses to start on *bond fide* separate interests, or the Purse will be withheld.

THIRD RACE.

The Planters' Purse value Rs.—for all horses, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms., each. H. F. Weight for age and class with 2 stone added. G. R. R. C. to close 1st January. Forfeit to be declared at the Ordinary the day before the Race. Winners of the meeting, once 3lbs., twice or oftener 5lbs. extra. Three horses to start on *bond fide* separate interests, or the Purse will be withheld. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

FOURTH RACE.

The Galloway Stakes of 1 G. M. each with 10 G. Ms., added from the Fund for all Galloways. Weight for inches 14 hands to carry 11 stone. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1 mile, to close the day before the Meeting.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 18TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.

The Drawingroom Purse 15 G. Ms., for all Government Stud-bred horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winner of 1st Race, 2nd Day to carry 3lbs. extra. 1 mile. Entrance 3 G. Ms. H. F. to close on 1st January, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the Race.

SECOND RACE.

The Mozufferpore Cup, the gift of Baboo Chummunall Chowdhrie for all horses, Handicap. Entrance, 5 G. Ms. 1. G. M. forfeit for non-acceptance. R. C. to close 15th January, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the Race. Three horses to start on *bond fide* separate interests, or the Baboo's Cup will be withheld.

THIRD RACE.

Selling Stakes of 3 G. Ms. each with 10 added from the Fund, for all horses. 1 mile. Horses valued at Rs. 1,000, to carry 11 stones, and 2½lbs. allowed for each 100 below that price.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 21ST JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.

The Civilian's Cup for all horses. Handicap. Entrance 5 G. Ms. H. F., to close the day before the Meeting, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the Race. 1½ miles. Three horses to start on *bond fide* separate interests, or the Cup will be withheld.

SECOND RACE.

A purse of 15 G. Ms. for all horses. Handicap R. C.

THIRD RACE.

The Mozufferpore Stakes Rs. 100, from the Fund for all horses. Horses valued at Rs. 700 to carry weight for age and class with 21lbs. added. Open to all horses at any price putting up and taking off 3lbs. for each Rs. 100 above or below that selling price. Entrance 2 G. Ms. 1 mile.

FOURTH RACE.

Rs. 100 from the Fund for all *bond fide* Cabuls. Catch weights above 11 stone, G. R. R. C. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. Winner to be sold for Rs. 150.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, 23RD JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.

Forced Handicap for all Winners except Galloways, Hacks, and Ponies, 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. Winners once forced 2 G. Ms., twice 3 G. Ms., thrice or oftener 5 G. Ms. Optional to other horses that have run during the Meeting. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Penalty for non-acceptance 1 G. M. Entrance of optional horses to be made on the Fourth Day, 1½ mile.

SECOND RACE.

Free Handicap Purse of 10 G. Ms. from the Fund for all horses that have started for, but not won a Race during the Meeting. Entrance for those accepting 2 G. Ms., 1 mile.

THIRD RACE.

Free Handicap for all horses that have started for any Hack or Galloway Race during the Meeting. Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance for those accepting Rs. 20, 1 mile. Lowest weight to be 9 stone.

FOURTH RACE.

Free Handicap for all Ponies that have started during the Meeting. Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance for those accepting Rs. 20, 1 mile.

FIFTH RACE.

The Mozufferpore Hunting Stakes 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. Ms. Second horse to save double his stakes. Once round the Steeple Chase Course. English horses 12 stone, Colonials 11 stone, C. Bs. 10 stone, Arabs 9 stone. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Over weight need not be declared.

 RULES.

1. All disputes to be decided by the Stewards or whomsoever they may appoint, and such decision to be final.

2. Handicaps to be made by the Stewards or whom they may appoint.

3. In all Races (except Selling Stakes and Handicaps) Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs

4. In the event of a walk over for Purse given from the Race Fund, only $\frac{1}{2}$ the Purse will be given. No horse allowed to walk over more than once for public money, but this limit does not extend to Entrances.

5. If three or more horses start from *bond fide* different stables, the second to save his Stakes.

6. The Stewards have power of making up new Races with any surplus fund acquired from walks over, &c.

7. No horse can start for a Race unless his owner has paid his Entrance and Subscriptions.

8. The Winner of each Race will be put to Public Auction at the weighing stand enclosure after the Race, and then and there to be sold to the highest bidder, above the selling price; any surplus to be divided between the owner of the 2nd horse and the Fund.

9. All nominations, not otherwise provided for, to be sent to the Secretary by two o'clock the day before the Race. The entrance money to be sent the day before each day's Race

10. Every Winner of a Lottery to pay 1 G. M. to Race Fund.

11. Winners of all Races to pay Rs. 8 (course fees for each Race).

12. All horses regularly trained on this Course to pay Rs. 8 to the Fund.

13. If by the 10th January, 1868, there are not three Entrances from *bond fide* different stables for the Races that close on that day, the Stewards reserve to themselves the power to alter the terms of such Races as have not filled, in any way they may think proper.

14. In Hack or Pony Races overweight need not be declared.

15. Declarations as to starting, *i. e.*, whether each horse will start or not, to be made in writing to the Secretary at the Ordinary before

the Race. Any one neglecting to do this at the time appointed shall not be permitted to start a horse for the Race. In Races, however, where the Entrances remain open till the day before the Race, such Entrances shall be deemed a declaration of starting unless the contrary shall be specified in writing to the Secretary at or before the Ordinary.

16. Every horse to be saddled and on the Course within five minutes from the sounding of the second bell or bugle. Owners neglecting this rule do so at the risk of their horses being left behind.

17. All owners of horses to pay 5 G. Ms. to the Fund. Galloways and Hacks 2 G. Ms.

18. All riders to wear colours.

19. In all other matters the Rules of the Calcutta Turf Club as now published are in force.

20. Any Horse running at this Meeting to be put up to Auction after any Race for Rs. 1,500 unless otherwise provided for, the surplus to be divided as in Rule 8.

21. In all Races (unless otherwise provided for) 21lbs. to be added to the Calcutta weight for age and class, and all horses declared to start to pay 2 G. Ms. extra.

By order of the Stewards,

FREDK. COLLINGRIDGE,

Secretary.

BLOW TUBES.—In answer to an enquiry as to killing small birds with Lang's blow tubes, I have often used one, and can therefore speak with confidence as to the truth of Lang's advertisement in your paper. I have killed several small birds with the blow tube, and have knocked down pigeons at ten yards.—
A. W.

— In answer to your correspondent in *THE FIELD* of the 6th ult., I have one of Lang's blow tubes, and kill small birds with it at from fifteen to twenty-five yards, using both pellets and darts; the latter I make myself with paper, spliced on to a steel point about three inches long, as the darts at 4s. per dozen are too expensive to shoot away.—*R. G. Field.*

STONE IN A PIKE'S STOMACH.—As Mr. J. Digby Wingfield, of Blythe Hall, was trolling yesterday in one of the ponds near Blythe, he caught a pike about 5lb. weight and 22½ inches long. We observed a remarkable protuberance in the fish's belly, towards the vent, and, on cutting it open, found a large pebble 6oz. in weight, and measuring near six inches round, in the stomach. The fish, though not a good one, was in better condition than could have been expected. Can any of your readers suggest how the pebble could have found its way into the pike's stomach?—*E. BROMLEY* (Blythe Hall, Coleshill, Oct. 18.) [Similar instances are on record, but it is not very evident how the pebbles arrived at their position in the stomach, unless, as has been suggested, they are swallowed accidentally in the capture of the food. It would be of interest to us to examine the pebble, to ascertain whether it were of the ordinary quartz formation.—*Ed.*]—*Ibid.*

MADRAS RACES, 1868.

STEWARDS :

R. A. DALYELL, Esq.
LIEUT.-COL. PLACE.
MAJOR SHAW STEWART.
J. HUNTER-BLAIR, Esq.
W. ARBUTHNOT, Esq.
MAJOR A. DRURY.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, 16TH JANUARY.

The Madras Derby.—Rs. 500. For Maiden Arabs of the Season. Weight for age. Winners once 7lbs., twice 11lbs., oftener 1 stone extra.

Entrance for horses named on

September 1st	Rs. 50
November 1st	„ 100
January 1st	„ 200

A sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. One mile and a half and a distance.

Entry for Derby before 1st September.

Mr. Kennedy's g a h... .. Jehazi.

Entries before 1st November.

Mr. Campbell's g a h... .. Tennyson.
Kolapoor Rajah's, ch a h... .. Red Hazard.
Ditto b a h... .. Kolapoor.
late Young Mysore.

The Guindy Stakes.—Rs. 500. For all Maidens of the Season, (Arabs excepted.) Weight for age and class. Winners once 7lbs., twice 11lbs., oftener 1 stone extra.

Entrance for horses named on

September 1st	Rs. 50
November 1st	„ 100
January 1st	„ 200

A Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. One mile and a half and a distance.

Entries for Guindy Stakes before 1st September.

Mr. Wilson's br aus f... .. Virginia.
Mr. Chadlow's b aus c... .. Stirling.

Captain Dickey's g aus g	Southern Cross.
Ditto b aus g	Hazard.
Colonel Fox's, b aus g	Fern.
The Templar's br c g	King Richard.
Ditto b aus g	St. George.

No entries before 1st November.

The Select Cup on its terms.—For all horses, weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 8st. Winners during the Season of Rs. 2,000, to carry 5lbs.; of Rs. 4,000, 9lbs.; and of Rs. 6,000, 1 stone extra. Entrance, Rs. 500 H F. To close September 1st and name the day before the Race. One mile and a quarter.

Present holder Captain FitzGerald.

Nominations for Select Cup

Captain FitzGerald.	The Templars.
Mr. Wilson.	Mr. Murray.

The Whim.—Rs. 200 for all horses. Weight for age and inches—14 hands, and aged to carry 8 stone. Winners once 7lbs., twice 11lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Entrance Rs. 30 P. P. To close and name the day before the Race. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 18TH JANUARY.

The Governor's Cup.—A piece of plate presented by His Excellency Lord Napier, K. T. For all horses. Weight for age and class. Winners of the Season once 5lbs., twice 9lbs., oftener 12lbs extra. Winners of a race of the value of Rs. 1,000 in previous Seasons 7lbs. extra. Weights to be cumulative. Should no Arab be declared to start, the weights will be reduced 7lbs. all round.

Entrance for horses named on—

September 1st	Rs. 50
November 1st	" 100
January 1st	" 200

A Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each horse declared to start the day before the Meeting; 3 horses from *bond fide* separate stables to start, or the Cup withheld. 2 miles.

Entries for Governor's Cup before 1st September.

Mr. Wilson's br aus g	Thirlestane.
Captain Dickey's g aus g	Southern Cross.
Ditto b aus g	Hazard.
The Templar's zo c m	Czarina.
Ditto br e g	King Richard.
Ditto b aus g	St. George.
Mr. Murray's b e c	Minaret.

Entries before 1st September.

The Crusader's b aus g	Grandmaster.
Mr. Hunter Blair's b aus m	Cobweb.
Kolapoor Rajah's ch a h	Red Hazard.
Ditto b a h	Kolapoor, late Young Mysore.
Colonel Fox's b aus g	Fern.

Maiden Handicap.—Rs. 400. For all Maidens beaten in the Derby and Guindy. Entrance Rs. 100. H. F. To close and name on January 16th, and declare to start the day before the race. One mile and a half and a distance.

The Selling Stakes.—Rupees 200. For all horses. The winner to be sold by auction after the race, surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund.

Weight for Arabs.

<i>Price.</i>	<i>st.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
Rs. 300	7	7

4 added for every 100 Rs. value up to Rs. 1,000 Entrance Rs. 30, P. P. To close and name the day before the Meeting. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

The Madras Steeple Chase.—Rs. 300 for all horses, weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs. Winners of one steeple chase to carry 7lbs., two 11lbs., three or more 1 stone extra. Trained horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Entrance, Rs. 40. To close and name the day before the race. Once round the steeple chase Course. About $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Scurry Stakes.—Rs. 100, for all horses that have never won a race and the property of resident Subscribers to the Fund. Catch weight for class Arabs 10 stone. Entrance Rs. 10. To close and name the day before the race, G. R. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats; no dismounting.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, 21st JANUARY.

The Madras Handicap.—Rs. 750. For all horses. To close and name November 15th. Handicap to be published on December 15th. A winner of one race above 300 Rs. value, after the publication of the handicap, to carry 5lbs., of two 9lbs., three or more 12lbs. extra. The winner of the Governor's Cup, 1868, to carry a special additional penalty of 5lbs. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for all horses declared to start the day before the race, half forfeit, and only 20 Rs. forfeit if declared not to start on January 1st. One mile and a half and a distance.

The highest weight accepting to be raised to the top weight of the handicap and the others in proportion, if the Stewards think proper.

Entries for Madras Handicap.

Mr. Wilson's br aus g	Thirlestane.
Captain Dickey's g aus g	Southern Cross.
Ditto b aus g	Melbourne.
Mr. Nursing Rao's ro aus g	Clairvoyant.
Mr. W. Arbuthnot's br aus g	Clansman.
Mr. Arathoon's b aus g	Van Dieman.
The Templar's b aus g	St. George.
Ditto ro e'm	Czarina.
Mr. Hunter Blair's b aus m	Cobweb.
Ditto b aus g	Knight Templar.
The Crusader's b aus g	Grandmaster.
Kolapoor Rajah's ch a h	Red Hazard.
Ditto b a h	Kolapoor, late Young Mysore.
Ditto g a h			Tawhoose.
Colonel Fox's b aus g			Fern.
Captain FitzGerald's b aus g			Woodman.
Ditto b aus g			Blackthorn.
Captain Bromhead's ch aus g	Prince Rupert late Cavalier.
Mr. Burt's br aus g	Promised Land.
Ditto b aus g	Albourne.

Welter Handicap.—Rs. 400. For all horses. Entrance, Rs. 100, H. F. To close and name on January 18th, and declare to start the day before the race. One mile.

Auction Stakes.—Rs. 300. For all horses. The winner to be sold by auction after the race. Surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund.

Weight for Arabs.

Price.	st.	lbs.
Rs. 600 ...	7	7

4 lbs. added for every Rs. 200 value up to Rs. 2,000. Entrance, Rs. 60. To close and name the day before the race. One mile and a half.

The Ladies' Purse.—Rs. 200. For all horses. Weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 9st 7lbs. Winners once 7lbs, twice 11lbs, oftener 1 stone extra. Winners of the Whim or Selling Stakes to carry 7lbs, of both 12lbs extra, penalties cumulative. Entrance, Rs. 30, PP. To close and name the day before the Meeting. One mile.

Steeple Chase.—Rs. 250. For all horses that have been regularly hunted with the Madras Hounds.

Previous winners excluded. Weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs.

Entrance, Rs. 20. To close and name the day before the race.

C.B.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, 23RD JANUARY.

The Carwait Nugger Plate.—Rs. 500 presented by the Rajah of Carwait Nugger, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 H. F. One mile and a half and a distance.

The Turf Club Handicap.—Rs. 500, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100. H. F. 1 mile and a half and a distance.

All horses that have started during the Meeting can enter for the above. They will then be divided by the Stewards into classes, and handicapped into one of these two races. The entry list closes on January 21st, and horses must be declared to start the day before the race.

The Guindy Handicap.—Rs. 200, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 40, H. F. For all horses that have started in the Whim, Selling Stakes, Scurry, Ladies' Purse and Steeple chases. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. To close on January 21, and to declare to start the day before the race.

Handicap Steeple Chase.—Rs. 300. For all horses that have started for a Steeple Chase during the Meeting. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 40 H. F. To close and name on January 21st, and declare to start the day before the race. R. C.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, 25TH JANUARY.

The Travancore Plate.—Rs. 500, presented by H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore, G.C.S.I. A Handicap forced for Winners of all races, except the Whim, Selling Stakes, Scurry, Ladies' Purse, and Guindy Handicap, at Rs. 50 entrance for each race won. Optional to losers at Rs. 50 entrance. To close on January 23rd. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 75 for each horse declared to start. 2 miles.

The Beaten Handicap.—Rs. 500. For all beaten horses. Entrance Rs. 30. To close on January 23rd. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. If four horses start, the second to save his stake. One mile and a half.

The Amateur Handicap.—Rs. 200, forced for Winners of Whim, Selling Stakes, Ladies' Purse, and Guindy Handicap, at Rs. 20 entrance for each race won. Optional to losers in the same races, at an entrance of Rs. 20, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To close on January 23rd. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

The Great Eastern Steeple Chase.—Rs. 400, added to a Handicap forced for Winners of all Steeple Chases during the Meeting at Rs. 20 for each race won, and optional to losers in the same at an entrance of Rs. 20. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To close and name on January 23rd, and declare to start the day before the race. To start at the Mile Post and go twice round. About 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

LUCKNOW RACES, 1868.

FEBRUARY, 18TH, 20TH, 22ND AND 25TH.

STEWARDS :

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COLONEL BARROW, C. B.	Commissioner.
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LIEUT.-COL. COLCLOUGH,	Royal Artillery.
LIEUT.-COL. GOUGH, V. C.	5th Bengal Cavalry.
MAJOR AITKEN, V. C.	

FIRST DAY, 18TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

DILKOOSHA STAKES.—For all Galloways, 14 hands to carry 10 stone 10 lb. Calcutta weight for inches allowed for all under. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 20 Rupees. 100 Rupees added. To close 1st February.

LUCKNOW DERBY.—For all Maidens. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 21lb. Distance 2 miles. Entrance 50 rupees; 20 rupees extra for every horse declared to start. Winners of the season once, 5lb; twice, 7lb. extra. Maidens of the day allowed 5lb. 500 Rupees from the Fund. To close 1st February.

MOOSABAGH STAKES.—For all Hacks, 11 stone each. Winner to be sold for 400 rupees. 5lb allowed for every 50 rupees decrease in valuation. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 1 gold-mohur. Gentlemen riders. 100 Rupees from the Fund. To close 1st February.

SAILARA STAKES.—For all Arabs. 10 stone. Maidens allowed 5lb. Maidens of the day 10lb. Distance 1 mile. Entrance 5 gold-mohurs. 300 Rupees from the Fund. To close 1st February.

SECOND, DAY, 20TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

THE TOM-THUMB STAKES.—For all Ponies, 13 hands and under; 13 hands to carry 10 stone 7lb; 5lb allowed for every inch under. Distance $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Entrance 20 rupees. 50 Rupees from the Fund. To close 1st February.

THE WELTER STAKES.—For all Horses. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 2 stone. Distance $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Entrance 5 gold-mohurs. Gentlemen riders. 200 Rupees from the Fund. To close 1st February.

THE VISITOR'S PLATE.—For all Horses. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 7lb. Distance $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Entrance 5 gold-mohurs, 400

rupees added. Winners of 1,000 rupees 5lb extra; of 2,000 rupees 10lb extra; of 3,000 rupees or more 21lb extra. To close at noon the day previous.

FOR ALL HORSES.—If entered to be sold for 1,000 rupees, to carry 10 stone 5lb; 5lb allowed for every 100 rupees less, and 5lb extra for every 100 rupees over. Distance 1 mile. Entrance 5 gold-mohurs, 200 Rupees added. To close 1st February.

THIRD DAY, 22ND FEBRUARY, 1868.

GALLOWAY HANDICAP.—14 hands and under. Distance 1 mile. Entrance 3 gold-mohurs. 200 Rupees added. To close 15th February.

THE NATIVE GENTLEMEN'S PURSE.—For all Horses. Calcutta weight for age and class. Winners of the season once, 5lb; twice, 7lb; three times, 10lb; four times, 21lb. Distance 2 miles and a distance. Entrance 10 gold-mohurs, H. F. 500 rupees added. To close and name on 1st February.

CHARGER STAKES.—For all *bond fide* Chargers. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 2 stone. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 2 gold-mohurs. 100 Rupees added. Gentlemen riders. To close at noon the day previous.

MAHOMEDBAQH STAKES.—A Sweepstake of 20 gold-mohurs each; half forfeit for all Arabs. Calcutta weights. Maidens allowed 4lb: Maidens of the day, 10lb. The winner of the Calcutta Derby to carry 7lb extra; weights not accumulative. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close 1st February, and name on the 17th February, at noon.

FOURTH DAY, 25TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

WINNER'S HANDICAP.—Forced entrance for all winners except Hacks, Ponies, Galloways and Chargers. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 gold-mohurs for every race won; optional to others at 3 gold-mohurs. To close at noon, 24th February.

SECOND CLASS HANDICAP.—For all horses considered second class by the Stewards. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 3 gold-mohurs: half forfeit; 100 rupees added. To close at noon, 24th February.

CONSOLATION HANDICAP.—For all horses that have started but not won during the Meeting. Distance 1 mile. Entrance 2 gold-mohurs. 150 Rupees added.

SCURRY STAKES.—For all horses. The winner to be sold for 300 Rupees. Catch weights over 11 stone. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Entrance 1 gold-mohur. 80 rupees added. To close at noon, 24th February.

T. BURNETT, *Lieut., R. H. A.,*

Honorary Secretary.

RULES.

1. Calcutta Turf Club Rules, except where otherwise provided for.
 2. Three horses, *bonâ fide* the property of different owners, to start for each race, or the public money will be withheld at the discretion of the Stewards.
 3. All Entrance Money to be paid to the Secretary before the Lotteries, or the horse will be disqualified.
 4. Any person lodging an objection will be required to deposit fifty rupees in the hands of the Secretary, which will be forfeited if the objection be considered unfounded.
 5. If the Subscriptions fall short of the added money a proportionate deduction will be made from each race.
 6. Five per cent will be deducted from each Lottery for the fund.
 7. Winners of selling races to be sold with their engagements immediately after the race, and any surplus to be divided between the owner of the 2nd horse and the fund.
 8. Owners running one horse at the Meeting to pay 2 G. Ms.; two or more, 5 G. Ms.; Hacks, Galloways, Chargers and Ponies, 1 G. M.
 9. A Committee of the Stewards will be formed for the settlement of disputes, whose decision shall be final.
 10. No Trainers or Professional Jockeys will be allowed to take tickets in the Lotteries.
 11. The second horse to save his stake in all races, where five or more start.
 12. 3lb allowed to Mares and Geldings in all races, except Hacks, Galloways, Chargers, and Ponies.
 13. All confederacies to be declared in writing to the Secretary at time of entry.
 14. No Galloway or Poney will be allowed to start that has not been duly measured by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint; the time and place to be specified hereafter.
 15. All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary.
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N. B.—The back number of the Magazine (new series) are available on application to Colonel Turnbull, Alipore; but intending Subscribers are requested to make early applications, as but a small edition was printed, and spare copies are fast being worked off.

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All payments to be made to the same gentleman, drafts being forwarded in registered letters.

Subscriptions and other payments will be acknowledged in the number of the Magazine next published after they have been received.

Subscribers are particularly requested to give early notice to the Editors of any change in their addresses, as also to intimate to them, immediately, any delay or default in the delivery of their numbers of the Magazine.

To Advertisers.

THE large circulation of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* with Messes and Book Clubs, and the frequency of its issue, viz., *twelve* times a year, give it peculiar advantages for all advertisements, but especially those of a permanent character.

All advertisements should be forwarded to the Manager, Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited, 5, Council House Street. The Magazine is issued punctually on the 15th of every month, and advertisements for any particular number should be sent to the Press on or before the 12th of each month.

THE

Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. I.]

FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

[NO. 2.

"Our Friends."

IN our last issue we had the misfortune to be compelled to speak of "Ourselves;" and both a difficult and an unpleasant task we found it. We have now to speak of "Our Friends;" and the more agreeable duty to perform of thanking them for the readiness with which they have responded to our invitation, and the kind support which they have extended to our journal. We this day publish a list of our subscribers up to date; and as our special thanks are due to those who have forwarded us their subscriptions with their applications, we have consequently decorated their names with a star. We have also to thank those members of the Press who have so kindly recorded our birth, and so encouragingly noticed our existence in their columns, and to offer them our acknowledgments for the suggestions they have given us. On one subject in particular, upon which a suggestion has been made, we would wish to add a word, as it is of some importance. It has always been our intention to give space in our columns to papers on Natural History, and we are already in communication with some of the first naturalists in India, with the view of obtaining a series of papers on a branch of science which has so widely-extended an interest. They are unfortunately, however, at present a long way from our head-quarters. It is our intention, moreover, to reserve a corner of the Magazine for "Notes and Queries" on Natural History, and we trust that those interested in the subject will make free use of it. Few have better or more frequent opportunities of observing the habits of animals than sportsmen; and many isolated facts of interest to naturalists remain unrecorded, because observers do not think them of sufficient importance to form the subject of a separate communication to any journal of science. As neither literary nor scientific excellence is the *first* aim of this journal, we think it a suitable medium for eliciting and recording information of the nature we have indi-

cated; and we therefore invite the special attention of our readers, residing at the various sanatoria of the Himalaya Hills, to this subject. In offering our acknowledgments to our Contributors, also we have a few words to say, which we hope will be understood as they are meant. Some sportsmen, we have been told, have much of interest to tell, but refrain from telling it because of their modesty. They are good horsemen, good shots, good fishermen, good huntsmen, and quite at home in the stable, the field, the jungle, or on the mountain side; but they are, or think that they are, all abroad at the writing table. They can handle the spear or the rod with the perfect ease, but they cannot wield a goose's quill. We look upon such as our most special friends; and their "diaries" or "notes," however rough, provided they are the actual record of what they have seen or done, will be infinitely more valuable to us than the most elaborate essays upon "Sport," for which the authors have to draw upon their imaginations. Not that we are ungrateful for papers such as "How we dug out the Alligator" and "Reminiscences of the Old Hand," wherein the mode in which many an alligator has been dug out, and many a buffalo polished off, precisely as has been described, is well illustrated. They have their value, and we trust that we shall often again hear from both of our talented contributors. But fictions to be appropriately placed in a sporting journal should be clever and amusing; and for one man in India who has the qualifications to draw upon his imagination for an entertaining or exciting article on a sporting subject, there are probably a hundred who have a "plain unvarnished tale" to tell about bears, tigers, rhinoceri, elephants, wild boars, deer, or other denizens of the forest, the jungle, or the glen, which would be read with the deepest interest by lovers of sport, whose duties or avocations chain them to cities, or confine them to countries, where the civilizing influences of man have reclaimed the wastes once tenanted by wild beasts. And we are led into making these remarks partly because we have heard of "sport" in India, and of great game being killed within the last few months, no record of which has as yet been sent to the Editors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. The Editors of English sporting journals will naturally look to our Magazine for the record of all the sport that takes place in India; and when they open it and find a meagre record, they will assume that little is going on, whereas such may not be the true state of the case. We trust, therefore, that sportsmen in India, whether the adopted sons of the soil, or birds of passage only, will not neglect to let us know what they are doing, that we may duly record it, if not for their own gratification, for the information of their friends and others, and for the benefit of those who may come after them.

Our Racecourse.

—♦—♦—♦—
CALCUTTA.

I FANCY I hear the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* say—What, again? We have had this venerable institution treated of once before, in the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. That is quite true, and it is equally true that the writer of the former article has acted so closely up to his *nom de plume*, that he has ever since dammed up all the streams of ink which flowed from his pen two years ago, and has maintained a resolute silence ever since. But this is no reason why another pen should not essay to fill up one or two gaps left by “D. A. M.,” and after having waited in vain for some one to take up the thread of his discourse where he left it, the present writer makes bold to follow at a distance in his footsteps, and to present the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* with a pen-and-ink sketch of a few of the notabilities who still congregate at the Race Stand, or frequent the Calcutta Course.

With regard to those who have already been described by “D.A.M.,” I will only say that most of them are still to the fore, and that time has dealt leniently with them. Those who are no longer among us are either recruiting their health in a more genial clime, or enjoying their well-earned repose in their native land.

The first gentleman I should like to introduce to notice is that spotless figure on the dark chesnut Arab. As surely as the coffee stall begins its operations, so surely does our friend commence his morning rides. The swallow in Europe is no surer sign of the advent of spring,—the adjutant in Calcutta is no more certain indication of the approach of the rains,—than our friend of the cold weather. Look at his faultless get-up. Felt helmet of the neatest pattern,—coat of the darkest blue,—gloves and breeches white as the driven snow,—boots, whose polish at once raises the probability of their doing service for looking-glasses as well,—the *tout ensemble* very much that of the melodramatic Turpin before his ride to York, with the exception only of the seat—for had Turpin ridden like our friend, he never would have reached York. Whence does the apparition come? so neat and natty as if turned out of a glass-case. For come it does every cold weather—rides past the Stand at the mildest of canters, his horse cantering with one leg, and walking with the other three; as if the beast was engaged in doing a sum in arithmetic, and could not get further than putting down 3 and carrying 1. The man must be a man of some consequence, if only to himself. His self-satisfied inspection of the frequenters of the Stand

would indicate this. Ask any one you meet at the Stand and he will readily acknowledge that he has seen him each cold weather; ask who he is, no one can give an answer. The secret has been well kept for long, but I think I can solve it. I am inclined to think he is of consequence to others besides himself, and my reason for saying so is, that it is generally rumoured that the outfitters of Calcutta have combined, and (instead of each sending forth live sandwiches of native origin to walk about as advertisements of their goods) have engaged our friend on the dark chesnut to act as a living and moving advertisement of what the outfitters of Calcutta can do in the way of turning out a perfect fit, and every one must acknowledge that they have succeeded, except as to the seat, which requires a little glue to fit it to the saddle.

Leaving our silent friend on the dark chesnut to pursue the even tenor of his ride—but whilst still in a state of envy at his “get-up”—our ears are assailed by a loud voice informing every one that he has lost one pound in weight, and can barely draw 18st. Most people would think that to a man of 18st., or thereabouts, one pound of weight either way would be of little moment, and being curious to know who this can be, to whom the loss of 16 ounces of weight is such a matter of comfort, we turn towards the place whence comes the voice. A rubicund countenance, beaming in the most self-satisfied manner over a portly vest, meets our gaze. Our first reflection is, well 5 feet 7½ inches and 18 stone are not the exact proportions which go, in our opinion, to make an Apollo Belvedere at any age of life. Who is this gentleman who appears to do such credit to the talents of his cook, and who swings his clouded cane in so lordly a manner? Not to know him is to be yourself unknown, for this is no other than the well-known Mr. Cussington Thomas, a gentleman celebrated alike for his financial abilities, his judicial acumen, his retiring habits, his utter abnegation of self in all matters of the public weal which require a private sacrifice; a man with a keen nose for scenting out a mare’s nest, and utter absence of all idea of the ridiculous, as a natural consequence of such varied accomplishments. He is ever ready to set everybody right when everything goes wrong, and if his advice is not taken forthwith, he is ready to sit on everybody: in fact, it is a part of the popular belief of the town of Calcutta that it is his duty to sit upon everybody. So strongly is this belief implanted in the public mind, that an Irishman was once heard to say that, if so melancholy a necessity were to arise as that of holding an inquest on himself, he would be prepared to sit on his body, and would probably find it the softest seat he had ever sat upon. This is, as I have before said, an Irishman’s view of his character. Finally, as Mr. Walford says in his county families, “he is an offshoot of the family of the Thomases of Cussington Magna, in Dampshire—a family as noted for the possession of all the cardinal virtues as the first Napoleon, and as staunch in their allegiance to church and state as the third Napoleon is to the Pope.

Whilst our friend is rejoicing at the loss of weight, in comes as thorough a sportsman as ever lived—somewhat in a state of excitement. Who has lost a pound, eh? Anybody found it? Humph—great loss, very—eh? Sorry for the poor man, humph. Oh! some fellow only lost a pound of weight, eh? then tell him to be d—d; glad—humph. This is no other than our old friend, Col. Jones, of the 97th Most Irregulars. Don't you know him? then you ought to know him. You, who have travelled in Russia and have learnt the language of the Great Peter, make his acquaintance at once, for next to his own countrymen he dearly loves the Russian people. You will find the ability to converse in Russian the most binding of all bonds of friendship with him. Do you take an interest in the affairs of the Muscovites? He can tell you all their movements. He keeps a camel dâk between the Khyber Pass and the Caspian Sea. The Russian mail is transferred from the steamers on the Caspian to the backs of his camels. He can tell you whether Prince Poniatowsky has broken the bank at Hombourg again this season or not. He can tell you what was the exact weight of roe found in the last sturgeon captured in the Neva. He can tell you the probable export of Caviare for the season 1868-69. He can tell you everything about Russia. He will do anything for you; and if he only knows for certain that you are going in to back his horses he will gallop them by moonlight for you, rather than that you should be disappointed of getting their proper form. There is no regiment so well mounted as the 97th Most Irregulars, and none likely to be, so long as the gallant Colonel is to the fore. Avoid all politics with him, however, particularly Central Asian politics, for to any one not well-affected to the Russians he is as outspoken as he can be, and has been heard to say, that in their policy towards the Russians the Government have shewn themselves to be a d—d sensible lot. That they are, eh! and no mistake, hem! Don't you think so, eh? Look here, hem! What were the odds at the lottery, eh?

Here comes another worthy champion of the *veteran pedestrians*; look at him—how pleased he is at that last gallop of the *Benicia Boy*. Time one second each mile all the gallop through, less than *Fanderdecken's* time in the Hyderabad Gold Cup. But that is nothing: has not his nag beat the winner of last year's Derby in the heat to boot? is not that a performance to be proud of? Aye, is it, and if you will take my advice, keep the horse quiet, and make your money, if you can, when you can. But take care, there is a very knowing old gentleman on the look-out, and though of course he cannot get your turn, his experience will enable him to make a good guess at it. I may as well tell you who this is, that you may be on your guard. It is no other than Colonel Evergreen. Never heard of him? Well, you astonish me. Now, I will describe him, and you will recognise him directly you see him. A smart, dapper-figured man, of apparently 35 years of age, but in reality much nearer 30 more added to that. Though nearly 50 years in India, as fresh and active as the day

he came out. Do you want a pulling Arab exercised?—the Colonel will be delighted to ride him. Do you want a bucking waler to have his back straightened?—the Colonel will oblige you. Do you want turtle soup the next time Captain Union Jack presents a turtle to the Senegal Club?—apply to the Colonel. Does a lady come to the course to see a gallop, and appear as if she felt somewhat like a fish out of water? who invites her up to the Stand, who sends her hot coffee, and makes her feel at home at once?—the Colonel. Aye, a rare old gentleman is Bob Evergreen as his familiars call him. I wish we had more like him.

What is this sudden rush of horses. First comes the gentleman on the wicked horse which runs so fast, and behind him, like a cloud of dust, a remnant of Grant's Cavalry, which did such excellent service in the late American civil war. Alas, there are but four left, but these four go altogether; their legs as like as ninepins—their seats the same—their relative positions each morning the same—their horses even have taken to growing alike, and would have done so long ago, but that one has got a cob—such a cob with a fine flowing tail, that Astley or Du Crow might have envied for their circus. But ugh! they have made such a dust in passing that I cannot see any more this morning, so I must e'en stop. Trusting that "D. A. M." will excuse my poaching on his ground, and some day favor you again. I will only add,

BON TON HALL,
Christmas Day, 1867. }

GOOD DAY.

GOOD DAY, MR. EDITOR.—There was such a cloud of dust the last time I was at the Stand, that I was unable to see anything, and unable to do more than bring my last note to a close. Having nothing to interrupt me on the present occasion, I go on with a notice of one or two more celebrities who must on no account be forgotten. First of all there is our friend in the Charles-the-second beard and moustache, great coat, tights and jackboots—the gentleman who gets into the corner to keep out of the cold, and who has had so narrow an escape of being a good-looking man: I mean Mr. Cockey Brown of Cranky House, in Snapshire—once an owner of three horses, and up to all the weak points of the present system of training. Watch him as he looks at the horses at their gallops. "I tell you what it is—that beast's a cur; he keeps shifting his legs as he comes home; and every horse that does that is a cur. Don't tell me what you think—I know he is a cur." Off he goes to another victim. "'Pon my word—one would think people had forgotten how to train a horse now-a-days. I only wish I had him. I would make him a different horse in three weeks." Very probably you would, Mr. Brown, but you forget what

you did when you had horses in training. No one was to have an inkling of the time they did their mile or two miles in. Not that any one ever cared to know; but you ruled that they should not get an inkling of it, and what did you do? Why, is it not well known that you ordered the gallop to be finished a quarter of a mile from the post, and when the races came off you were astonished—but nobody else was—at your horses stopping racing just where they had been eased in their gallops, and dying away to nothing in pace just when the grace was wanted and the effort necessary to land the stake if possible? Don't tell me you did *not*, Mr. Brown, for I know better, and that's an answer in your own style. By-the-bye, there was a rumour that you were about to publish—a monogram I think they call it now-a-days—on the eccentricities of training, and that you were going to adopt the *soubriquet* of "Sapgreen." But never mind, if you are not publishing now, I hope you will at some future date, and may I be alive to do a critique for the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*.

Utterly regardless of all the instructive hints on training which flow so glibly from the tongue of Mr. Cockey Brown, and somewhat glad at being released from that gentleman's eloquence, slowly paces up and down the owner of one good and two commonish horses, the *Bishop*, the *Monk*, and *Veni*. The two former are taking their gallop, and their owner is watching the time. As they come past the Stand, the boys are enjoined to slacken their speed by the order, "once more easy." At this moment there appears on the scene that veteran frequenter of the greensward, Mr. Michael Pricknail, with the original query of—"Is that your horse?" to which, the eye still on the stop-watch, comes the measured reply of—"Yes." Then I should say, "Mind, it is only I as say it. I should say—I should—he's drawn too fine." "Too fine you think! Well I'll tell you what it is. My horse aint a common horse—he aint; he is like an English horse, and requires to be trained like an English horse—he does." Thereupon Mr. Pricknail spies a lady, to whom, with his best bow and blandest smile, he doffs his hat with, good morning, Madam. At this juncture a bystander enquires whether Mr. Pricknail isn't going to see the horses—to which Mr. Pricknail replies he is, and takes his departure much to the disappointment of the lady and the other bystanders.

See Mr. Vincent coming along—how radiant he looks. What is the cause of this rejoicing? Something connected with the gallop. His two horses, *Saracen* and the *Bey*, have gone hard. Yes, the secret's out, that it is. He has told some one in confidence, who has told some one else, and so on, as the old story goes: the good news is sown broadcast over the Racecourse. The *Bey* has done his 2 miles in 3-50, and as *Saracen* is 2 stone better than the *Bey*, the Derby is all over. Who would not rejoice at such a trial? In the course of time the report travels round to the owner of the *Deacon*, who looks at his informant as if insulted, and astonishes him by saying—"Bosh! If my horse galloped like that horse, and my watch went like that watch—why, I'd

scratch my horse, and send my watch to Black and Murray's." The owner of the *Deacon* wasn't far wrong after all as events proved.

Coffee *do*. What's been round?—seen *Van go*?—The kitmutgar obeys the order, and one bystander answers the question to a gentleman with a good hunting seat, who has just cantered up on a light Boiardo horse. This, reader, is a stranger, and only a temporary sojourner in the land. The keen eye and the quick look betoken one who is up to trap. There is, however, a look about him which bespeaks him to have partaken freely of mulligatawny and cocoanut curry: such a look as you don't see about a Que-hye or a Bombay Duck. He has been an owner of horses too in the Benighted Land, and had some good ones too, of which *Haphazard* has been about his best. He has been a constant attendant at the Racecourse; kept the lotteries alive, and been altogether an acquisition. He can tell you how many inches go to the yard, even better than the President of the Weights and Measures Committee, and if you are inclined to make a book about an event look out for him; for you won't find, although he is one of the benighted, that he will make a bull of himself, or his book, and if you do want to make a book you'll find him ready for the odds.

As the sun is getting up rather strong this morning, I must be off homeward, and will only add,

BON TON HALL, }
The next Day. }

GOOD DAY.

AMERICAN MATCH AGAINST TIME.—The afternoon of November 8 (says *Wilkes's Spirit*) witnessed a very large influx to the grounds of the Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., to witness the brown gelding John Stewart attempt the feat of trotting 21 miles inside an hour, his owner betting 1,500 dollars to 500 dollars that he could accomplish the same. John Murphy tooled Stewart, who went in harness. The five miles were done in 14min. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., the 10 miles in 28min. 39sec., the 15 in 43min. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., the 20 in 58min. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., and the 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 69min. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., when he was withdrawn. Thus making the quickest 20 miles on record, eclipsing Capt. M'Gowan's hitherto unequalled performance over the same course by 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The horse broke four times, but was quickly brought down to a square trot again, and upon examination at the finish, the veterinary surgeons pronounced him uninjured by the extraordinary effort. We append summary:—

Miles.	Time.	Aggregate.	Miles.	Time.	Aggregate.
1 ...	2.47	--	12	2.57 $\frac{1}{2}$... 34.32 $\frac{1}{2}$
2 ...	2.52	5.39	13	2.53 $\frac{1}{2}$... 37.25 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 ...	2.49 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.28 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	3	... 40.25 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 ...	2.49 $\frac{1}{2}$	11.17 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 ...	2.56	... 43.21 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 ...	2.52	14. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 ...	2.56 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 46.18 $\frac{1}{2}$
6 ...	2.52 $\frac{1}{2}$	17. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	17	2.55 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 49.13 $\frac{1}{2}$
7 ...	2.52	19.54 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	2.59	.. 52.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
8 ...	2.55 $\frac{1}{2}$	22.50	19 ...	2.58 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 55.11 $\frac{1}{2}$
9 ...	2.53 $\frac{1}{2}$	25.43 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 ...	2.54 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 58. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
10 ...	2.55 $\frac{1}{2}$	28.39	20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 59.31 $\frac{1}{2}$
11 ...	2.56	31.35			

Reminiscences of "The Old Hand."

"**B**UFFALOS," said the Old Hand; "you want to hear a yarn about buffalos, do you?" and the Old Hand smiled slightly, for he dearly loved being looked up to as an oracle by the youngsters, and he lay back in his chair, drawing upon his memory, as he himself would have said,—upon his imagination, as the unbelieving among his audience asserted.

After a minute's silence, and the emission of a series of pale blue rings from his mouth, he sat up, threw a fresh log on the fire, which, though in India, looked cheery enough, little as the people at home would think so, and growled out,—“A man may have shot scores of buffalos, and yet there may be no yarn to tell about it;” and he looked so thoughtful that young Vert, thinking the call on his imagination would not be responded to, said in an insinuating way: “Did you ever *see* a wild buffalo, old ‘un?” To this impertinent question no reply was deigned, but it produced the desired effect, and the Old Hand commenced in a meditative way, looking into the fire: “If you had asked Billy Bottle for a yarn about buffalos, he would have told you how a buffalo once knocked him backward down a bank, and how he shot the brute dead through the belly as it jumped over him. Not that I believe him, though the Padre used to tell a right good yarn, which was true, the main part of it, about how the buffalo hoisted him, and caught him on his horns again, four times, until at last he hoisted him into the top of a bamboo clump, and the Padre found himself in such a disreputable condition that he would not come down until he had mended his bags with a needle and thread, which he always kept under the collar of his coat.” Here the Old Hand took a fresh light for his pipe, and again began blowing his confounded rings. We were determined to get his story out of him, for he always had one or two on any sporting subject, and if they were not really, as he said, adventures of his own, I believe he was only appropriating real adventures of other people.

“That was a fine pair of horns on the buffalo which the Rajah of Munipore sent to the Mymensing Exhibition,” said Vert; “I’ve got a photograph of them somewhere. Did you ever see them, old ‘un?” “No,” said the Old Hand, “but I’ll bet you a gilder they were not so big as those of the big bull on Nishanbaria Chur. I had heard that some buffalos were on one of the churs, and had been looking for them for some days, cruizing about the broad streams on the south of the Dacca district, in a little pinnacle—the most luxurious style of travelling I know when you are not in a hurry;—up here you have to

turn out of bed to start, but down there your turning in was the signal to be off." Here followed an ominous volley of blue rings, but the Old Hand was fairly started, and went on. "About two in the afternoon, as I came out into the big river, near Panshergátá, I saw some buffalos on the Nishanbaria Chur opposite, and after careful inquiries from the villagers I made up my mind that they were wild ones, and, of course, those of which I was in search. I got into the cook-boat with a couple of guns, and paddled off till I was within two or three hundred yards of them: the buffalos were in the mud between the high grass and the water: one fine bull standing up, and all the others well down in the mud, only the occasional movement of a horn betraying their whereabouts. That bull had a splendid pair of horns, but I did not see how I was to get them, for the grass extended for more than a mile in an unbroken line parallel with the shore, and I cannot carry my carcass through grass without making a row. The plan I formed was to row up stream and let the boat drift down, trusting to the brutes being accustomed to native boats, as they were so near a village, for Panshergátá was barely a mile off, and full in view. We drifted down, but, owing to the shallowness of the water, had to keep further out than I had intended, and were quite a hundred and fifty yards off when the bull turned round and walked towards the grass. Twenty huge forms immediately rose, as it were, out of the earth, and after a look at the boat, followed their leader into the jungle. It was a sight I shall never forget, as they appeared so suddenly between me and the background of tall grass, the western sun lighting up their horns, and the salient points of their bodies dripping with mud. The distance was too far for me in those days, but I let fly four barrels into the brown of them, and was disappointed at not seeing two or three of them sprawling in their tracks. I went ashore, wading up to my waist in mud, after bringing the boat in as near as I could, and sent her off to order the pinnace across. I was poking about the edge of the grass, looking at the great wallowing-holes, and trying to find a drop of blood, when I heard a light rustle in the grass close to me. I got into a wallowing-hole, and lay close. The rustling passed on, and I cautiously pushed out my head, when, at sixty or seventy yards from me, I saw a buffalo walk out of the grass. The sun had set and there was not much light, but I felt convinced that it was my friend the bull with the horns, and as his course was taking him away from me, I sent a No. 12 into his broadside, well forward: it was too dark for an accurate aim. He turned round and went back into the grass, and as it was ten feet high, and nearly dark, I did not follow him. Trouble you for the gin."

"A clean miss, was it, old 'un?" says the irreverent Vert; but the Old Hand had got the steam up, and required no spurring, so after a pull at "the invariable," he went on,—“Clean miss; yes, if it is a clean miss when you hear a sound as of an arrow in the gold at sixty yards; that is what I heard, but I do not go into the grass in a Bengal chur in the dark. I went on board and got some dinner, for I was pretty

near famished. We had a wet night at Madaripore the night before, and I went out before I had found an appetite for breakfast. As soon as the moon rose I got ashore again, and took a long quiet walk all down the western shore of the chur, and so round by the south and east to the boat, and on getting on board was informed that the herd had swum across to a chur on the north—I forget its name—some few minutes after I waded ashore. Catch a nigger coming to tell me. Next morning, early, I went through the grass with one or two boatmen to look for the big bull, for I knew I had let him have it hot, but I found nothing of him except a little blood; so crossed to the northern chur. I went all round it, two or three miles, without seeing a horn; but noticing that the chur was cut in two by a narrow *khál*, I collected all my boatmen and set them to beat the chur from the south, stationing myself at a crossing-place on the *khál*. I never know Bengalis beat well, and in this case they beat d—d badly. There was plenty of rustling about, but I did not see a buffalo, and when the beaters came up I swore in several languages. I spent the remainder of the day in going after the herd on my hands and knees, sending the boatmen away; and the intelligent animals, the buffalos I mean, each time they heard me rustling about in the grass, took me for a tiger and came down at the *pas de charge*. I never wished myself so small before as I did when I was hiding behind an ant hill the size of my hat, with the moving grass touching me on each side as they passed in open order."

"Easy a bit, now, easy," said Mr. Vert.

"Three times they charged me that day," continued the Old Hand, "and the third time I got a shot at a buffalo which was following the others at some distance. I meant it for a hit behind the shoulder, but it was a snap shot, and I was not sure; at any rate he followed the others, and I heard no more of them. I got back to my boat about four, and at night took a long walk, but saw nothing. Next morning, not very early, I was out again and found no buffalos in the chur, but I came across two natives who told me that early in the morning they had seen about thirty *mokes* (buffalos) swim across from the chur we were then on, to another smaller one to the north-east of it. I crossed in their *dinghi*, and went through the whole island without hearing a rustle. These men had told me that one buffalo was going with a fore-leg broken, but that it was not the biggest, and I was surprised at coming out on the eastern shore of the chur without seeing or hearing anything; but looking across to the next chur, a quarter of a mile off, I saw the herd. I got out my pocket-glass, and was pleased to see that the big bull was not visible among them, for I verily believed that my shot on the first evening was not for nothing. I was put to it for want of a boat, having left my own far behind, and the only thing I could do was to put my powder and caps down, walk into the water nearly up to my chin, and take a shot at about three hundred yards. They all scuttled into the jungle, and I had some work to get back to my boat, as there was a navigable river between us."

"Then you got nothing after all," said I, as the Old Hand had fallen back upon his favorite occupation of blowing blue rings. "Got the big bull's horns," said he, with a grin. "I had to go, but I knew that the big bull was plugged, and I told the Panshergátá people to look out for the vultures, and I would give five rupees for the head. They brought it in a few days."

"How did you get across the navigable river?" asked young Vert, with his tongue in his cheek. The Old Hand returned an evasive and discourteous reply, and shortly afterwards went to bed.

VENISON.

WHITING FISHING.—I had a good day's whiting fishing with two friends at Hythe last Friday. We three, with a line each, caught in three hours two hundred fine whiting, all fit for the table.—J. N.—*Field*.

LADY ELIZABETH AND ROSICRUCIAN.

"ELIZABETH toto referebant flumine ripæ."—VIRG.
 "Gratia sumendi non erat ulla Rosi."—OVID.

A PARODY.

ROSI.—Some future day, when what is now is not,
 All favourites new, and "fancies" old forgot,
 Surprises, *coups*, and "morals" passed away,
 I'll meet thee, love, upon the Derby day.

LADY E.—When those who ne'er have conquered us before,
 Shall own our conquest as of yore;
 When all but we have yielded to decay,
 I'll meet thee, love, on twenty-seventh of May.

ROSI.—Alone, will solve on that famed course, alone,
 That problem dread, and prove what's now unknown;
 We'll hold all safe, our glorious duet play,
 We'll meet again—dear "Lady," don't say *nay*.

LADY E.—In happier mood (with less to carry, too)
 The Middle Park Plate I will then renew,
 Fight the old fight, stay as I used to stay,
 And meet my "Rosi" on the Derby day.

ROSI & LADY E.— { We'll meet, which both our hearts shall yearn to see,
 That day, we'll meet—to "be or not to be!"
 LADY E.— { We'll meet, we'll meet,—ye winds and waters say,—
 On LADY E.'s, or "ROSI'S," Derby day?

An Amalgamated Turf Club for the Bengal Pres.

BY A BEHAR TURFITE.

ABOUT a year ago there appeared in the Magazine a proposal by "The Colonel" for the amalgamation of the Calcutta and N. I. Turf Clubs, under the name of the "Bengal Turf Club," and a wish was expressed that the "matter may be well circulated in our columns."

There will probably be no difference of opinion as to its being better to have one Turf Club for the Bengal Presidency than two, and a movement was made in this direction by a few of the principal members of the N. I. Turf Club more than two years ago. These gentlemen saw, to their disgust, that their Club had ceased to be what it was in the days of Sir C. Oakeley; that some black sheep had crept into it, and that certain acts at, or connected with, race meetings in the North-West, on the part of a member of both Clubs, had resulted in his expulsion from the Calcutta Club, but in an acquittal in the case of the N. I. Turf Club. The general decay of that Club, however, was apparent to all its members, and it is understood that they were all in favor of abolishing their Club if they could join the Calcutta one. The point on which the negotiations are believed to have failed, was that the members of the N. I. Turf Club wished to be admitted *en masse* to the Calcutta Club, whereas the members of the latter were unwilling to admit any one without the usual ballot.

There is little object in changing the name of the Club if only one is to be maintained. Some years ago the N. I. Turf Club adopted the Calcutta Club's rules of racing, betting, and lotteries bodily, keeping (unfortunately) their own scales of weight only. So in this respect one of "The Colonel's" objects, *viz.*, that the laws of racing should be one all over the Presidency, is accomplished already. This being so, it is clearly absurd to have two Clubs to interpret the same rules. The N. I. Turf Club rules, too, are in the main taken from Calcutta, though the wording has been altered in one or two instances, and some of the rules on minor matters are different. But as regards the constitution and management of the Club, they have followed Calcutta. It may be said, therefore, that in every respect, but the name, the N. I. Turf Club is already a branch of the Calcutta one;

and for the rest we are sure the North-West Turfites would not object to retaining the name of the Calcutta Turf Club,—a Club that has been in existence for nearly forty years, though it received a fresh lease of life in the compilation of the existing rules, and a large accession of members in 1866 and 1867.

Though the best course would be for all “good men and true,” in the North-West, to dissolve or abolish the N. I. Turf Club, and have their names put up for the other (in which case their election would be certain), still, if the members of the N. I. Turf Club make a point of it, I think the Calcutta Club might admit them bodily, as, if it should be found that there are any black sheep in the amalgamated Club, prompt remedies can easily be applied in cases of dishonorable conduct.

As for increasing the number of Stewards, and specially selecting some residents in the N. W. P. for the office, this proposal is, I suppose, based on the idea of the North-West being *represented*. But it seems to me that the principle of representation is inapplicable to a Turf Club, and that what is required in the Stewards is, that they should be men of high character, with a good knowledge of turf matters, and likely to take an interest in the general welfare of the Turf; also, in so far as it is possible in this country, to combine the fact with the foregoing qualifications—that they should be men without pecuniary interest in stables, lotteries, &c. These qualifications being secured, it surely does not signify whether those selected happen to reside in Bengal or in the N. W. P. For instance, “The Colonel” and two or three other writers have borne favorable testimony to the qualifications of the Calcutta Turf Club, and it is difficult to conceive why North-West sportsmen should hesitate to refer a case to those Stewards, because they may not reside in the N. W. P. (By the way, it so happens that one resides at Simla for the greater part of the year.)

But if, on mature reflection, it is thought necessary or desirable, the Calcutta sportsmen would doubtless have no objection to increase the number of Stewards, and make a special provision that a certain number of them must be residents of the North-West, though prominent and capable men would doubtless be selected with or without such a rule.

It is to be observed that there would be no difficulty, under the Calcutta rules, in the way of North-West sportsmen voting on every matter of the least importance, as the rules provide for vote papers and proxies in all such cases, including the election of the Stewards of the Club.

I trust that the negotiations between the Clubs will speedily be resumed, for the present condition of racing in the North-West Provinces certainly cannot become worse, and there is no knowing but that it might improve under the “General” Club; for many a race meeting in the Mofussil has been got up in and near Calcutta by energetic men connected with the Turf Club. When the Stewards of the two Clubs (if indeed there are any just now in the N. I. Turf

Club) have agreed on preliminaries, a special general meeting can be called, and circulars sent to all members who are unable to attend.

[We agree with "A Behar Turfite" that the sooner a single Turf Club is formed the better, and we also concur in his opinions generally as expressed in the foregoing article. The only point he has not noticed in detail is that of the difference in the scale of weights, but on this matter we would ask our sporting friends in the North-West to read the comments of Pegasus on the N. I. Turf Club weight for age and class scale in a former number of this Magazine.—Eds.]

A BRILLIANT AND HUMOROUS RUN WITH LORD RENDLESHAM'S HARRIERS.
—On Saturday last, November 30, the meet was at Kettleborough Chequers, where many of the sporting gentry of the neighbourhood mustered at eleven o'clock to meet his lordship. First came Mr. Cousins with his little darlings, all looking, as usual, most fit and capable of satisfying the most sanguine expectations; next appeared on the animated scene his lordship in his mail phaeton, and following him came the Duke of Hamilton and company of eight friends, who appeared in true Melton style. The order was for "The Mill," and a hare was soon found, which gave a slow run of a quarter of an hour, and was killed. Another was soon after on foot on the duke's estate, which gave rather a sharp run, though also, like the former, a short one. Then all adjourned to the house of Mr. Chambers, where, as usual, every one took care to satisfy the inner man in anticipation of the sport that might be afforded in the afternoon, and that they were not disappointed the following run will convince every lover of sport. On the conclusion of the lunch, all were once again in the pigskin, and proceeded to the farm of our worthy host. There was no chance of a blank, for there are few families more celebrated not only for preserving hares, but for the marvellous manner in which they quickly find them. One was consequently soon found, which went away direct for the town of Framlingham, entering the street immediately below the railway station; from thence to a grocer's garden and warehouse, where there was a slight check. The hounds, however, were too close upon her to permit of Miss Puss trying the goodness of the grocer's plums or other nice Christmas dainties; so she made head for the Crown Inn tap, where, no doubt, she thought better refreshment was to be had, not showing in this selection the high-bred taste her aristocratic pursuers would have displayed; but soon disgusted with the locality and company she met with there, she quitted her below-par quarters, and made towards the castle, through the entire of Church-street; then turned to the right, up Swan-street, away for Badingham, thus passing through the whole town of Framlingham with upwards of 15½ couple of hounds and 50 horsemen after her, and was killed in true sportsman-like style in about 40 minutes, including checks; distance, about five miles. The excitement in the town may easily be imagined, and need not therefore be described.—*Bell's Life*.

Yours, &c.,
ONE PRESENT.

Account of a Hog-Hunting Party,

GIVEN BY

II. II. THE NAWAB NAZIM OF BENGAL.

IN common with all sportsmen and lovers of sport—for the classes, though agreeing in their tastes, differ widely—I welcome the issue of your new series of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, and lose no time in giving you the particulars of the late Hog-hunting Meet convened by His Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal. The encampment was fixed at Dewan Serai, in the centre of a fine open country, generally as level as a racecourse, with pleasantly varied scenery in the way of clumps of jungle and ripening crops most promising for the agriculturist. The arrangements of the camp, the beats, and the Meet generally, had all been arranged by the Agent to the Governor-General on behalf of His Highness, and from beginning to end these may be pronounced to have approached perfection.

A pleasant cheerful sight is a sporting camp at Dewan Sarai—the tents regularly pitched with a view for miles of to-morrow's hunting grounds, and the canvas stables in snug sheltered corners. Best of all, in the centre, the *mess tent*, with the *kitchen* directly in its rear, savoury odours issuing therefrom from early morning pretty well on to dewy eve, judging by our olfactories while bathing, before breakfast and dinner. We were a jovial party, and were fortified by the best of wines and viands, and enlivened by good singing and a few toasts, which included the health of His Highness, our host, most prominently—but remembering the old adage of “early to bed and early to rise, makes,” &c., &c, we turned in early.

You must know that this meet occurred immediately in succession to our races, of which, as you will doubtless receive other reports, I will not here dilate, but leave you to imagine the mixed assemblage of men in tents, gathered from all quarters for these and our *great* hunting party.

His Highness had invited the three distinguished and enterprising sportsmen who had lately arrived from England to become initiated into our Indian sports—*viz.*, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Gosford, and Sir Samuel Hayes; and their arrival at the camp of the Agent of the Governor-General, together with Major Trevor, R. E., and the Brothers Angelo, the last three Members of the Tent Club, was cheered in a way to make the welkin ring. Accident and press of business kept away many of those bidden; but, on the whole, we were a large party, including a very decent proportion of good riders.

On the 25th we had to make a march of 22 miles, and much sport we could not expect; for marching and hunting the same day are opposed to success. But, with only six spears in the field, we did try our luck, and started one fine boar. A sharp burst and severe first spear from E. Angelo turned him over; but he picked himself up and continued his career, receiving second and third spears before he reached a cover, where, being followed, he turned and charged home through a spear from Major Trevor, inflicting a severe cut on his horse. Being driven from this, he made for a larger cover, receiving a fifth spear before he gained it, which he carried with him into the jungle. He received his last spear in the jungle, while at bay, from M. Angelo on foot.

After tiffin we went out again, without beaters, on the chance of finding a stray boar, and had a sharp gallop after a deer, which we lost in the jungle. We went on, however, to look at the country and to try our fresh horses, many of which had not been ridden by their owners before. We commenced by coursing foxes and hares, but soon a "tally-ho" announced the appearance, on the plain, of a *sounder* of hog, disturbed by the elephants which had been beating the heavy jungle four miles distant all the morning. The two largest were immediately pointed out to Lord Gosford and Sir S. Hayes, who had each an opportunity of trying the mettle of their steeds and spears, and they soon showed that the experience of the hunting fields of England had not been thrown away. A run of a mile with one, and a mile and a half with the other, brought them on good terms with their game, and they speedily fleshed their maiden spears. An hour afterwards two more of the *sounders* were picked up, and thus finished our first bye-day's sport, for the hunting of the Meet did not really begin till Monday, the 27th. The day's bag was thus five.

Monday, the 27th, saw several more spears in the field, and we now began in earnest. The spears told themselves off in parties to ride together, and there was a mighty muster of elephants to raise the game for them, amongst which were a few with *Charjamahs*, or pads, for those who were only out to see the sport and shoot, or for riders who wished to spare their horses till the fray began. The Captain cries to the mahouts, (elephant drivers)—Now then,* *line bandho! puchim jao—buhoot aitchha! seedah chullo—jungle jharo—ahisti bur-hao!!!* And away goes the line of noble brutes, crashing through everything, tearing down branches and even young trees, forcing their way through the tangled grass in close array like some mighty torrent descending from Himáleys snows. Some of the spears ride at each end of the line—a few small parties ready to ride jealous proceed in front of the line of elephants; and mark! the old and steady hands keep behind with a full knowledge that the biggest and wildest boars will surely double back and break to the rear. This most unsportsmanlike practice cannot be too

* Make the line straight; go westward; very good; keep straight; beat the forest; go ahead slowly.

severely condemned, for it always baffles the endeavours of the Captain to force the game to break to the front. If spears will ride with the elephants in cover, they should ride between them in even line; but it is much better to leave this duty to the elephants and take up positions outside. We commenced by finding a stray boar in the open, which fell to the lot of the Tent Club, and was quietly disposed of. The grass jungle further on yielded two more boars in the course of about an hour's beating; one of which fell to the spear of our sporting host, the Agent of the Governor-General; and after a tremendous bucketting was finally killed, in a most novel manner, by Angelo, junior. He dismounted from his horse, and after spearing the boar on foot with two spears, he mounted him and rode him through the grass until his strange charger gave up the ghost. The second boar was also disposed of after a smart burst by the Berhampore riders, H. Rait taking the spear. A heavy fall was received in the course of this run by "Cherry-picker" cannoning furiously against one of the field; but no bones were broken.

The next start was after a deer; but he soon proved himself too fleet for any but the best mounted and lightest weights to attempt to catch him. The three English travellers who singled him out stuck to their game well; but Lord Gosford received a heavy fall and seriously injured his horse. The chase then was left almost entirely to the Marquis of Huntly, who had ridden his plucky little Arab to a stand on the edge of a cover, when, finding the deer almost equally distressed, he dismounted, and nearly succeeded in spearing the deer on foot before he could gain the jungle. After tiffin the beating recommenced, but with no success for several hours until we neared camp, when four boars and a large sow were started out of a small jungle, and were soon added to the day's bag, the latter nearly tearing the breeches off the griff who speared her before she died. The first boar started with five keen spears after him, and was very cleverly speared by Sir Samuel Hayes, who had the double satisfaction of giving him also his *coup de grâce*. Another boar was speared by Mr. Stocks; and almost at the same moment Mr. Rait got away with a fine boar, and killed him single-handed, and soon after had the honor of obtaining another first spear. And now the spears drop in from all quarters, each with his own story; how too many had mobbed one boar here; how one killed his boar single-handed there; of one who had come to grief with his horse; another who had lost his spear, &c., &c.; while the successful ones were conspicuous by the jaunty air of triumph they wore, and the show of "quiet blood" their spear blades bore. Thirteen boars closed this day's sport.

The 28th brought His Highness the Nawab Nazim into camp. He received a hearty welcome from the whole hunt, and well he deserved it; for had we not enjoyed his princely hospitality, and had we not drunk His Highness's health with Highland honors the previous evening?

The day's sport commenced by beating the Ramchunder Bheel, which

almost immediately furnished a splendid fighting boar. E. Angelo soon brought him to bay, when he showed some of the field the kind of mettle he was made of. He charged home on every horseman who approached him, and after being twice knocked off his legs, and receiving no less than twenty spears, he seized one of his assailants by the boot, and nearly pulled him off his horse. After this brilliant encounter the field was frequently led away in pursuit of sows, which appeared to be running all over the ground.

One enthusiastic sportsman was seen galloping through the jungle regardless of the danger of pursuing "*the mighty boar*" in four feet of water. He was watched eagerly from the distance, and his return in triumph with a bloody spear was hailed with cheers, which were repeated when one of the beaters was seen carrying his spoil at the end of a bamboo, balanced by the head of the boar previously killed.

A fine deer was next on foot, and was run down and speared after a very severe chase by two of the heaviest weights in the field, who, from their style of riding, showed their intimacy with this kind of sport. Two more deer escaped unpursued, owing to so many of the horses having been overridden the previous day. A fourth deer rising close to His Highness's elephant, that unerring sportsman speedily gave him a charge of shot, and afforded one of the riders a chance of adding to the bag of the day, which he did at the expense of a broken head from a kick of his horse when securing the deer he had speared.

In the interval between the deer hunts, two fine boars breathed their last, falling to the spears of Messrs. Landale and Gallois. The former, measuring 37 inches, did not die unavenged, having cut Lord Gosford's horse very severely on the forearm, after receiving a well-planted spear. The latter succeeded, after a fine run, in breaking one spear and making off to a neighbouring cover, notwithstanding several well-planted spears by the Marquis of Huntly and Mr. Gallois.

This did not, however, save him, for the hunters dismounted, and carried home a head which, we trust, will adorn, amidst other spoils, a Highland home, and recall remembrances of a pleasant day.

On the return boat, two more boars were disposed of, after very rapid and pretty runs, in the open; the first cutting Major Trevor's horse, which he ran into, and would have punished more severely, had the horse not escaped by jumping over him. Total up to date, 19 boars and 2 deer.

The 29th was a blank day, the dulness of which was only relieved by the wit which sparkled like the champagne at tiffin and dinner.

On the 30th the Meet broke up, but, on their ride home, His Highness's guests determined to lose no chance of extending their experience of the noble and exciting sport of hog-hunting. They beat up the jungle on both sides of the road, and well were they rewarded for their pluck. The first three hours gave no better luck than the day before. Suddenly the cry of "tally-ho!" "tally-ho!" "give away;" "stick to the boar on the right;" "never mind the sow

on the left," sent the three distinguished hunters madly to the front, each eager for the first spear. A long run over heavy ground, and a quick death, led, however, to the mortifying discovery that all their energy had been expended on a sow. We need not dilate on Lord Gosford's disgust at having taken so ungallant a spear, or the chaff he had to endure from his unsuccessful rivals. The chaff, however, was soon turned, when, shortly afterwards, a magnificent 38-inch boar broke across the plain, and being ridden by Lord Gosford and Sir S. Hayes, was brought to bay by the former. After a fine charge, and a spear from Sir S. Hayes, he was despatched by M. Angelo. During this burst the Marquis of Huntly and E. Angelo started and rode a second fine boar, which, after a severe fight, succumbed to their spears. This boar distinguished the close of his career by plucking a spear out of his own body and carrying it in his mouth at least 150 yards, worrying it all the time.

The Meet finished with perhaps the most exciting run of all. A boar, starting within a few yards of the line of elephants, was pursued with such eagerness for the first spear, that he was several times overrun by the whole field at a pace which carried them so far past him each time, as to give him a fair start for a fresh burst. Nowhere was the honor of the first spear better contended for, or more deservedly won, than was this spear by the Marquis of Huntly. After a short fight the boar, notwithstanding his great activity and gallant run, followed the fate of his brethren; and thus ended a Meet which will be long remembered, as much for the princely hospitality of our host, the good-fellowship and management of his representative, the Agent to the Governor-General, and the joviality of all, as for the brilliant and exciting sport it afforded.

Total, 23 boars and two deer. Not bad sport in these days, but a sad falling off from the old days, when in one meet, convened by H. H. the late Nawab, over this same ground, some seventy-two years ago, upwards of 90 boars were killed in 11 days.

Hoping to be able to chronicle and report to you hereafter some more such Meets, I subscribe myself,

Yours,
PHENIX.



The Month.

THERE is little of note to remark on this month. At home the hunting has been very bad, owing to the hardness of the ground, and many of those who are most regular in their attendance at the cover side had left off the sport altogether, pending a change in the weather.

Last year, up to Christmas, it was just the contrary, and all complained of the wet and heavy going.

The sporting newspapers are reviewing the performances of the two-year-olds, and discussing the chances of each for the great races of next season. For the Two Thousand, *Rosicrucian* is the selected of nearly all the prophets, and *Formosa* is the favorite for the One Thousand. *Lady Elizabeth* seems slightly preferred to *Rosicrucian* for the Derby, though he has the call of the mare in the betting; and if the performances of the whole season are considered, we think *Lady Elizabeth* must take the foremost place among all the candidates.

The sale of Lord Hastings' splendid stud of racehorses resulted in almost all the "cracks" remaining in his stable, and we can understand his being unwilling to quit the Turf altogether after his great success last season. But if a man *will* bet large sums against a horse or two without following the system of professionals by betting all round, as it is called, he is pretty sure to lose in the long run, and is lucky if he is not obliged to give up the Turf altogether. Seldom has an owner of horses been more successful as regards winning good stakes; and it is a pity that, in this instance, liberties were taken with other people's horses.

Racing statistics show a continued increase in the number of running horses of all ages, and we are glad to see that the addition to the five-year-olds and upwards in 1867, exceeds in proportion the increase in runners of other ages, and that the old horses were nearly equal in number to the three-year-olds. This is promising, for latterly the proportion of horses remaining on the Turf after their fourth year has been small. We see that 146 more races were run in 1867 than in 1866, and that there were 2,458 runners to 2,109 in 1866. The distance of the races run has remained much the same. Among the Stallions, *Oxford* (a horse of no great repute) is credited with 33 colts and fillies, *Blair Atholl* 32, *Caractacus* 31, *Stockwell* 30, *Trumpeter* (sire of *Lady Elizabeth*) 29, *Vidette* 28, and *Newminster* 27. Some of the best horses, putting aside those who, like *Orlando*, are getting very old, have fallen off in the estimation of breeders, if in no other way; as, for instance, *Surplice* and *Voltigeur*, who are credited

with only 5 and 6 foals respectively. The proportion of productive mares to those who were barren, or slipped their foals, was 5 to 2.

The so-called *fracas* at Newmarket, which was nothing less than a most disgraceful and cowardly assault on a gentleman who was assisting an injured horse off the Course, has resulted in an arbitration by Lords Ailesbury and Granville and Mr. T. Hughes. The two jockey's Pany and Cannon have each to pay about £275, in addition to writing a very humble apology to Mr. Templar. We think they have got off cheaply, and that no compromise should have been allowed by Mr. Templar, as the offenders richly deserved what Mr. Hughes said they would otherwise have got, *viz.*, from six months to a year's imprisonment. The Jockey Club ought to suspend them from riding till after the Ascot Meeting, but their employers are influential, and need their services.

Coursing and steeple chasing are going on as usual, but neither among the "long dogs" nor horses has anything very good turned up. Croydon has been an unlucky place latterly, for there is so often something wrong about the Steeple Chases there. This year it is an accusation of "roping."

Lovers of aquatics have been much interested by the race for the Sculler's Championship, which, however, came off in an unsatisfactory manner. On the appointed day they started and went all the way, but there was a bad foul in which both were manifestly to blame, and the referee decided that they were to row again the next day,—a decision that gave universal satisfaction to the disinterested. Kelly seems to have had the best of it, and when they came to the start the next day, Sadler showed a great disinclination to move. After some time had been wasted, he rowed away, saying Kelly would not start; on which Kelly was told to row over the course. The opinion of the majority of the spectators seems to have been that Sadler had made up his mind to avoid the race, if he could do so under any excuse. We are sorry to see that a court of law is to be invoked to settle the matter.

For India little of importance has been reported. As regards racing, *Erl King* has been too much for the other horses at Mozufferpore, though we are glad to see his sporting owner get a turn of luck. We have not observed that the horse has been claimed by the way, though he is well worth the selling limit of the meeting, unless there is something the matter with him. At Vizianagram, Purneah, and Mozufferpore there has been some racing, the reports of which have reached us, and will be found duly recorded. The Madras Meeting came off last month, and we hope an account of it will reach us in time to appear in this number, as also that of the Calcutta 2nd Meeting, which will be coming off while this paper is being put into type.

There have been some races in Assam, the report of which will appear in our next issue.

We are happy to hear that the Bengal Tent Club still hold their meetings. They were out in the early part of the month, and killed

eight hogs and some deer ; and were again under canvass for three or four days at the close of the month. On the last occasion they went in search of tigers, but were unsuccessful, and bagged only a few deer. We shall be extremely glad to hear that the Club meets often ; and when it does meet, we trust that the Captain will not forget to inform us of what it has been doing.

During the month some English sportsmen, the Marquis of Huntly, Lords Gosford and Downe, and Sir Samuel Hayes, who had been shooting in Ceylon and Madras, arrived in Calcutta. They came in time for a shooting and hog-hunting party which was being organized by Mr. Buckle, the Governor-General's Agent at Moorshedabad ; and we are informed that they had some very good sport. An account of it, we hope, will reach us in time for this number ; but if not, it shall appear in our next.

The return match of the Public Schools against the Calcutta Club came off on the Calcutta Cricket Ground on the 29th and 30 January, and a report of it will be found under the usual head ; as also the report of the Volunteer Prize Shooting, and of the Calcutta Athletic Games and Sports, which are always so well patronized by the ladies. The best Rifle Shooting in India, however, is in the N. W. Provinces, and we shall be glad to hear from the Secretary to the Association, if he will favor us with a communication on the subject.

EXTRAORDINARY TAKE OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN BENGAL.—Lieut. Johnstone, Elephant Catcher to the Government of India, on special duty in Bengal, has succeeded in capturing, about fifty miles from Midnapore, two herds of wild elephants, comprising in all seventy-six elephants. They have been safely secured in two *keddahs*. By telegraphic information from Chittagong, dated the 7th instant, we learn that Mr. Nuthall also, who is in charge of the operations in that direction, has reported the capture of forty-three elephants in one *keddah*, thirty-one in another, and thirteen in a third ; or a total of eighty-seven elephants in Chittagong, and *one hundred and sixty-nine* in the two places. This, in one fortnight, is not bad sport. The actual money value of these elephants cannot be under £10,000 ; and we heartily congratulate the Government of India on the wisdom they have shown in the re-establishment of their elephant *keddahs*. The application of the British system of contracts and dependence on the market will not do for India, at least in its present condition ; and any attempt to trust wholly to it will cause a break-down at the moment it is most necessary and important for the Government of India to prove itself most efficient in its War Departments. In the Bhuteah campaign the Government of India did not know where to turn for elephants, and the Government of Bengal has lately had to purchase them for the Commission and the Police of Assam at from Rs. 1,000 to 1,500. In the Sittanah campaign the whole army was paralysed for want of camels, and when camels were obtained there were no drivers. *By all means* let Government encourage private enterprise, so that in time of need it may obtain some assistance, but *by no means* let the efficiency of our Indian army be dependent upon it. This has been the advice, we believe, of two Commissaries General in succession.

Calcutta Volunteer Rifles' Prize Shooting Matches.

FIRST DAY, THE 29TH JANUARY, 1868.

THE second meeting for the Prize Shooting commenced on Wednesday morning at the Regimental Rifle Range at Bailgurriah. The wind was very strong and shifting, rendering correct shooting at long distances very difficult and uncertain; but, notwithstanding this drawback, some excellent shooting was made, as will be seen from the scores of the successful competitors given below. The Members of No. 4 (the Trades Company) were successful in carrying off all the four prizes given by the Calcutta Trades, and Captain Gordon Robb, of the same Company, also won the prize given by the Hon'ble Khajah Abdool Guni with the excellent score of 40 points. The following are the scores made by the winners in the three matches which were shot off:—

MATCH 1.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal's Match, 300, 400, and 500 yards; 5 shots at each.

	Points.
1st Prize.—Corporal Halford, No. 1 Company	41
2nd Prize.—Captain Teale, No. 3 Company	38
3rd Prize.—Color Serjeant Power, No. 3 Company	36

MATCH 2.

The Calcutta Trades' Prize, 200, 500, and 600 yards; 5 shots at each.

	Points.
1st Prize.—Corporal Elworthy, No. 4 Company	38
2nd Prize.—Serjeant Harnack, No. 4 Company	34
3rd Prize.—Private Scott, No. 4 Company	33
4th Prize.—Captain Gordon Robb, No. 4 Company	32

MATCH 4.

Khajah Abdool Guni Meah's Match, 200, 300, and 400 yards; 5 shots at each.

	Points.
1st Prize.—Captain Gordon Robb, No. 4 Company	40
2nd Prize.—Lieutenant Morrison, No. 1 Company	37
3rd Prize.—Private Brooke, No. 1 Company	36

The match announced for Honorary Members (Match 3) did not take place, as a sufficient number of members borne on the rolls of this branch of the regiment did not come forward to compete.

The Eastern Bengal Railway Company with great liberality and kindness placed a special train at the disposal of Colonel Walton, and members of the Corps have thus been able to return to town by half-past 5 P. M., instead of having to wait for the ordinary train which does not leave Bailgurriah till 7-12 P. M.

SECOND DAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1868.

The shooting on Thursday commenced with the "Consolation Match," open to those members only who failed to win any prize during the season, and was followed by a match open to "All Comers."

The following is the result of the shooting :—

MATCH 4.

Consolation Prizes.

Firing at 2 distances ; 7 shots at 200 yards, and 8 shots at 400 yards.

			Points.
1st Prize.—Private Caspersz, No. 3 Company	36
2nd Prize.—Corporal Hillyer, No. 4 Company	33
3rd Prize.—Lieutenant Ronaldson, No. 3 Company...	32
4th Prize.—Private Walker, No. 3 Company	31
5th Prize.—Private E. Bolst, No. 3 Company	31

MATCH 5.

For All Comers.

Firing at 3 distances, 300, 600, and 800 yards ; 5 shots at each. Small bores to give 10 points to three-grooved long or short Enfields, and five-grooved Sniders :—

		Points.
1st Prize.—Private Mackenzie, No. 1 Company (Henry)	...	44
2nd Prize.—Captain Teale, No. 3 Company (Rigby)	...	41

The above terminated the season for Prize Shooting for 1867-68, and we may congratulate Colonel Walton that it has been the most successful one, as regards the scoring made in the various matches, that has been held since the formation of the regiment.

The prizes will be distributed at the annual inspection of the Corps.



Cricket.

ETON, HARROW, AND WINCHESTER

against

THE REST OF THE CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

THIS return match was played on the Calcutta Cricket Ground on the 29th and 30th of January, and, as on the former occasion, when the Schools were victorious, created great interest. Neither side in the first innings made as long scores as was expected, Scott and Ward for the Schools, and Onslow and Short for the Uneducated, being the principal contributors. In the second innings the Schools made the respectable total of 234 runs, Winchester coming out very strong in batting; notwithstanding which the Club would not be denied, and in spite of eight wickets down for 109 runs, owing to the fine and plucky play of Lockwood and Ruxton, the Club came in winners by two wickets to go down.

ETON, HARROW, AND WINCHESTER.

<i>1st Innings.</i>			<i>2nd Innings.</i>		
Lieut. Ward (Eton), bd.					
Onslow	...	31	bd. R. Hills	...	13
A. G. Bagot (Eton), run out.		11	bd. Onslow	...	10
J. D. Maclean (Harrow), ct.					
Onslow, bd. Ruxton	...	7	bd. R. Hills	...	22
F. J. Crooke (Winchester),					
bd. Ruxton	...	20	ct. Onslow, bd. R. Hills	...	108
L. R. Scott (Winchester), ct.					
R. Hills, bd. Onslow	...	38	ct. Lockwood, bd. R. Hills	...	50
II. M. Aitken (Eton), ct.					
Harrison, bd. R. Hills	...	7	bd. R. Hills	...	0
Capt. Russell (Eton), bd. R.					
Hills	...	10	not out	...	6
S. C. Baveley (Eton), run out		6	L. B. W., bd. Hills	...	1
Col. Willes (Winchester), bd.					
Onslow	...	8	bd. Onslow	...	8
Lieut. Gosling (Eton), ct.					
Short, bd. Onslow	...	0	bd. Onslow	...	0
Capt. Harbord (Harrow), not					
out	...	0	ct. Forbes, bd. Onslow	...	1
Byes 1, Wides 2	...	8	Leg-byes 5, Wides 10	...	15
Total			Total		
141			234		

REST OF CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
D. R. Onslow, ct. Bagot, bd.			
Aitken	...	36	bd. Scott
Capt. Forbes, run out	...	6	bd. Aitken
Col. Sibley, ct. Gosling, bd.			
Aitken	...	4	ct. Bagot, bd. Willes
M. A. Short, bd. Crooke	...	34	ct. Scott, bd. Crooke
R. S. Hills, ct. Russell, bd.			
Aitken	...	0	ct. Maclean, bd. Crooke
Capt. Luard, ct. Crooke, bd.			
Crooke	...	16	ct. & bd. Aitken
Capt. Lockwood, ct. Bagot,			
bd. Aitken	...	20	not out
H. L. Harrison, bd. Scott	...	16	ct. Aitken, bd. Crooke
G. Ruxton, ct. Crooke, bd.			
Aitken	...	16	not out
R. A. Lyall, bd. Aitken	...	5	
J. Hills, not out	...	1	bd. Scott
Byes 12, Leg-byes 1, and			Byes 7, Leg-byes 7, Wides 14,
Wides 2	...	15	and no-balls 1
Total	... 169	Total	

TROTTING AT BOSTON, U. S.—A match for 5,000 dollars between the celebrated horses George Wilkes of New York and Fearnought of Boston, mile heats, three in five, to waggons, was trotted on November 15, at the Mystic Riding Park, Boston. The occasion was regarded with unusual interest, the attendance, though the weather was quite cold, being very large. The track was in a bad condition, being heavy all round. First heat: Fearnought rattled away at a terrific pace, and led by two lengths. On the first heat he led by two lengths to the distance stand on the home stretch, Wilkes breaking on the back. At the distance stand Fearnought broke, when Wilkes came up and won the heat by a neck's length in 2min 31½sec. In the second heat Wilkes led all round, with Fearnought a length or half a length behind, and almost continually getting up. Wilkes won by about a length in 2min 32½sec. In the third heat Fearnought took the lead at the first turn. Wilkes broke soon afterwards, when Fearnought obtained a lead of two lengths. The latter broke before reaching the half-mile post, when Wilkes went ahead two or three lengths, and won the heat and the race in 2min 33½sec.

Calcutta Cricket Club.

ATHLETIC GAMES.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 31ST JANUARY AND 1ST FEBRUARY, 1868.

Commencing each day at 3 p.m.

STEWARDS.

LIEUT.-COL. BLANE.
LIEUT.-COL. WALTON.
CAPT. MOSELEY.
F. J. CROOKE, Esq.

CAPT. LOCKWOOD.
S. BAYLEY, Esq.
J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq., *Judge*.
C. W. HATCH, Esq.

THESE annual games took place on the dates specified, and were attended by a large number of the "bon ton" and élite of Calcutta, and the sport was hardly up to the average, and the contests, with few exceptions, were not very close. Kennedy, or young Deerfoot, and his *fidus Achate*, James Rose, were much missed, and Crooke won the greater number of events. The chief event of the first day was the Veteran's Race, which a gallant Volunteer won after a rattling finish, with a young and promising maiden, who, was beaten by a nose, owing to the superior stride of the winner. The second day gave us a dead heat for the handicap, which reflected great credit on our races, as the deciding heat was only just won on the post. We would suggest, as an improvement for next year, that a *Shamiana* would be preferable to a tent for the ladies; and that the course be more strictly kept by ropes and stakes on *both* sides, which would give the Judge and other Stewards (as well as the ladies) a better sight of the running in case of any mishaps. We add a "correct card" of the events as they took place, the prizes for which were distributed by the Hon'ble Mrs. Noble Taylor, surrounded by a large circle of ladies.

1. *Flat Race, 440 yards.*—Kerr jumped off with the lead, and was never caught winning easily from Pell, Sanders and Dalton.

2. *Long Jump.*—Crooke beat the two brothers Watkins with a jump of 17-7, which he could have made more.

3. *Soldiers' Flat Race, 200 yards.*—A field of 6 Riflemen, 7 of the 25th, and one gunner started for this race, which was won by the dark-green, the Rifles being 1st and 2nd with Griffon and Fearon, and the 25th being 3rd with Kirk.

Flat Race, 100 yards.—Eight started for this race, which was won by Kerr, despite Crooke's best efforts, Wilson being third.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—Crooke (86 yards 2 feet) won this without difficulty from De Crespigny and Hills.

High Jump.—Crooke again won without a struggle, at 4½ feet, but afterwards, to oblige the ladies, he showed that he could clear 5 ft. 4.

Handicap, 150 yards.—A capital handicap, resulting in Peacock winning by a yard from Crooke, "our Bobby" being a good third, but looking rather short of work.

Crooke	...	0	Leitch	...	8
J. Hills	...	5	Peacock	...	11
Wilson, Watkins, Dalton	...	6	R. S. Hills	...	12
Pell	...	7			

Veteran's Race, 100 yards.—Age 35 and a yard given for every year.

Aitken at scratch very nearly won Walton (¼ yards), winning by a short neck opposite the ladies' tents, which were just opposite the post.

SECOND DAY.

Hurdle Race, 150 yards.—Won by Crooke without much trouble, Kerr and Butler running a good race for 2nd till the last Hurdle which brought Butler down.

Soldiers' Hurdle Race, 200 yards.—The Riflemen, Griffin and Fearon, 1st and 2nd again, in a field of eight.

Handicap, 200 yards.—Butler 12 yds. start, and Dalton 1½ yds. ran a dead heat; and in the deciding heat, Dalton only won by a head after a very severe struggle.

Egg-picking.—Won by Sanders, who was most steady in his work, Butler a good second, but his previous race told on him, and he tired at the finish.

Soldiers' Consolation Race, 440 yards.—Won by Richardson easily from Clarke and three others.

Open Race, 150 yards.—Crooke 1st, Urquhart 2nd, won easily after a short struggle.

Sack Race.—Won by Wilson, who fell just at the post and rolled in.

Consolation Handicap.—Won cleverly by Hume.

CRICKET ON THE ICE.—Hall Court v. Belgrave Club (Cannock).—A match was played on Hatherton Lake, near Cannock, on January 3rd. The scene excited great interest in the village. Most of the cricketers were good scaters; but others on both sides distinguished themselves by numerous falls, which excited roars of laughter. Runs were quickly scored, and when the wickets were drawn, upwards of 400 runs had been made. The Belgrave won easily. Subjoined the score :—Belgrave, 243; Hall Court, 196.—*Home News*, 10th January.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—I wish to bring to the notice of the sporting public what appears to me a defect in the terms of the Indian Champion Produce Stakes.

When it was proposed to get up a race for country-breds, it surely was never intended that stud-bred rejections were eligible to enter; yet you will, in all probability, see the Indian Produce Champion Stakes carried off by a blood stud rejection. The object of the race was surely to encourage private breeders, but instead of doing so, it will disgust the few enterprising amateurs who are striving, not to compete with the Government stud, but to produce and introduce a first-class country-bred. The public do not surely want to see race-courses disfigured by a lot of weedy, leggy, Government blood stud rejections. I look upon the interest of the race as entirely gone if such is to be continued. What is required in India is to improve the breed of C. Bs., so that the public may in time be able to mount themselves on useful horses at a moderate figure. Government rejections should therefore be discouraged, and every encouragement given to private breeders.

This year one of these stud rejections, appropriately named "Eruption," has been running well at Souepore as a three-year-old. In all probability it was very nigh four-year-old, and will be close on being a five-year-old when the race comes off in December next, which must almost to a certainty fall to her, for what chance can a private breeder's three, or even four-year-old have against such. Truly she ought to prove an eruption against the true object of the race; and there is no penalty even for her having won this year.

The Stewards of the Meeting should rectify this in future years, or the object will be defeated, and private breeders must cease to attempt to contend on such terms, whilst the race will be confined to the rejected blood stock of an overpowering Government stud.

Trusting the above will call for some comment from your editorial pen.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

A PRIVATE BREEDER.

[We are opposed, as a rule, to competition between Government and private persons, on the ground that in India the terms can seldom or never be made equal. But in the case cited by our correspondent, Government has nothing whatever to do with the matter. For the rest, the question is one for the consideration of the Stewards who have fixed the terms of the race, to whose attention we commit it.—EDS.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I am not great at argument, and length of years has deprived me of the faculty of repartee. But I still stick to it that facts, which are stubborn things, uphold Q. E. D.'s remarks over anything that Pegasus can adduce. All Q. E. D. meant was that the walers of the present day are better than they were some years ago, and that, consequently, the scale of weights ought to be revised. Pegasus, in his last letter, has been very clever in his special pleading, and, as far as the gift of writing is concerned, I give in to him, but I come round again to the painful fact that walers are now as good as English horses; and till the former are penalized with more weight, and the entire scale of weights for English horses is revised, there is no justice shown to the beautiful horses of the old country. It has been brought to my notice by one much interested in the raising of young stock that English horses, the only ones worth breeding from, have three obstacles to contend with in Calcutta:—

1st.—They are debarr'd from the best races.

2nd.—English maidens cannot run in an all-maiden race.

3rd.—When they *are* admitted, they have to run with welter weights up.

The narrow end of the wedge, however, I observe, is inserted. There is actually to be a race in Calcutta in 1868-69, in which English maidens can compete with maidens (so says Pegasus). That it may be driven home, and that English horses may have the chance of winning as much as walers, is the wish of

NESTOR.

DEAR SIRS.—Nestor may be right as to what Q. E. D. really meant to write, notwithstanding what he did write. If so, the readers of the Magazine can turn to pages 28 to 30 of the number for the first quarter of 1867, and form their opinion on the question.

Nestor asserts that it is "a painful *fact* that walers are now as good as English horses," but does not bring forward anything in support. Nor does he reply to my reference to the fact (for none can deny *this* to be a fact) of the only English horse with any pretensions to racing that has run during the last few years, having proved by public running superior to all the best colonials but one, with whom she ran evenly; and she gave a stone allowance to these colonials. Of course, then, no further remarks from me are necessary.

It will be seen that I merely suggested a race for English maidens, and did not say that such a race is positively to be run next season.

PEGASUS.

[We forwarded *Nestor's* letter to *Pegasus* before going to press, and we above give his reply. The only remark we wish to make upon the correspondence is this. Were walers as good as English horses, regarding which we so far agree with Pegasus as to think that proof of it is wanting, the fact, instead of being a "painful" one, would be one for general congratulation.—EDS.]

Extracts.

THE ART OF STARTING HORSES.

BY ADMIRAL ROUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."

SIR,—It is an extraordinary fact that the art of starting racehorses on fair terms, for short courses, should be considered an arduous task. They are not ridden by sailors or tailors, but by the most accomplished jockeys, who are assisted by well-paid officials, under the superintendence of stewards.

The learned scribes who write for the sporting papers are at a loss to suggest remedies to perform a simple process which might be effected under the management of a child, if a wish for fair play could be instilled into the minds of the *dramatis personæ*.

No animal is so thoroughly under command as a racehorse fit to run, and well prepared by the strongest exercise. He has no exuberant spirit—that has been taken out of him; forty-nine horses out of fifty come to the starting-post like sheep; it is not until they have been ill-used and wantonly spurred that they become, like their riders, inclined to be mischievous. Why are the riders so inclined? Because some of their masters and the trainers instruct them to get well off. If the culprits are fined, the money will be paid—not out of their pockets; if they lose start by a want of audacity, their services will no longer be required. It is not unusual, on country racecourses, to observe certain trainers attend at the starting-post to encourage their lads to set the starter at defiance; and there is one fact which must be recorded—"the belligerent jockeys, who notoriously and systematically commit the greatest excesses, never want a ride, and never are in want of a patron."

Every racing man knows that nothing but suspension will cure the evil; but, by suspension, horse owners are deprived of services for which retaining fees or annuities are to be paid without returns. At this period the country discipline is so lax, that you will hear at the starting-posts jockeys of 5st. 10lb. roaring out "No, no;" "Hold hard," &c., &c., without taking the slightest notice of the starter or assistant starter's flag. Yet, without profound silence and attention, the starter cannot perform his duty. The outrages this year at Lincoln, Nottingham, Liverpool, Derby, Doncaster, Warwick, and Northampton have opened unwilling eyes to the necessity of enforcing discipline, but only three petty fines have been levied to balance a multiplicity

of offences. Two lads played the same game on Tuesday (Crenva); they are suspended, and the starting was remarkably good for the remainder of the week. Country stewards are diffident in exerting their power, because they cannot estimate its extent over the offenders. It is not an agreeable vocation to punish any man, and there is always a natural good feeling not to injure the prospects of young lads who, whatever may be their faults, are notoriously intrepid and intelligent.

For the last sixty years the starting has been the *bête noire* of racing. In more recent times, if the horses for the Derby succeeded in getting off within an hour, it was considered a fair amount of business. Nothing could be worse managed. What signified the length of the course? Matilda was allowed eighty yards start when she won the St. Leger. I recollect when the Newmarket starter, who tenanted a house belonging to one of our best jockeys, always evinced a feudal feeling, and never allowed the horses to go unless his landlord was well in front; and an old friend, now no more, sincerely believed that his horse ran thirty-six miles in false starts when he won the Clearwell. In those days a good and ready start was the exception to the general rule.

The late Lord G. Bentinck, by dint of energy, patience, and perseverance, successfully reformed the starting; but the noble lord was backed by unlimited power to fine and suspend. The Bentinck system broke down owing to the venality of the starter. In 1859 I discovered that the starter-general was in the receipt of a large income by presents from the owners of winning horses, and I was officially informed from his own confession that he never made less than £1,000 per annum. The jockeys soon discovered whose horses always got off in front, and I look upon this disclosure as the primary cause of the present evils. It is imperative that there should not only be good faith between the starter and the jockeys, but there should be no suspicion of favour or ill-will. If a jockey believes that he has been *put in the hole*, a natural feeling prompts him to help himself unfairly whenever he has an opportunity. This is human nature. The ill-will spreads; the inefficiency of the starter is confirmed. I am bound to add that no unworthy suspicion, to my knowledge, is attached to the present starters, whom I believe to be faithful and worthy of trust.

As a panacea, some persons recommend that the starter should have discretionary power to disqualify an offending jockey from winning if he comes in first. This would bring us into courts of law, and very few stewards would share the responsibility, even in the most flagrant case. Others advise a total abolition of half-mile races, excepting for two-year-olds; but half-broken two-year-olds are the most difficult to manage. There is nothing more absurd than to expatiate on the difficulty of starting half-mile races unless there is a large field of horses, the difficulty of the start not depending on the course, but on the number of horses. Forty-three started last year for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, thirty-eight for the Hunt Cup, at Ascot, and thirty-two at Goodwood, T. Y. C. With a limited number, there is

no difficulty in starting half-mile or yearling course if the starter and jockeys are inclined for fair play. In South America matches are made from one hundred or two hundred yards. There jockeys are clever enough. Why are our jockeys estimated at a lower grade? I recollect a match at Newmarket made by two celebrated sportsmen (whom may Providence long preserve)! It was written by mistake, and signed for *one hundred miles*. Luckily it was run the last one hundred yards of the R. M. without any inconvenience to the jockeys, and it afforded great amusement and as much betting as would have taken place at the longer distance. This reminds me of Mr. Naylor's proposal, that, with a large acceptance for a handicap, it would be a great improvement to divide the horses into lots, not more than fifteen in each, and the respective winners to run for the great prize on a subsequent day. This plan would increase the sport, and avoid the difficulty of starting an unmanageable field.

Racing is a game to which two thousand horses in the United Kingdom are attached, of which number we may compute that there are eight hundred which cannot run beyond T. Y. C., and would infinitely prefer half a mile; but all stoutness and speed is by comparison. Many of our jady racehorses make stout hunters and good weight carriers; the form of the Vengeance Barb colt, which won a match of two furlongs last week, would, Anno 1700, have been good enough to have beaten any old English racehorse in a six-mile course. On the assumption that the Arabian horse has not degenerated since 1720, I will prove the fact that the English racehorse has improved 20 per cent. in point of speed and endurance, size, and strength. I must be pardoned this digression; it is to expose the fallacies of writers who imagine that our horses have degenerated because we do not like to break them down with heavy weights and long courses. Our forefathers delighted to run their miserable hacks four and six miles. There is no reason why we should follow their example. As for the encouragement of breeding stout horses, we have only to refer to the prices paid for yearlings at the Hampton Court Stud, to remember that a stallion like Stockwell earns £2,000 per annum, and that any horse which can race for two miles is worth £2,500. You may pick up a *jade* for £25. What greater encouragement do you propose to give for the breed of stout runners, etc. To prohibit, therefore, horses from running short courses is, to my mind, *a very strong order*. Do not encourage the breed of jady horses by giving public money for short courses; but the more variety you add to any game, the greater the attractions, and the greater the amusement. If you capriciously forbid a half-mile race, because you have your own objections and you do not fancy it, it becomes a grievance to the public who may have the misfortune to possess speedy jades, which lose their sole chance of distinction, and a still greater grievance to the breeders of horses, because all unnecessary restrictions are detrimental to the sport, and will deteriorate the price of stock, and injure, to a great extent, the prosperity of Newmarket.

I therefore propose to keep the riotous young jockeys under fear by suspension; there are 100 lads equally capable and ready to fill their vacancies; to limit the sweepstakes made over night to eight subscribers; and not to dictate to gentlemen what courses we prohibit them to run.

13, BERKELEY SQUARE, }
15th April, 1863. }

Yours, etc.,
H. I. ROUS.

[This letter upon the "Art of Starting Horses" is not of recent date; but we think the subject of so much importance to the interests of horse-racing that it was our intention to include it in our first number. Want of space compelled us to postpone it to our second issue.—EDS.]

FRENCH INVITATION TO FOREIGN SPORTSMEN.

"Here be sport indeed."—SHAKESPEARE.

WE take occasion to print in these columns the following singular announcement. There is about it a mingled quaintness and *naïveté* of the most amusing character. We prefer giving the English translation, as sent over from Paris, which, by its idiomatic construction, and the defiance of all common rules of grammar and punctuation, increases the grotesqueness of the "invitation."

"**LION HUNT.**—Invitation to courageous huntsmen of all nations to hunt lions, panthers, and other wild beasts in Algeria, under the direction of M. Pertuiset, the lion killer.

"M. Pertuiset invites hunters of the large feline race to accompany him to Algeria in order to assist and take part in hunts worthy of Nemrod, and to face and openly fire upon, in broad daylight, the king of animals.

"**Hunting Regulations.**—**LION HUNTING.**—Two grand special battues of lions will take place every week with the assistance of from 100 to 200 native beaters; it will be expressly forbidden to shoot at any other animal except lion. The amateur huntsmen will be assembled in parties of three, more or less, according to circumstances, M. Pertuiset alone excepted who will always make it a pleasure to occupy alone the more dangerous post. The night hunts will, when weather permits it, be made in ambush. *A wild Boar, Hyena, Panther, Porcupine, Lynx, Tiger-Cat, Chacal, etc., hunt.* Will take place twice every week with the assistance of a numerous troop of beaters; on these occasions the huntsmen will have the right of firing at all kinds of animals without restriction.

"**Shooting matches.**—A shooting match will be held once or twice a week, as may be more agreeable to the huntsmen. The number of lion hunts may be increased as often as the presence of lions is discovered in the neighbourhood of the encampment. The departure is fixed for the month of February

next. The duration of the hunting expedition will not be longer than three months or less than two months and a half, the time occupied in travelling included. Each subscriber will be warned a month previous to the day fixed for departure. The general rendezvous will be at Marseilles.

"Conditions for subscription.—M. Pertuiset undertakes to provide for the general expenses of the expedition, i. e., travelling expenses, transport of luggage, nourishment, lodgings, camping, material, beaters, servants, etc., etc. At the rate of : *four thousand five hundred francs* a head. The number of subscribers is limited to 50 hunters.

"Notice to subscribers.—Each sportsman is required to provide himself with a double barrelled rifle for exploding balls, a fowling piece, a revolver, and a huntsman's knife. A complete hunting costume made according to a pattern furnished by M. Pertuiset. M. Pertuiset, in order to secure a great success to this first expedition, will provide the sportsmen with exploding balls, which are only to make use of at Lion Hunts.

"Committee.—*Director* commanding the expedition M. Pertuiset. Three hunting lieutenants, to be named by the subscribers in a general assembly. The above will, in conjunction with the director, draw up the definite rules for the expedition. Every animal killed will be considered as belonging by right to the person who killed it, all disputes are to be referred to the committee, whose judgment is to be definitive,

"Prizes offered by the Director.—Two handsome double barrelled rifles, to be given by the general votes of all the hunters as a reward and souvenir to the two sportsmen who shall have given the greatest proofs of courage and dexterity. All the members will be admitted to concert, except M. Pertuiset. In addition to the above, a bronze medal, in remembrance of the expedition will be presented to each subscriber having formed part of the expedition. This medal will have engraved on its reverse the name of each hunter. A widely circulated Paris paper will publish every week a detailed account of the hunts taken from notes forwarded by a literary gentleman accompanying the expedition. These memorandums will be submitted for approval to the director. After the return of the expedition to France the director will publish an illustrated work containing an account of the hunting parties. Good and comfortable living."

The assurance of abundance of sport, the air of cut and dry certainty of facing and "openly firing upon, in broad daylight, the king of animals," is conceived in the best *ad captandum* style of advertisement, by which common and necessarily palpable qualities are made to assume the character of peculiar excellencies. We are not aware, for instance, that it is a common practice to fire at lions without facing them, or to hunt the king of animals in the dark, although M. Pertuiset does take care to let it be known that even the nights of the expedition will not be lost, stating, with somewhat of qualification as to weather, that the "night hunts (?) will be made in ambush."

Lions, of course, are to be abundantly found. We find, indeed, that they are to be so conveniently numerous that two special *battues* are to be held weekly. This is matter of fact enough, but let our readers mark the genius of the writer of the announcement, who, by one of those delicate touches which only masters in literature can give, makes Algeria positively swarm with the royal game. He says that at these *battues* "it will be expressly forbidden to shoot at any other animal

except lion," not at "lions," mind you, but "lion," even as one would say "snipe."

The courage with which M. Pertuiset will assume the post of danger is worthy of Gallic gallantry. There is, however, one little difficulty about this that strikes us rather strongly. In such cases the post of danger is exactly the place where one is surest of getting a shot, and if sportsmen pay M. Pertuiset to be permitted to shoot lions, they may possibly grudge that gentleman all the best chances.

We do not pretend to know the cost of such an expedition, but allowing that it lasts over the mean of the two periods named—say eleven weeks—we think that the sum of £180 should be able to procure every comfort a true sportsman demands, and that if the subscription list fills, £9,000 should command an ample supply of beaters and camp attendants. Nothing is said of sportsmen's personal servants. We are somewhat puzzled by the proposed shooting matches. Men do not go to Algeria to hold shooting matches twice a week. Can it be that "lion" are not so abundant, after all, and time must be filled up?

Explosive shells are to be provided for the lion hunts, and M. Pertuiset insists upon each sportsman being dressed and equipped according to rule. This we incline to think an error on his part, for old sportsmen will not quite see the propriety of laying aside their proved and favourite weapons; and similarity in dress will be a frequent cause of difficulty as to the identity of the successful shot, when "disputes are referred to the committee."

The prizes and the bronze medals will be interesting *souvenirs* of this expedition, and we are informed that it will be crowned with the dignity of history. Not only will a literary gentleman accompany the expedition, for the purpose of forwarding "memorandums" (first wisely revised by M. Pertuiset, whose abilities, like *Bottom's*, extend over all subjects) to a widely circulated Paris newspaper, but, after the return of the expedition, the last named indefatigable and irrepressible gentleman will himself publish an illustrated narrative of the hunting parties.

Seriously, although we have treated the matter from a humorous point of view, we by no means wish to throw discredit upon this undertaking. We must make allowances for national peculiarities, and we wish the expedition every success. We shall be glad to receive copies of the widely circulated Paris newspaper in due time, and will cheerfully aid in giving publicity to the hunting adventures. We wonder if the "literary gentleman" referred to is he who drew up the advertisement. If he be, we may look for some thrilling passages "worthy of Nemrod's hunts," and we shall enjoy them all the more if each subscriber be painted as a hero, daring to face and openly fire upon the king of animals, in broad daylight!—*Sporting Gazette*.

[The above is the extract which we referred to in "The Month" of our last issue; but the pressure on our space, caused by the reports of the three great Race Meetings, compelled us to postpone its publication.—Eds.]

CANDIDATES FOR THE DERBY, 1868.

AFTER the Marquis of Hastings, the most determined amongst the competitors for next year's Derby, to judge by the number of entries, are the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Thomas, each of whom entered nine candidates. The Duke of Newcastle's hopes were represented by Head Centre, son of King Tom; Speculum, son of Vedett; East Indian, son of Orlando; Talk o'-th'-Hill, son of Wild Dayrell; Ultor, son of Vengeance; Castête, daughter of Trumpeter; Belphegor, son of Beadsman; Prince Regent, son of Gemma di Vergy; and Under-the-Rose, son of Underhand. Mr. Thomas entered as his champions Typhœus, son of Stockwell; Bel Giorno, son of Orlando; Strike-a-Light, son of St. Albans; a bay colt, son of Newminster and Diomedea; a bay colt, son of Newminster and Entremet; Liquidator, son of Dundee; Wimborne, son of Newminster; Puff, son of Marsyas; and Thunderstorm, son of Weatherbit. Of the Duke of Newcastle's nine, Head Centre did not get known favourably or unfavourably to fame; Speculum, who ran the extraordinary number of seventeen races, was beaten by Lady Elizabeth's Suffolk and others for the Althorp Park Stakes, won a Sweepstakes of £200 at Newmarket from Witchcraft and others, was beaten by Vex for the hopeful Stakes of £250 at Doncaster, won the Betting Room Stakes of £155 at Doncaster from Bismarck and others, was beaten by Le Sarrazin for the Woodcote Stakes of £940 at Epsom, was beaten by Cecrops and others (including Formosa) for the Queen's Stand Plate of £370 at Ascot, was beaten by Cecrops for the Clumber Cup of £220 at Windsor, won a Plate of £100 at Newmarket from Ritualist and two others, won the Ryhill stakes of £380 at Stamford from Pompier and two others, was beaten by Veda for the Brighton Club Biennial Stakes of £215, won the Priory Stakes of 315 at Lewes from Mariner and others, was beaten by Leonie and others for the County Cup of 270 at Lewes, was beaten by Friponnier and two others for the Fitzwilliam Stakes of £150 at Doncaster, won the Revival Plate of £100 at Doncaster from Timaru and others, won a Trial Selling Stakes of £110 at Newmarket from Philosopher and others, won a plate of £50 at Newmarket from King Alfred and others, and was beaten by Cheltenham for a Handicap Plate of £200 at Newmarket. East Indian had nothing recorded for or against him, and was lately reported to be dead. Nor did Talk-o'-th'-Hill perform in public, according to the records. Ultor was beaten by Ninny and others for the Little John Stakes of £195 at Nottingham, and by Pyrenees and others for the Harrington Plate of £170 at Derby. Castête had nothing in the way of victory or defeat against her name. Belphegor won a Sweepstakes of £160 at Newmarket from Pyrenees and others, was beaten by India and others for a Handicap Sweepstakes of £180 at Newmarket, was beaten by Weather Isle and others for the March Stakes of £225 at Goodwood, was beaten by Minnie Warren for a Handicap

Sweepstakes of £380 at Doncaster, was beaten by Bounceaway for the Portland Plate of £520 at Doncaster, and was beaten by Minnie Warren and Weather Isle for the Nursery Handicap of £370 at Kelso. Prince Regent was beaten by Suffolk and many others for the Newmarket Two-year-Old Plate of £200 last April, by Returned for a Handicap Plate of £50 at Newmarket, and by Beauty and others for a Handicap Sweepstakes of £145 last September. Under-the-Rose was unknown to fame or disgrace. Of Mr. Thomas's nine, the Diomedea colt, the Entremet colt, and Wimborne were unknown to fame or disgrace; Typhæus was beaten for the Middle Park Plate of £4,410 by Green Sleeve and several others, and won a Sweepstakes of £2,600 at Newmarket from Pace and Vale Royal; Bel Giorno was beaten for the Lavant Stakes of £1,200 at Goodwood by Athena, was beaten by Blue Gown (disqualified) and Virtue for the Champagne Stakes of £1,475 at Doncaster, won the Kilburn Stakes of £135 at Ayr from Weather Isle and two others, won the Nursery Plate of £139 at Ayr from Pocket Hercules and others, and was beaten by Rosierucian, Leonie, and others for the Criterion Stakes of £1,240 at Newmarket; Strike-a-Light was beaten by Nike and others for the Blankney Stakes of £185 at Lincoln, by Nimy and others for the Brocklesby Stakes of £470 at Lincoln, and by Lady Valentine and others for a Selling Plate of £50 at Ascot; Liquidator was beaten by Purveyor for a Sweepstakes of £40 at Chelmsford, by Meliora and See-Saw for the Ramsey Abbey Nursery Handicap of £269 at Huntingdon, by Historian and five others for a Handicap Plate of £50 at Goodwood, by Redivivus, The Earl, and Herennianus for the Nursery Handicap of £115 at Warwick, and by Cornet and Pero for the Castle Donnington Nursery Plate of £100 at Leicester; Puff was beaten by Hippias and others for a Plate of £50 at Newmarket, won a match (£50) against Lady Souham at Newmarket, and won the Rectory Stakes of £175 from La Belle Jeanne at Newmarket; and Thunderstorm was beaten for the Hardwicke Stakes of £460 by Kingsland and others at Stockton, won the Prince of Wales's Stakes of £240 at York from Belfast and some others, and was beaten by Ouragan, The Earl, and another for the Bedford Stakes of £450 at Newmarket. Of course either the Duke of Newcastle or Mr. Thomas may have a Blair Athol amongst the candidates which have not hitherto performed in public, but, according to the records, the Duke of Newcastle's candidates are not yet dangerous, and Mr. Thomas's candidates are not the most promising amongst the public performers. If the Duke of Newcastle be destined to win the Derby, he must hold some animal in reserve, for Speculum is perhaps the best of his public performers, and though Speculum has won eight races (and £1,410) out of seventeen, the very number of races he has run, the moderate competitors he has beaten, and the style of stakes for which he has contended, do not encourage one to hope much from Speculum. Mr. Thomas's best are, according to public performance, Bel Giorno and Typhæus. Bel Giorno ran creditably in decent company, and won two races (and

£274) out of five; and Typhæus ran two races, and won one (and £2,600). And when he did win, Typhæus had the honour of beating Pace, who has beaten several of the more prominent two-year-olds.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

I AM ignorant of the cause, but there appears to me to be an unusually large number of officers, late of the H. E. I. C. S., now of H. M.'s Indian Army, in the metropolis. I meet them everywhere. If I go into my tailor's, he is sure to be encircling the lean and brown form of some yellow and wrinkled major, who is about (with some misgiving) to permit his beloved Rankin, which is like a dressing gown in a fit, to be replaced by a Poole "frock." At my bootmaker's some shambling lieutenant (and interpreter) will be getting rid of his "Cawnpore shoes," fearfully and wonderfully made, in the same way. I see my doctor, into whose consulting room my windows look without any disguise, all the morning beating military chests, and kneading livers, the proprietors of which drive up in a Hansom, smoking a No. 2 Manilla cheroot, and exchanging joste of an ancient pattern with the cabman. The "Cabbage Stalk" (which was once, I have heard, with its neighbour, the "Old Hunderums," resorted to by gay youth) is full of them; for the Indian officer is leal and true to his early loves, and returns after twenty years in the jungle with a touching belief that the world has not moved since he "went out." So is the Burlington Arcade, where Raikes of the Staff Corps is always meeting Binnie, of the Tigers, and arranging to meet at tiffin to-morrow, or to call on each other's sisters and sing duets. They all sing, these brown heroes, more or less, less generally, their delight being the ultra-sentimental ballads of a bygone age, which having had the power to wring their manly breast before it was covered by a shell jacket, they believe in now, and esteem the choicest gems of song. They will both go to the theatre in the evening, and having laughed louder than any six men, and proclaimed that "Jennie Grant, our old regimental surgeon, used to do that fellow Buckstone, Sir, by Gad, the cleverest thing you ever saw," finish the evening at Paddy Green's, whose genial presence, wig, and snuff-box were cherished institutions with them while they were at Addiscombe and Haileybury. Next to "Grindlay & Company," which firm he believes to be a match for any calamity not involving loss of life, the Indian officer believes most in bitter beer, of which he drinks awful quantities, and Hansoms, between which innocent luxuries goes most of his pocket-money. He has, I am happy to say, given up the far more costly relaxations into which, some few years ago, he used to dip. He was an awful fool once, the lieutenant and interpreter, and used to go to Newmarket.

and bet, and to Baden and play, with a sublime faith in his own intellectual resources, which, had it not been pathetic, would have been ludicrous in the extreme. But a couple of real good things Across the Flat, and the three weeks of an infallible system, on the board of green cloth, summoned up what remnant of sense had been left in the lieutenant's head, and he gave up the idea of putting the world right at racing or roulette. He now manages, as a rule, to look after his rupees uncommonly well; and if you see a "soldier" recklessly disbursing nowadays, it would be ill-advised to say (as we once safely might) "Dum-Dum on sick leave."—*Sporting Gazette*.

LIVERPOOL CUP.

Mon Professor, I have vonce more, for ze last time, for ze *veritable* final, final, been to ze races. *Mon ami*, ze Lord Saveus say to me, "Baron, you must really see ze last act of ze Comedy of Error, and come wiz me to Aintree. I go, if only to make my *adieux* to ze queer looking faces, or rather ze pell mell of grimaces dat have haunted me all trough ze summare, and see ze remains of ze horses dat have gallop so many miles for ze benefit of every vun but zemselves and zeir backares. Zes run for nine months, and produce noting, not even a mouse. Beside dis, I take ze grand opportunity to look ovare ze panorama of ze greatest commercial city in ze provinces of England. Ze miles of docks, and ze forest of mast, I find *très intéressant*. Ze town, alzough magnificent in parts, I observe have to extreme for vat, is not fine is filthy and frousty, and ze dirtiest set of *cannille* for vorking class I have evare encountare, I nevar meet wiz so many mixture. Zare, in all his glory, is ze tinkare, sailor, soldier, ze aposecaire, ze ploughboy, and thief, of which lattare zare are no end. Zare is ze Irish by ze tousand, ze Scotch by ze colouny, ze Velsh by ze herd (ze chambermaid vas Velsh,) plenty of niggare, all sort of foreignare, but varo few English. I see scarce any Englishmans; ze reason of vich I take to be, dat ze Englishman *de pur sang* cannot live wiz ze lousy and loppoty, and dat he is an animal of sensitive sink, frank, in caractare, and fond of labour, and naturally avoid *les* Paddies, *les* Sawnies, and *les* Taffies, who are clans of zemselves, talk treason, cat lecks, and scratch zier backs to ze tune of "God Bless ze Duke of Argyle."

Ven I get on to ze course, I perceive *toute suite*, for it vas as clear as tasky in Italy, zet zo gentilmans sportsman have had enough of aparting, and paying away ze ready roudy for zo present year; and dat zes would not put in ze appearance in les numbare as vas anticipate. I meet vare few of my friends, and ze "betters," professional, amateur, and zose who can't live vizout velshing, tet ze ball a rolling,

and have ze game to zemselves, and *certainement* zes carry it on wis great spirit, as if zes vas determino ezare to lay in for ze vintair, or lay out for ze spring. As I am sure zare are plenty of zem as vell as zeir account, stand ze Christmas roasting, and von't see ze Gate, or catch ze eye of Cerberus, until ze snow is off zo ground, and ze bell vonce more toll ze knell of departing ponies. Howevare, for last time *positively*, I trow my "Golgotha" into ze Ring and follow *immédiatement* myself, vare ve vos receive wiz zat hearty welcome vich assure me dat ze backares of horses, vare as scarce as sprats at midsummare. It is not ze first time I have see ze Liverpool Cup run for and I know ze old dodge, ze favourites nevare carry it away wiz zeom; it is ze *celebre* milking ground, and ze cow have to keep up ze firm trew ze vintare months. I put on my considering cap, and first of all I tink vat have my friend "Becon" say? I veigh him vell ovare, *mais* somehow I don't quite like him, so I say to myself vat ze deuco shall I stand? If Honesty vin it vil ruin ze Turf, for zes von't have dat at any price, and it vill be many a long day before it come to dat ignominious end; it vould turn every sing topsy turvy, and break half its supportares. It vill nevare take dat turn in our time. Regalia is slow as a crown head, have lost her form, and trown ovaro ze public vich support her. I von't give her my favour *until she come out again as she used to do!* Old Moulsey may go to Bath and Wells, zes are both out of season, and vant doing ovare afresh before zes carry anysing of mine. Caithness, wiz its fancy bet, I don't understand; but ze fellow who presume to know more of ozer people's business than his own got well bitten, and "sarvo him right," as the Welsh jury zay. Next come ze Knight of ze Gartare, a gallant nag as vun vould vish to see, and I have great thoughts he vould do ze trick, but ven I look at ze 4lb overweight, I say to Machell, "My friend, *vous vous trompez*, he can't do it," but ze captain vas *très sanguine*, and tell me he vas quite confidant it vould "come of all right." Still as I could not see how he could afford to give away 4lb unnecessarily, I keep my mouth shut. Aftare ze race I tink he seem sorry for this mistake. Having dispose of him, I come directly in my mind to ze Mandrake. I remembare his running, and dat he is game as a cock; so aftare I turn him and his performance ovare two or three minutes, I shut my eyes for luck, and take ze price offire in all quartares—twenty ponies to vun. All press me, and press me so to "go on," dat I rush up into ze stand and sit down wiz *les dames*, quite convince I have say *adieu* to my last pony for 1867. But ven I see him at ze distance, and everyting near him challenge him wizout success, and ven he look round sly at ze Knight as if to defy him to lower his plume and pride, I vas altogezare surpriso as vas vare many ozares; for it seem in any ignorance I have back ze wrong horse, and zat ze stable have support ze littel corporèl.

Zare are so many different opinion concerning ze race itself, dat if you vas not zare, it vould be altogezare impossible to come to a just conclusion. Some say it vas false run troughout, and dat excep

for ze scrimmage at ze last turn, Mandrake would not have been vun of ze first trees. Again, ze say dat if Caithness vas not shut out he could not have lose; and dat but for ze 4lb extra ze Knight would von ze tourney! In fact zes make plenty of excuse for everyting dat start excep for ze vinnares; for all vat zes say I cannot help tink, but ze best horse have pull trew on his merit, and I feel I am right; particularly ven I pocket my twenty ponies. While I vas talk ovare ze chance of ze Pcer wiz Lord Stamfor, who say, "He did not tink he would quite vin, he vas really afraid he had a 'soft place,'" up come *le jeune* Marquis laaghing at me. "Vell, Baron," he say, "I hear you have back ze wrong horse, that's capital; I can only tell you I have been doing so so often lately, that I am quite used to it; *but not with your luck.*" I tell to him, "I am sorry to hear it," ven he reply—"Yes, Baron, but you must not believe *un half dat you hear.* If some impudent scribblers were made members of ze antepoke-your-nose into ozer-people's-business-society, they might save dat inquisitive organ much suffering, beside ze chances of being put out of tune." After vich ve come up to London, to see ze Lord Mayor's show, and dine with "his worship." Professor, I tink ve vill have a leetel hunting; vat do you say? are you good in ze pig-skin?—*Nous verrons.*

—*Sporting Gazette.*

A. H. B.

SALE OF THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS'S STUD.

IN accordance with the resolution come to by the Marquis of Hastings to reduce his leviathan stud, the whole of his lordship's horses in training (fifty-one in number) were put up to auction on Saturday last, on Stockbridge Racecourse, where all those upon whom no reserved price had been placed met with a ready sale.

The sale was entrusted to the management of Messrs. Tattersall, who having arranged with the officials of the South-Western Railway for a "special," a company of about three hundred, the greater portion of whom were pleasure visitors, availed themselves of the accommodation, and reached the town of Stockbridge about eleven o'clock, whence they were conveyed to the downs by omnibuses and carriages, of which there were more than a sufficient supply. The day was dull and freezingly cold; but that did not prevent the company enjoying themselves, first by partaking of a cold luncheon at the nominal charge of five shillings—an arrangement that excluded the *canaille*, though the price was far too much for such a "spread,"—the wines being supplied, *ad libitum*, at the cost of the Marquis of Hastings; and next, in inspecting the horses for sale, all of which were paraded in the valley in front of the Grand Stand for fully an

hour before the proceedings commenced. This they were afforded an excellent opportunity of doing, as the whole string, numbering fifty-two, were all stripped, with the exception of the two Derby "cracks," *Lady Elizabeth* and *The Earl*. Next to this pair the yearlings naturally attracted the most attention, and, as usual in all such cases, opinions were greatly divided respecting their merits, the general impression being that they were, for so large a number, a very good lot, though many of the *cognoscenti* thought otherwise. It was considerably past one o'clock before the tap of Mr. Edmund Tattersall's hammer summoned the company around the rostrum—placed for shelter from the cold east wind at the back of the new subscription stand—from whence were shortly to be dispersed considerably more than a moiety of, perhaps, the most valuable stud ever owned by nobleman or commoner.

A capacious ring was formed at the back of the weighing stand, and amongst those present we noticed the Marquis of Hastings, Duke of Hamilton, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Jersey, Marquis of Drogheda, Hon. Colonel Forester, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Mr. R. Sutton, Mr. T. T. Drake, Captain Machell, Captain Hawksley, Mr. T. V. Morgan, Lord Gardiner, Colonel Taylor, M.P., Mr. W. H. R. Powell, Captain Bastard, Mr. Crawshaw, Mr. Cavaliero, Mr. Mannington, Mr. T. Blenkiron, and many others—bookmakers, trainers, &c., the principal representatives of the latter, besides John Day, being Joseph Dawson, J. Watson, Wm. Day, H. Goater, T. Stephens, I. Woolcot, R. Milton, &c. Mr. Tattersall commenced the proceedings by a short, pithy address, appropriate to the matter in hand, which included a sharp and deserved reprimand to that portion of the sporting press which by their absurd bleatings had striven to spoil the sale—the writer specially referred to, Mr. Tattersall wishes it to be understood, being "Augur," that "meddling, prying bore," as he is termed in *Echoes of the Clubs*, whom he had occasion to "haul over the coals" in the same public manner for his unwarrantable attack on Mr. Ten Broeck not long since,—after which Mr. Tattersall announced that the horses would be disposed of under Lord Exeter's conditions, an arrangement that was imperative, considering the magnitude of the engagements of the youngsters and three-year-olds, which in the aggregate amounted to nearly £32,000, whilst the forfeits reached close upon a moiety of that sum. The sale commenced with the yearlings, and the twenty-one lots (including those bought in) realised 9,395 guineas, or an average of a little over 447 guineas, which, however large, must be regarded as only a factitious value, for were not the greater number of them heavily engaged, with the option to their purchasers of running them for only such races as they think fit, nothing like the prices realised would have been obtained. The twenty-one yearlings were the progeny of fourteen sires, as there were four *Trumpeters*, three *Dundees*, two *Stockwells*, and two *Weatherbits*, whilst *Orlando*, *Newminster*, *St. Albans*, *Thunderbolt*, *Oxford*, *Ace of Clubs*, *Buccaneer*, *Leamington*, *Thormanby*, and *Kettledrum* had

each one representative. *Stockwell* held the pride of place, as his two averaged 1,225 guineas, and after the *Emperor of Stallions* came *Trumpeter*, whose four realised 2,670 guineas, being an average of 667 guineas. The three *Dundees* only fetched 650 guineas, or 217 guineas each; and the two *Weatherbits* 475 guineas, being 237½ guineas each; whilst the highest price given for any of the "single birds" was for the daughter of *Orlando* and *Bouquet*, who sold for 510 guineas.

The horses in training were next disposed of, the pretty *Redcap* being first brought out. Though with a callous near foreleg, he went sound enough, and looked so fresh that Mr. T. Hughes bought him for 200 guineas. *John Davis* came next, and occasioned some warm competition, the chief bidders being the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. T. Hughes, the latter of whom gave in on his reaching 1,000 guineas, and this stout son of *Voltigeur* is very likely henceforth to be oftener seen in the steeple-chase field than on the flat, though it is very questionable if he will ever make so good a jumper as he was a racehorse. The little wonder, *Lecturer* (who though less muscular than when he carried off the Ascot Cup and Alexandra Plate, looked remarkably well,) came next; but as there was a general idea that he would not be allowed to leave Danbury, there were only two bids for him; and he was bought in at 750 guineas. *Black Prince* was wanted by Sir Frederick Johnstone to make a hunter; and as few fancied him besides, he got him cheap enough for 220 guineas. *Miss Havelock*, looking better and much fresher on her legs than at any previous period this year, was next introduced, but as the fight for her lay only between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Denman, it was not long protracted, the latter giving in on her reaching 460 guineas, or 1,040 guineas less than the Marquis of Hastings gave Mr. Joseph Wood for her in the spring at Chester. *Lord of the Dales* was wanted by so many, for stud purposes we suppose, as he appeared to be unsound in his near forefetlock—that he was run up to 500 guineas, just a moiety of the sum given for him after running third in the Metropolitan at Epsom in the spring. *Challenge* was next brought into the arena, looking wonderfully well, considering the hard work he has had the past season. The bidding for this good and handsome son of *Trumpeter* was "short, sharp, and decisive." The first offer was 1,000 guineas by Mr. Cavaliero, of Vienna, which was supplemented by a bid of 1,500 guineas from Mr. Brayley, but a further 500 from the first-named gentleman secured him for the Emperor of Austria's private racing stud, which is trained at Kladrub, in Bohemia, where there is also a large private breeding establishment for both race and carriage horses for the use of the Emperor and the court. It numbers altogether about 400, and in addition to some ten or a dozen brood mares bought in this country, the well-known English stallions, *Fandango*, *Blue Jacket*, *Lismore*, and *Macbeth*, are quartered there. *Fandango's* stock, Mr. Cavaliero informs us, have run remarkably well, and there are no roarers amongst them. Before being put to the stud, *Challenge* will be kept in training, and is likely to prove a formidable rival to *Rama* for the

principal prizes, as well as for those run in other parts of South Germany and Hungary, whither the conqueror of *Lord Lyon* has lately been deported. *King's Cross* was bought for 160 guineas by Joseph Dawson to go to Scotland; and *Uncas* was taken by Mr. Blenkiron for 200 guineas, on commission, we presume, for well-bred as he is, by *Stockwell* out of *Prairie Bird* by *Touchstone*, from the fact of the horse being a bad roarer, Mr. B. would hardly use him for breeding purposes. *Red Riband*, who will make a useful country plater, was bought by Mr. Wright for 150 guineas; and the beautiful *Ines* was sold "dirt cheap" to Mr. Mannington for 500 guineas, which wound up the sale of the elder horses in training. *Ines* has gone into Drewitt's stable, at Lewes, to be trained.

The two-year-olds, twenty in number, next came on the *tapis*, the first introduced being *Equerry*, a brown colt by *Stockwell* out of *Miss Terresdale* (dam of *Stanton*), for whom there was no bidding, and he was bought in, as were the next two lots, *Purser*, by *Caterer* out of *Sylphine*, and *Little Prince*, by *Orlando* out of *Volley*. *The Earl* was next led into the arena clothed, but was soon divested of his "rags," when he elicited encomiums from all sides; and well deserved they were, for whilst his four white legs and blaze face detract considerably from his appearance, he is a strong, lengthy, muscular horse, and though he unmistakably lacks quality—the great desideratum of a racehorse—he is sure, from the form he has already shown, to have a still more distinguished career. Mr. Sutton (who everybody will be glad to hear is "coming out" again) put him in at 2,000 guineas, which was supplemented by a bid of 2,500 guineas by Captain Machell, and between the pair a hot contest continued until the latter reached 6,000 guineas, a price many thought would have been accepted; but a further bid of a "century" by Sir Frederick Johnstone prevented his changing hands, and he returned to Danebury. *See-Saw*, looking as rough and ragged as a Shetland pony, was next introduced, and occasioned some surprisingly lively competition, the result of which was that Mr. Cartwright secured him for Lord Wilton at the high figure of 2,300 guineas—an advance of 1,600 guineas upon the sum he originally fetched at Mr. R. Bell's sale. The big *Boreas*, by *Weatherbit* out of *Butterfly*, fired on his knees, who bolted with *Fordham* on his two appearances in public, went dear enough to Mr. Jay for 105 guineas; and the good-looking *Mameluke* fell to the same gentleman for 1,050 guineas, after a sharp fight with Mr. Sutton. *Belfast*, another really clever, useful horse, as he proved by winning several times during the season, was bid for with considerable spirit, and at last fell to Mr. Heene for 700 guineas. *Lady Barbara*, looking very rough, but full of herself, as she was as playful as a kitten, was bought for a brood mare by Captain Barlow for 200 guineas; and Mr. Blenkiron secured *Traviata* (the *Stockwell* and *Orlando* cross) for the same purpose, and though rather small, the latter was very cheap for 125 guineas. The "dark" *Grand Duchess*, by *Stockwell* out of *Tobolski* by *Sosikol*, whom John Day, owing to splints, was unable to train last season, is a fine and

particularly good-looking filly, and went cheap enough to the Duke of Newcastle for 520 guineas, for breeding purposes alone. *Cuckoo* was not put up, owing to a notice having been served on the Marquis of Hastings not to sell her, pending the legal proceedings about to be taken in Scotland, in connection with the disputed race at Ayr. *Naiveté* (bought in) fell to Sir F. Johnstone's bid of 700 guineas; and Milton, Lord Portsmouth's stud groom, came over from Hurstborne Park specially to buy *Housemaid*, by *Stockwell* out of *Scrubbing Brush*, and he got her cheap enough for 150 guineas, considering the famous staying blood in her veins; *Scrubbing Brush* being by *Touchstone* out of *The Broom* by *Van Tromp*, her dam *Miss Martin* by *Voltaire*. *Jasmin*, a good shaped filly by *St. Albans*, was also bought for the stud by Mr. Sniewing very cheap for 100 guineas; and merely to "fill a truck," as he remarked, Mr. T. Hughes took *Macduff* to Epsom for 110 guineas—plenty of money for such a spindle-legged diffor. *Minnie Warren*, a good public performer, was bid for with considerable spirit, the chief operators being Lord Uxbridge and Mr. Denman, the latter of whom gave in on her reaching 400 guineas, and a further "tencer" secured her for his lordship. *Athena* next made her appearance, and unquestionably appeared to have made more improvement than any of the party—an opinion that was evidently entertained by the principal buyers present. Mr. T. V. Morgan put her in at 1,000 guineas, and a succession of bids of two and three hundred at a time soon brought her to double that figure, when a pause ensued, which was broken by Mr. Padwick bidding 2,100 guineas, at which figure he became the owner of this splendid filly, who will continue to be trained at Danebury. Next came the peerless pearl of the stud, *Lady Elizabeth*, who, ridden by a tiny lad, bounded with elastic spring into the centre of the ring, and with head erect and ears pricked, looked every inch a queen. Young John Day was about to divest her of her clothing, when Mr. Tattersall interposed, and begged that the company would not "require her ladyship stripped," to which appeal there was at once a general assent, doubtless induced by the freeing most of the visitors must have suffered from, and which prevented the "crack" being received with the enthusiasm one might have expected from the brilliancy of her performances. That some leviathan was expected to buy her was evident from Mr. Tattersall persistently enquiring "Would anybody put her in at 10,000 guineas?" To this there was no response; and after a moment's pause he put her in himself at 5,000 guineas, when Captain Macholl responded with "5,500 guineas," which was supplemented by the offer of another "monkey," but by whom we did not see. Another pause ensued, when Sir Frederick Johnstone bid 6,100 guineas, and at that figure she was knocked down to him—bought in. The horses in training thus made the sum of 28,100 guineas, which, together with the 9,395 guineas realised by the sale of the yearlings, caused the grand total ostensibly to amount to 37,495 guineas.

The following is a correct list of the prices and purchasers of the different lots, and may be relied upon as official.

YEARLINGS.

	Gs.
Lady-Di, br f by St. Albans out of Lady Vernon(Bought in)	190
Leda, br f by Dundee out of The Belle, by Birdcatcher(Mr. Cockin)	110
Ænope, b f by Weatherbit out of Triangle.....(Lord Uxbridge)	105
The Conjuror, b c by Newminster out of Madame Stodare by Sleight of Hand(Mr. Pryor)	300
Jove, b c by Thunderbolt out of Melody, by Bay Middleton(Mr. Cartwright)	430
Rowallan, br c by Dundee out of Maggie Lauder(Bought in)	340
Bathsheba, b f by Trumpeter out of Miserrima, by Pantaloon (Mr. Pryor)	750
Arbaces, ch c by Oxford out of Van Tromp mare (Isis's dam) (Bought in)	420
King of Clubs, ch c by Ace of Clubs—Homily, by Surplice (D. of Hamilton)	220
Lopez, b c by Buccaneer out of Creeping Rose by Surplice ... (Bought in)	280
Iberia, b f by Weatherbit out of Maid of Palmyra by Pyrrhus the First(Bought in)	370
Merrymaker, b c by Trumpeter—Mapole by Sweetmeat (Sir F. Johnstone)	300
Lord Bothwell, b c by Dundee Little Woman by Kingston(Mr. T. V. Morgan)	200
Kamschatka, b f by Trumpeter—Tzaritzza by Touchstone(Mr. J. Stephenson)	620
Lord Warwick, ch c by Leamington out of Lady Bertha (Mr. T. Hughes)	100
Brown colt by Kettledrum out of Amethyst by Touchstone(Lord Uxbridge)	200
Chesnut colt by Thormanby out of Breeze by Storm(Mr. Jamieson)	500
Bay filly by Orlando out of Bouquet by Bay Middleton.....(Bought in)	510
Basilia, ch f by Trumpeter out of Energy by Weatherbit(Mr. E. C. Clayton)	1,000
Lady Cecilia, b f by Stockwell out of Bay Celia by Orlando... (Bought in)	1,650
Robespierre, ch c by Stockwell out of Marseillaise by Bay Middleton (Captain Machell)	800

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Redcap, by Fandango out of Peggy Whitethroat, 6 yrs...(Mr. T. Hughes)	200
John Davis, by Voltigeur out of Jamaica, 6 yrs.(Duke of Hamilton)	1,000
Lecturer, by Colsterdale out of Algebra, 4 yrs.....(Bought in)	750
Black Prince, by Voltiguer out of Spots, 4 yrs.....(Sir F. Johnstone)	220
Miss Havelock, by Rafaplan out of Qui Vive, 4 yrs. (Duke of Newcastle)	460
Lord of the Dules, br c by Colsterdale—Colleen Bawn, 3 yrs.(Lord Uxbridge)	500
Challenge, b c by Trumpeter out of Princess Alice by Prime Minister, 3 yrs.(Mr. Cavaliero)	2,000
King's Cross, br g by St. Albans out of Eleanor, 3 yrs....(Mr. J. Dawson)	160
Uncas, br c by Stockwell out of Prairie Bird, 3 yrs(Mr. Blenkiron)	200
Red Riband, br f by Van Galen out of Ornament, 3 yrs(Mr. Wright)	150
Ines, b f by Newminster out of Barcelona, 3 yrs.(Mr. Mannington)	500
Equerry, by Stockwell out of Miss Teesdale, 2 yrs.....(Bought in)	200
Purser, by Caterer out of Sylphine, 2 yrs.....(Bought in)	100
Little Prince, by Orlando out of Volley, 2 yrs(Bought in)	190
The Earl, by Young Melbourne out of Bay Celia, 2 yrs.....(Bought in)	6,100
See-Saw, by Buccaneer out of Margery Daw, 2 yrs.....(Lord Wilton)	2,300
Boreas, by Weatherbit—Butterfly by Knight of the Whistle, 2 yrs (Mr. Jay)	105
Mameluke, by Stockwell out of Leila, 2 yrs(Mr. Jay)	1,050
Belfast, by Stockwell out of Bessie Bell, 2 yrs(Mr. Hoene)	700
Lady Barbara, by Lambton out of First Fly, 2 yrs.....(Captain Barlow)	200
Traviata, by Stockwell out of Strayway, 2 yrs.....(Mr. Blenkiron)	125
Grand Duchess, by Stockwell out of Tobolski, 2 yrs (Duke of Newcastle)	520

	Gs.
Naiveté, by Stockwell out of Artless, 2 yrs.....(Bought in)	700
Housemaid, by Stockwell out of Scrubbing Brush, 2yrs(Lord Portsmouth)	150
Summer's Eve, by Stockwell out of Summerside, 2 yrs (Mr. J. B. Morris)	300
Jamin, by St. Albans out of Jemima, 2 yrs.....(Mr. Snewing)	100
Macdull, by Glenmasson, dam by Malcolm—Fama, 2 yrs (Mr. T. Hughes)	110
Minnie Warren, by North Lincoln out of Catawba, 2 yrs (Lord Uxbridge)	400
Athens, by Stockwell out of Heroine by Neasham, 2 yrs... (Mr. Padwick)	2,110
Lady Elizabeth, by Trumpeter out of Miss Bowzer, 2 yrs.....(Bought in)	6,500
— <i>Sporting Gazette</i> .	

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN JACK FISHING.—A friend and myself were trolling in a large pond in the neighbourhood of Woburn, in Bedfordshire, lately. In the course of our fishing I had a run, and the fish, after taking a dozen yards or so of line, stopped for about a couple of minutes, and then suddenly darted away to where my friend was fishing; he almost immediately called out that he too had a run, rather to my disgust, as I concluded directly that my (?) fish had taken his bait. So it was, and when we landed him we found that he had gorged both the baits. Now, I want to know whose fish he was? The case stands as follows: He took my bait first, and then waited with it in his mouth for two minutes or more before he went to the other; but, on the other hand, Mr. Y. struck him first, and landed him, as it was of course impossible for two people on different banks to haul out the same fish. He weighed a little over 7lbs.—**PISCICAPUS.** [The fish belongs to the person whose bait it took first, if that can be clearly determined.—*Ed.*—*Field*.]

THE KELLY AND SADLER DIFFICULTY.—The question of whether or not legal proceedings have actually been begun in this case has occasioned some correspondence in a daily contemporary during the past week, but any existing doubts on the matter may be set at rest, inasmuch as on December 13, a writ was duly served on the solicitor to the stakeholder. The writ was actually issued some days since, but, pending further action, the whole case was submitted to the opinion of eminent counsel, and that having been obtained, it has been determined to go on with the suit. Counsel have been retained, and the cause will be tried in the Court of Queen's Bench next term, before a special jury most likely.

It is stated that the fishermen are abandoning the taking of herrings off Greenock, because they can scarcely get a market for them at any price. A large east coast boat came into the harbour on Saturday, December 28, completely filled, and the crew seemed willing to sell at almost any price, and still buyers were few. A penny per 100 was even spoken of as a price that would not be refused.—*Home News*, 30th January.

Racing Calendar.

RACES PAST.

PURNEAH RACES,—1867.

At 3 P. M. of the 26th December the station put on its gayest dress, and betook itself to the Racecourse. The Course received it in equally gaudy array with colors flying and drums beating.—a grand Stand that was the admiration of all beholders, with a Weighing Stand, a Steward's Stand, a Judge's Box, and a tap of beer that the most fastidious could not possibly say a word against; horses and carriages, elephants and camels, ponies and donkeys, ekkas and tatoos, sodagurs with strings of Cabul galloways, and sodagurs with bales of scarlet and purple and fine linen, sweetmeat vendors and nauch girls, and, in fact, the entire strength of the city, the old and new stations, and also the Mofussil, met together, as it should annually do, to make merry at Christmas and witness the noble sport of horse-racing, a sport that had died the death here, but which, thanks to reviving influences, (such perhaps as Dave Carson, Act X, the Ballet, and the Abyssinian Expedition,) has begun a new existence.

1ST RACE.

Trial Stakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. C. B. D.'s b.c.b.m.	<i>Gipsy</i>
Palmer's g.c.b.m.	<i>Bell</i>
Francis's g.c.b.m.	<i>Elaine</i>
Richard's b. c. b. h.	<i>Thubar</i>
Walker's g. c. b. h.	<i>Willy</i>
Henry's bk. c. b. m.	<i>Demon</i>

Gipsy, ridden by owner, jumped off with the lead, was never caught, and won by a length.

2ND RACE.

The Derby. Dis. R. C.

Mr. Henry's b. c. b. m.	<i>Colleen Bawn</i>	...	1
„ Patches' b. c. b. m.	<i>Gyzlora</i>	...	2
„ Francis's bk.c. b.m.	<i>Blackbess</i>	...	3
„ Major's ru.c. b. m.	<i>Madame Fouché</i>	...	4

A capital start, and all horses well together till the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from home, where *Madame Fouché* broke down, and was out of the race. *Colleen Bawn* then put on a spurt, was never caught, and won as she liked.

3RD PONY RACE.

Lilliputian Stakes. Dis. 3 furlongs.

Mr. Patches' b.p.	<i>King Pippin</i>	...	1
„ Francis's b.k.p.	<i>Victor</i>	...	2
„ Richard's b.p.	<i>Don Juan</i>	...	3
„ Junt's br.p.	<i>Ek. Dunter</i>	...	4

A good race, *King Pippin* winning by a length.

4TH RACE.

Colta Poolta. Dis. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Mr. Richard's b.p.	<i>Don Juan</i>	...	1
" Francis's b.k.p.	<i>Virian</i>	...	2
" Junt's b.r.p.	<i>Ek. Dunter</i>	...	3
" Palmer's b.p.	<i>Jim</i>	...	4
" George's b.p.	<i>Cock</i>	...	5
" Joseph's g.p.	<i>Norris</i>	...	6
" Charles' b.p.	<i>Alice</i>	...	7

A good start, and a good race throughout. *Ek. Dunter* claimed a cross from *Don Juan* and *Virian*, and received the stakes. The rider of *Cock* tried a rush at the finish, and rushed off *Cock's* back without damage.

On the evening of the 27th all again met on the Course to witness the "rural sports." Our Arian brethren entered into these sports with a zest one would not have given them credit for; they jumped in sacks, and swarmed up ghee-greased poles with an energy and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Some of the wrestling matches were very good, although the ladies did not apparently quite see the end or object of several braces of dusty, scantily-clothed, and indecently hairy beggars tumbling over each other.

After these sports some scratch races were got up amongst the horse merchants, which afforded a good deal of amusement, although the timing would not bear record.

The company then went home to prepare themselves for the 1st Race Ball, which, beginning at 9 p. m. and ending at 5 a. m., gave entire satisfaction to all parties. A graceful and much-applauded Irish jig concluded the festivities.

The 2nd day's racing began at 3 p. m. of the 28th December.

1ST RACE.

The Planter's Cup. Dis. R. C.

Mr. Cornish's c.s.b.m.	<i>Zoe</i>	...	1
" Patches' b.c.b.m.	<i>Gaylass</i>	...	2
" Henry's b.c.b.m.	<i>Colleen Bawn</i>	...	3

A very pretty race to about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile from home, where *Zoe* got the lead and kept it, the other two mares making a hard fight for second place, which was won by $\frac{1}{2}$ a neck by *Gaylass*.

2ND RACE.

The Lady's Purse. Dis. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Mr. Francis' b.k.c.b.m.	<i>Blackbess</i>	...	1
" Palmer's g.c. b.m.	<i>Bell</i>	...	2
" Charles' b.k.c.b.	<i>Shitan</i>	...	3

Shitan would not start until the other two were well away, when he went off and showed, by the way he gained on them at the finish, how easily he could have won; he did not start for the 2nd heat, which was easily won by *Blackbess*.

3RD RACE.

Tomtit Stakes. Dis. 3 furlongs.

Mr. Major's rn. p.	<i>Blotting Paper</i>	...	1
" Patches' b p.	<i>King Pippin</i>	...	2
" Junt's b.p.	<i>Ek. Dunter</i>	...	3
" Joseph's g.p.	<i>Peter Gray</i>	...	} Not placed.
" Palmer's b.p.	<i>Jim</i>	...	
" Paddy's g.p.	<i>Contract</i>	...	
" Mailcart's rn. p.	<i>Shigiam</i>	...	

A great race, a great scramble, and a great dust, in which the three first were sufficiently visible to be placed by the judge.

4TH RACE.

Chow-Chow Stakes. Dis. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

Mr. Major's ru. p.	<i>Blotting Paper</i>	...	1	1
„ Patches' b. p.	<i>King Pippin</i>	...	2	2
„ Palmer's b. p.	<i>Jim</i>	...	3	3

First heat won easily; the 2nd was a close race, and created a good deal of excitement. The distance suited *King Pippin* and *Jim*.

The 29th being Sunday, all decorously attended service, and on the afternoon of the 30th, the last day's racing came off as follows:—

1ST RACE.

Hurdle Race. Dis. R. C.

Mr. Patches' b.c. b.m.	<i>Gaylass</i>	...	1
„ Cornish's b.n.s.w. g.	<i>Little John</i>	...	2
„ Francis's g.c. b.m.	<i>Elaine</i>	...	3
„ Richard's g.c. b.m.	<i>Nora Creina</i>	...	4

There were six hurdles, height $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet each. It is seldom so good a hurdle race is witnessed; all four horses were over the 1st jump at almost the same moment. At the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th hurdle *Gaylass* and *Little John* were abreast, and *Elaine* and *Nora Creina* abreast too, and about a length behind. *Little John* increased the pace when approaching the 6th hurdle, but *Gaylass* could not be shaken off, and they both took it in their stride, and after a gallant struggle *Gaylass* was declared the winner by $\frac{1}{2}$ a head.

2ND RACE.

Consolation. Dis. R. C.

Mr. Major's ru.c. b.m.	<i>Madame Fouché</i>	...	1
„ Francis's b.k.c. b.m.	<i>Blackbess</i>	...	2

There were six entries (forced for winners), but only the above two started a good race to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, from where *Madame Fouché* came away, and won as she liked. *Blackbess* was reported to have broken down.

3RD RACE.

All Comers. Dis. R. C.

Mr. Major's eh.c. b.m.	<i>Joomney</i>	...	1
„ Palmer's b.us.w.g.	<i>Castor</i>	...	2
„ Devane's b.k.c. b.h.	<i>Kelly Khan</i>	...	3

A very good race, *Joomney* winning by a length. Had *Castor* run straight, instead of from side to side of the Course, he had the best chance of winning.

4TH RACE.

All Cabuls. Dis. R. C.

Mr. Richard's b. c.	<i>Thubarorum</i>	...	1
„ Francis's g.m.	<i>Elaine</i>	...	2
„ Walker's g. g.	<i>Willy</i>	...	3

Thubarorum, ridden with judgment, was held till the finish, and won with a rush in gallant style.

There were then several Pony Races, and a match or two, which concluded the Purneah Race Meeting for 1867. Although the horses were not first-class, nor the timing either, yet both the fun and good-fellowship were, and a pleasanter meeting could not be desired. Never in the recollection of the oldest

inhabitant had there been such a large gathering of strangers in Purneah; and the reception they met with will no doubt long be remembered, and perhaps tempt others to come up for the meeting of 1868 and following years.

On the 31st there were Pigeon and Hockey Matches; the shooting in the former was particularly good; and at night the 2nd Race Ball came off, which was as successful, if not more so, than the first. The Ball and Supper Room were decorated most tastefully, and, in fact, the whole of the arrangements were most creditable to the Stewards and Secretary. With such a favorable revival of Purneah sports and gaieties, a long and brilliant succession may confidently be looked forward to.

P.S.—Other business has rendered the delay in forwarding this account unavoidable.

MAJOR.

J. ROBERTS AND C. HUGHES, £100.—*St. James's Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 3.* This was a match of 1,000 up, in which the Champion gave 350 points. The play commenced at 8-35 p. m., Hughes giving a miss in baulk. Misses and careful play followed until Roberts, having a cannon left, rattled off 10, and left the balls safe. The next break in double numbers was Hughes making 13 and giving a miss. Roberts then made 30. Small scores followed until the Champion made 149 by a succession of brilliant expositions of the art, 11 spot strokes being accredited to him. The game now stood—Hughes 401, Roberts 209. Hughes soon after made 21, running his game up to 422. Caution was the order, and only small breaks were made until Roberts having a cannon left, made it, and playing carefully, at length got the red ball on the spot, and holcing it 10 times he made a break of 62. Game—Hughes 431, Roberts 297. Hughes did not score. Roberts made 15. Hughes followed suit. In the next break Roberts made 33, Hughes only 3 and let in Roberts, who made 51, including six spot strokes. Small breaks, &c., followed until Roberts scored another 51—11 spot strokes. Game—Roberts 501, Hughes 478. Time of playing, 1h. 10min. There was now an interval of 25 minutes, but although Charley Hughes played very pluckily, he never was in the hunt, and Roberts going gradually away, won somewhat easily by 56, the game being —Roberts 1,000, Hughes 944. The following are the breaks over double numbers:—

Roberts: 10, 30, 149, 11, 62, 15, 33, 51, 12, 12, 51, 11, 11, 11, 11, 16, 46, 53, 30, 10, 31, 10, 31, 52, 10, 36, 15, 12.

Hughes: 13, 21, 15, 12, 28, 14, 14, 13, 19, 18, 26, 16, 14, 24, 44, 48, 30, 18, 18, 43, 1212.

The game was played on a new table, manufactured by Messrs. Cox and Yeman, Brompton, the balls being $2\frac{1}{16}$ th inches in diameter, and the pockets $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. The game was carefully marked by Johnny Moore, who called the scores most audibly.—*Bell's Life*.

MOZUFFERPORE RACES,—1868.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 14TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.

Trial Stakes for all horses. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Distance 1 mile. 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 20th December, 2 G. Ms. 10th January, 3 G. Ms. when the Race will close. Horses declared to start to pay 2 G. Ms. each, in addition to the entrance money.

				st.	lb.	
Mr. Milford's b. col. g.	<i>Erl King</i>	...	10 11	(Joseph) 1
" Cresswell's b. c. b.	<i>Armada</i>	...	9 8	2
" John's c. w. h.	<i>Warrior</i>	...	11 0	3
" Andrews' b. w. m.	<i>Blindbony</i>	...	10 11	4

Erl King jumped off from the post and made the running throughout. *Armada* nearly reached him on the straight run in, but failing to head him, soon dropped back again. He renewed his effort near the winning post without success, *Erl King* winning by a short half-length. *Armada* got a bad start, and was badly ridden.

Time—1 m. 54½s.

SECOND RACE.

A Purse of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund for all maidens. Weight for age and class. Distance 1½ miles. Subscription, 20th December, 2 G. Ms. 10th January, 3 G. Ms.

				st.	lbs.	
Mr. Howard's	<i>Orphan</i>	...	10 11	(Capt. Sewell) 1
" Freeman's b. w. g.	<i>Mousetrap</i>	...	10 11	2
" John's b. w. g.	<i>Jack Sheppard</i>	...	10 11	3
" Arthur's b. w. g.	<i>Hoffman</i>	...	10 0	4

Orphan led all around the course and won as she liked.

Time—2ms. 28s.

THIRD RACE.

Hack Purse of Rupees 100 from the Fund, for Maiden Hacks. ¾ mile. G. M. Weight for age and class with two stone added. Entrance Rs. 20. Winner to be sold for Rupees 700.

				st.	lbs.	
Mr. Major's b. col. m.	<i>Venture</i>	...	11 4	(Mr. McNeale) 1
" Eyshaw's b. a. h.	<i>White Stockings</i>	...	10 0	2
" Howard's g. c. b.	<i>Lucy</i>	...	10 6	3

Venture won any way she liked.

Time—1m. 27s.

FOURTH RACE.

The Pony Stakes for all Ponies 13 hands 2 inches and under. ¾ mile. 13 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs., 3lbs. extra for each ½ inch above that height, and 5lbs. allowed for each ½ inch below it. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Rupees 50 from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M.

				st.	lbs.	
Mr. Andrews' g. a. h.	<i>Snowdrop</i>	...	10 6	(Williams) 1
" O'Reilly's g. c. b. h.	<i>Dobbin</i>	...	9 10	2
Capt. Bingham's g. c. b. h.	<i>James Crow</i>	...	9 13	3

A repetition of last race, except that there was a good finish for second place.

Time—1m. 31s.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 16TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.

A Purse of 16 G. Ms. from the Fund for Maiden Country-Bred and Arab Horses. Weight for age and class. 1½ miles. Subscriptions, &c., same as 2nd Race, 1st Day.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Freeman's g. a. h. h.	... <i>White Ladies</i>	9 7	(Joseph) 1
„ Freeman's b. s. b. m.	... <i>Heather Bell</i>	10 4	2

Notice paid forfeit. *Heather Bell* took a strong lead all the way round to the half-mile from home, where the Arab crept up to her, and won after a capital race by a short half-length in the very bad time of 3ms. 14s.

2ND RACE.

The Planters' Purse, value Rs. for all horses, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. each. H. F. Weight for age and class with 2 stone added. G. R. R. C. to close 1st January. Forfeit to be declared at the Ordinary the day before the race. Winner of the meeting once 3lbs., twice or oftener 5lbs. extra. Three horses to start on *bona fide* separate interests, or the Purse will be withheld. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Cresswell's b. c. h. h.	... <i>Armada</i>	10 11	(Capt. Bingham) 1
„ John's c. w. g. (paid forfeit)	... <i>Vanguard</i>
„ John's c. w. g.	... <i>Chancellor</i>	11 14	(Owner) 2
„ Freeman's c. w. g.	... <i>Mousetrap</i>	10 11	3
„ Freeman's c. w. m. (paid forfeit)	... <i>Blunkbony</i>

Armada jumped off with the lead and made the running, *Chancellor* lying about three lengths behind him, till they came to the straight run in, when he ran up to the colt, whose rider had to set to work to shake him off. *Chancellor* struggled home very gamely, but could not reach *Armada* again, who won by two lengths. *Mousetrap* was never in the race at all. Time—2ms. 57s.

3RD RACE.

The Galloway Stakes of 1 G. M. each, with 10 G. Ms. added from the Fund, for all Galloways. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1 mile. To close the day before the meeting.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Andrews' g. a. h.	... <i>Snowdrop</i>	9 12	(Williams) 1
„ Freeman's g. a. h.	... <i>Whitehaven</i>	10 7	2

A morning's canter for *Snowdrop*, *Whitehaven* never being within twenty lengths of him at any part of the race. Time—2ms. 9s.

4TH RACE.

Scurry Stakes of 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Horses valued at Rs. 300 to carry 10st. 7lbs., off and on for each Rs. 100 added or lowered. Entrance 1 G. M. ¾ mile.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Keshaw's b. a. g.	... <i>White Stockings</i> , 300	10 0	(Owner) 1
„ John nas.	... <i>Longfellow</i> , 500	11 0	2
Capt. Bingham's	... <i>Monarch of the Glen</i> , 500	11 0	...
Mr. Cresswell's	... <i>Marmion</i> , 300	10 0	...
„ Howard's	... <i>Tomato</i> , 300	9 7	...
„ Keshaw's	... „ 200	9 7	...

A capital race, the Arab winning by a length. Time not taken. The winner was claimed and sold for Rs. 410.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 18TH JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

The Drawing-Room Purse, 15 G. Ms. for all Government Stud-Bred Horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners of 1st Race, 2nd Day, to carry 3lbs. extra. 1 mile. Entrance 3 G. Ms. H. F. to close on 1st January, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the race.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Sam's b. a. b. f.	... <i>Novice</i>	... 8 1 (Native)	1
„ Arthur's ch. s. b. g.	... <i>Longfellow</i>	... 10 7	2
„ John's	... <i>Heather Bell</i>	... 10 0	3

Novice won pretty much as she liked, *Longfellow* shutting up without an effort. Time—2m. 3s.

2ND RACE.

The Mozufferpore Cup. The gift of Baboo Chumun Lall-Chowdree. For all horses. Handicap 5 G. Ms. Entrance 1 G. M. forfeit for non-acceptance. H. C. to close 15th January, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the race. Three horses to start on *bona fide* separate interests, or the Baboo's Cup will be withheld.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Milford's b. col. g.	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 11 0 (Joseph)	1
„ John's c. col. h.	... <i>Warrior</i>	... 9 3	2
„ Crosswell's	... <i>Armada</i>	... 9 12	3
„ Austen's	... <i>Blinkbonny</i>	... 9 8	4

Venture and *Calapash* paid forfeit. *Erl King* took the inside shortly after starting, and was in front throughout the race, *Warrior* running well up at the finish. Won by a length in the very good time, considering the weight, of 2ms. 53s., making the 1½ in 2ms. 51½s. *Blinkbonny*, who was in a most wretched condition, seemed unable to gallop a yard, and many spectators, who remembered her former performances, expressed their regret at seeing so good a mare in such a state. A cross was claimed against *Erl King* by the owner of *Armada*, but withdrawn after hearing the evidence of his Jockey.

3RD RACE.

Selling Stakes of 3 G. Ms. each, with 10 G. Ms. added from the Fund. For all horses. 1 mile. Horses valued at Rs. 1,000 to carry 11st., and 3½lbs. allowed for each Rs. 100 below that price.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. John's c. w. g.	... <i>Chancellor</i> , 1,000	... 11 0 (Owner)	1
„ Major's g. w. f.	... <i>Venture</i> , 700	... 10 3½	2
Capt. Bingham's cr. cl. h.	... <i>Calapash</i> , 500	... 9 10½	3
Mr. Gilbert's c. m.	... <i>Violet</i> , 400	... 9 7	4

Calapash went away at a great pace, but, excepting *Violet*, who could not live with the company, the horses were all pretty well together at the turn home, from whence they were all ridden in, *Chancellor* coming through his horses, winning by a neck after a capital race. Time—1m. 54s.

Match R. C. for 10 G. Ms. P. P.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. John's c. w. g.	... <i>Chancellor</i>	... 10 7	
„ Major's c. w. f.	... <i>Venture</i>	... 11 0	

Venture paid forfeit.

4TH RACE.

A Silver Tankard presented by K. Macleod, Esq., for all untrained Maiden Hacks used for Zillah work. Entrance 10 Rs. Catch Weights above 10st. ½ mile.

Mr. Yankee's *Columbine* beat 10 others.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 21st JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

The Civilian's Cup, for all horses. Handicap 5 G. Ms. entrance. H. F. to close the day before the meeting, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the Race. 1½ mile. Three horses to start on *bona fide* separate interests, or the Cup will be withheld.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Milford's	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 11 4	(Joseph)	... 1
„ Howard's	... <i>The Orphan</i>	... 10 2		... 2
„ John's	... <i>Chancellor</i>	... 10 2		... 3

Blinkbonny, *The Orphan*, and *Warrior* paid forfeit. At the Ordinary, *Erl King* was made favorite, selling in a 70 chequin lottery for 31 chequins, *Orphan* fetching 19, and *Chancellor* 13 chequins. A very good start was effected, *Orphan* passing the stand with a good lead at a rattling pace, *Erl King* and *Chancellor* waiting behind. At the back of the course, *Erl King* passed the *Orphan* and took the lead, but was pulled back again between the ¾ and ½ mile from home, and they were well together to the turn home, when it was evident that *Erl King* had the race, which he won by a short length in the very good time, with welter weights, of 3ms. 24s. *Orphan* ran a very game mare, but it was evident that these welter weights did not suit her so well as they did *Erl King*. *Chancellor* ran very well, but the company was rather too good for him. *Chancellor's* rider and owner claimed a cross against Joseph, but it was not allowed by the Stewards, on the ground that there was not sufficient space at the turn. The cross was claimed to justify *Chancellor* trying to come up inside. The claimed cross took place in front of the stand the first time round.

2ND RACE.

The Mozufferpore Stakes. Rs. 100 from the Fund. For all horses. Horses valued at Rs. 700 to carry weight for age and class, with 21lbs. added. Open to horses at any price, putting up and taking off 3lbs. for each Rs. 100 above or below that selling price. Entrance 2 G. Ms. 1 mile.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Sam's	... <i>Norice</i>	... 8 5	(Native)	... 1
Capt. Bingham's	... <i>Bonny Lass</i>	... 9 9	(Owner)	... 2
Mr. Major's	... <i>Venture</i>	... 10 6	paid forfeit.	

This race, though third in the order of running, was run second, the Handicap R. C. being transferred to the bottom of the list in consequence of *Erl King* being engaged in both races. The light weight enabled *Norice* to win pretty easy each time. *Bonny Lass* made a desperate struggle to catch her near home, proving herself a very good little mare to run up as she did with the weight on her.

3RD RACE.

Rupees 100 from the Fund, for all *bona fide* Cabuls. Catch Weights above 11st. G. R. R. C. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. Winner to be sold for Rs. 450.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Champion's c. h.	... <i>Sligo</i>	... 10 0	(Mr. J.)	
„ Studd's g. h.	... <i>Salamander</i>	...	(Mr. Hudson.)	
„ Jorrocks c. h.	... <i>Vantromp</i>	...		

If height could have influenced the result, the Dutchman would have been the winner, being the most marvellous looking Cabul ever seen in a district where Cabuls are rife; but his sporting rider took too great liberties with, and rode him out too early in the race, leaving *Sligo* and *Salamander* to fight it out,

which ended in a terrific struggle, and a capital finish, with an immense expenditure of whip and spur. Time too good to be recorded.

4TH RACE.

A Purse of 15 G. Ms. For all horses. Handicap R. C. 2 G. Ms. entrance.

		st.	lbs.	
Mr. Major's	... <i>Venture</i>	... 8	10 (Khoolson)	1
" Milford's	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 11	7 (Joseph)	2
" Cresswell's	... <i>Armada</i>	... 9	13	3
" John's	... <i>Warrior</i>	... 9	7 (pulled up)	4

Notwithstanding the heavy weight *Erl King* had to carry, and the severe race he had run for the Civilian's Cup, he was made first favorite again at the Ordinary, selling in 2 seventy-chequin lotteries for 36 and 33 chequins, while *Venture*, the winner, fetched only six and five. *Warrior* commenced proceedings by backing his Jockey off in a preliminary canter. After which little divertissement a very good start was effected; *Venture*, making the most of his light weight, as might be expected, went away at a tremendous pace. *Erl King* laying a length behind tried his usual tactics, but was unable to head the mare, who continued her lead to the end, winning a very severe race by a length and a half in 2ms. 50s., which time would make the $1\frac{1}{2}$ in 2ms. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. no disgrace to *Erl King* to be beaten with his weight up, after his performance for the Civilian's Cup. No one expected such timing for *Venture*, who must have had a good deal more in her than was supposed. *Warrior* was stopped at the distance. *Armada*, who was lame, finished a bad third after a good deal of very useless punishment, which it was a pity to see inflicted on such a very game little horse, as, barring accidents, he could not possibly win.

5TH RACE.

A Cup presented by R. Macleod, Esq., for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, was won by *Sarah Walker*, Mr. John, beating 9 other horses, some of whom indulged their racing propensities nearly all the way round the course before they could be stopped. The riding of that talented young artist, Mr. K——y, was the subject of general admiration, but the Jockeyship of the veteran, Mr. John, was too strong to be prevailed against. A protest has been lodged against the winner; not decided at present.

Two matches closed a very good morning's racing.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, 23RD JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

Forced Handicap for all winners except Galloways, Hacks, and Ponies. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. Winners once forced 2 G. Ms., twice 3 G. Ms., thrice or oftener 5 G. Ms. Optional to other horses that have run during the Meeting. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Penalty for non-acceptance 1 G. M. Entrance of optional horses to be made on the Fourth Day. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	
Mr. Milford's	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 11	7 (Joseph)	1
" Major's	... <i>Venture</i>	... 9	1	2
" John's	... <i>Chancellor</i>	... 9	7	3
" Howard's	... <i>Orphan</i>	... 9	12	4
" Cresswell's	... <i>Armada</i>	... 9	0	5

At the Ordinary the five abovenamed horses were declared to start. *Mouse-trap*, *Novice*, and *White Ladies* being scratched, *Erl King* was made the favorite again, and, as events proved, rightly so; but *Venture* was considered

very well in, and a dangerous opponent to the *Erl*. A very good start was effected, *Erl King* and *Venture* leading, with *Orphan* and *Armada* in attendance, while *Chancellor*, who ran unkindly, lay completely out of the race for the first mile and a quarter. At the back of the course, *Venture* and the *Erl* raced together at a great pace, *Armada* third. At the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from home Mr. Milford's colours began to show in front; and though it was a very good race all the way home, it was evident, once well in front, that Joseph had the race in hand, and he won by a short length, *Chancellor* running up a good third in a most astonishing manner, and showing he could have been very near winning had he run kindly. Time—2ms. 57s. The first half-mile 54 seconds. *Erl King* was claimed, and went back to his former owner for Rs. 2,400.

2ND RACE.

Free Handicap, Purse of 10 G. Ms. from the Fund, for all horses that have started for, but not won a race during the Meeting. Entrance for those accepting, 2 G. Ms. 1 mile

		st.	lbs.		
Capt. Bingham's	... <i>Calapash</i>	... 9	7	(Auckland)	1
Mr. John's	... <i>Warrior</i>	... 10	7		0
„ Freeman's	... <i>Mousctrap</i>	... 10	3		0
„ Freeman's	... <i>Jack Sheppard</i>	... 9	3		0

For the beaten handicap four horses declared, *Calapash* winning by two lengths. A dead heat between *Warrior* and *Mousctrap* for second money.

Time—1m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

3RD RACE.

Free Handicap for all horses that have started for any Hack or Galloway Race during the Meeting. Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance for those accepting, 20 Rupees. 1 mile. Lowest weight to be 9 stone.

		st.	lbs.		
Capt. Bingham's	... <i>Monarch of the Glen</i>	... 10	0	(Owner)	1
Dr. Andrew's	... <i>Snowdrop</i>	... 9	7		2

The Arab was the favorite, but was outpaced by the Colonial, who made the pace for the first half-mile very strong, running it out in 55s.

Time—1m. 59s.

4TH RACE.

Free Handicap for all ponies that have started during the Meeting. Rupees 80 from the Fund. Entrance for those accepting, Rupees 20. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Dr. Andrew's	... <i>Snowdrop</i>	... 10	11	(Williams)	
Capt. Bingham's	... <i>James Crow</i>	... 8	13		

The Steeple Chase not filling, the last race closed the Mozufferpore Meeting for 1868, which was generally considered to be one of the best Meetings that Tirhoot has ever seen.

VIZIANAGRAM RACES,—1868.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, 15TH JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

The Give-and-Take Plate. Rs. 300 from G. L. Nursing Rao, Esq. For all Horses. 1 mile

		st. lbs.	
Mr. G. L. Nursing Rao's b. aust. g.	<i>Veeno</i>	... 11 0	(walk over) 1
Captain Dobree's b. a. h.	<i>Ascalon</i>	... 9 10	0

2ND RACE.

The Vizianagram Derby, Rs. 500 presented by H. H. the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K.C.S.I. For all Horses. 1½ mile. Weight for age and class.

		st. lbs.	
H. H. Maharajah's b. aus. g.	<i>Tancred</i>	... 9 10	(Native) 1
Mr. G. L. Nursing Rao's ch. aust. g.	<i>West Australian</i>	... 11 7	(Thimmore) 2
Captain Dobree's b. a. h.	<i>Ascalon</i>	... 9 10	(Sambo) 3

Won easily.

3RD RACE.

The Oriental Stakes. Rs. 250 from H. H. the Maharajah, K.C.S.I. For all Country-bred Horses.
Did not fill.

4TH RACE.

The Dwarf Stakes. Rs. 75 presented by A. V. Nursing Rao, Esq. For all Ponies 13-2 and under. Entrance Rs. 5. Catch Weights above 9st. ¼ mile heats without dismounting. Post entries.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Hamnett's	<i>Firefly</i>	... 0	1 1
Captain Fraser's	<i>Brownie</i>	... 0	2 0
Major Harrington's	<i>Mouse</i>	... 0	4 5
Captain Godson's	<i>Chance</i>	... 0	3 2
Hunnipunt's	<i>Nelut</i>	... 0	5 3
Sunder Rao's	<i>Shiraz</i>	... 0	6 4

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, 17TH JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

The Auction Stakes. Rs. 300 presented by H. H. the Koomar Maharajah of Vizianagram. For all Horses. 1½ mile.

		st. lbs.	
H. H. Maharajah's c. c. h.	<i>Explosion</i>	... 11 3	(walk over)

2ND RACE.

The Maharajah's Cup. Rs. 800 presented by H. H. the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K.C.S.I. For all Horses. Weight for age and class. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra. 2½ miles.

Captain Dobree's c. aus. m.	<i>Molly Bawn</i>	... (walk over)
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3RD RACE.

Extra Race for all Horses. Weight, Australians 10st., Arabs 9st. ; previous winners excluded.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. G. L. Nursing Rao's ch. aust. g.	<i>West Australian</i>	... 10 0 (Native)	1
H. H. Maharajah's g. aus. m.	<i>Blanche</i>	... 9 9 (Native)	2

Blanche broke her bridle.

4TH RACE.

The Charger Stakes. Rs. 100 presented by A. V. Nursing Rao, Esq. For all untrained Horses regularly ridden on parade by Officers in the Northern Division. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Major Harrington's g. a. h.	... <i>Pearl</i>	... (walk over)
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5TH RACE.

The Hurdle Race. Rs. 200 presented by Gode Narrain Gajapati Rao, Esq. For all Horses. Entrance Rs. 20. To close and name Jan. 13th. 1 mile over four flights of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet hurdles.

H. H. Maharajah's g. aust. m.	... <i>Blanche</i>	... (Native) (walk over)
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THIRD DAY, MONDAY, 20TH JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

The Ladies' Plate. Rs. 300 given by H. H. the Maharajah, K.C.S.I. For all Arabs and Country-breds. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	
Capt. Dobree's b. a. h.	<i>Ascalon</i>	... 9 10 (Owner)	1
Mr. G. L. Nursing Rao's b. c. b. n.	<i>Experiment</i>	... 11 0 (Gilmore,)	2

Won in a trot.

2ND RACE.

The Koomar Maharajah's Stakes. Rs. 400 given by H. H. the Koomar Maharajah of Vizianagram. For all Horses. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Capt. Dobree's ch. aus. m.	... <i>Molly Bawn</i>	... (walk over)
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3RD RACE.

The Hack Stakes. Rs. 100 from the Fund. For all Horses. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

H. H. Maharajah's g. p. h.	... <i>Trooper</i>	... (walk over)
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4TH RACE.

The Motie Mahul Palace Stakes, value Rs. 550, from H. H. the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K.C.S.I. A Handicap for all Horses that have run during the meeting. Entrance Rs. 50. 1 mile.

		st. lbs.	
Captain Dobree's b. a. h.	... <i>Ascalon</i>	... 8 10 (Sambo)	1
Mr. G. L. Nursing Rao's ch. aus. g.	... <i>West Australian</i>	... 10 10 (Native)	2
H. H. Maharajah's b. aus. g.	... <i>Taucred</i>	... 11 0 (Native)	3

A good race, won by a length.

FOURTH DAY, WEDNESDAY, 22ND JANUARY.

1ST RACE.

1st Class Winning Handicap. Rs. 400 presented by M. R. R. Gode Janekia Garu. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

H. H. Maharajah's b. anst. g.	... <i>Tinered</i>	... ^{st. lbs.} 9 7 (Native)	1
Mr. G. L. Nursing Rao's ch. aus. g.	... <i>West Australian</i>	... 10 0 (Native)	2

2ND RACE.

2nd Class Winning Handicap. Rs. 300 from the Fund. 1½ mile.

Captain Dobree's b. a. h.	... <i>Ascalon</i>	... (walk over)
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No race.

3RD RACE.

The Amazon Plate. A piece of Jewellery presented by H. H. the Maharajah, K.C.S.I., for all *bona fide* Ladies' horses. ¾ mile.

Mrs. Harrington's m. p.	... <i>Pet</i>	... ^{st. lbs.} 11 9 (Capt. Dobree)	1
„ Godson's p. p.	... <i>Chance</i>	... 14 0 (Lieut. William)	2
„ Buley's p.	... <i>Tom Thumb</i>	... 9 12 (Mr. Simpson)	3

A good race for half mile.

THE TICKHAM.—SINGULAR DEATH OF A FOXHOUND.—*Mr. Editor:* These hounds, considering the dry weather, have been showing some very good sport. Had a very good day from Lynsted-street on Thursday, November 28. Found in a small shaw below Pet Wood. Came away in the open for Green-street, Cellar Hill. Tried the earths at Walk Wood, Nouds; all closed. He now made for Susan-street, Norton Wood, through which they did not dwell. Here we must have changed foxes. Away for Provender Wood, over to Newnham Bottoms, but could not get upon terms with him, quickly slipping back, however, to twenty Acre Wood, we got up to our run fox, and they rattled him in covert for 20 minutes, and soon pulled him down. A most singular thing occurred to Vanguard, one of the best hounds in the pack—their stallion hound, I believe. When the fox was thrown up to the hounds, Vanguard was seen to fall on his side, and in less than 10 seconds was dead. Upon opening him, the fox's kidney was found stuck fast in his windpipe.* These hounds had another capital hour and 25 minutes from Doddington on Saturday, November 30, and rolled over a fine old dog fox.—Yours, &c., J. P.

SPORT AT NOCTON.—Earl de Grey, with five friends, has had excellent sport during the past week. Monday, with six guns, the party bagged over 1,400 head of game, of which 1,200 were rabbits. The next day the party shot over a portion of the woods, killed upwards of 700 head, but over Blankney the party was not so successful, under 300 being all that were bagged.—*Lahore Sporting Intelligence.*

TATTERSALL'S, MONDAY, JANUARY 6TH.—Very few members put in an appearance, and there was not the slightest disposition manifested to speculate. In fact, the only transaction concluded was the following DERBY, 400 to 10 against Harvester (taken).—*Ibid.*

ALFRED DAY.—This once famous jockey died on the evening of Saturday, the 4th of January, after a long and painful illness.—*Ibid.*

*Of course every one at first thought that he had ruptured a blood-vessel, little suspecting that the fox's kidney had choked him.

MADRAS RACES.

FIRST DAY—THURSDAY, 16TH JANUARY.

A graphic writer, in describing the scenery of the Neilgherry Hills, declared that the water-falls only required water to make them beautiful. Something like this may be said of the Madras Races, which only require a few more horses and a few more spectators to make them first-rate. We have an excellent racecourse, within a pleasant drive of Madras, and easy of access, therefore, to both visitors and racehorses. Yet, notwithstanding these conveniences, the Madras public can hardly be said to show enthusiasm about the races, while the importers of racing steeds are generally conspicuous by their absence. Only three horses came to the post for the Guindy Stakes, and a like number put in an appearance for the Select Cup, while the Madras Derby, for Maiden Arabs of the season, drew only four competitors. The quality of most of the horses, however, is unexceptionable, and the running was generally good. The second heat for "The Whim" was a capital contested race, *Sans Merci*, *Clausman*, and *Maid Marion* being all together till close upon the winning post. The superior jockeying of Hackney was seen here to great advantage. The Indian Fordham was particularly successful in his mounts, having won three out of the five races. We annex the particulars of the first day's racing:—

THE WHIM.—Rs. 200 for all Horses. Weight for age and inches. 14 hands and aged to carry 8 stone. Winners once 7lb., twice 11 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Entrance, Rs. 30 P. P. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. B.'s br.aus.g.	... <i>Sans Merci</i>	... 10	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	Hackney	1 1
Mr. Arbuthnot's br.aus.g.	... <i>Clausman</i>	... 9	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mr. Millard carried 9-7	2 2
Mr. Wilson's br.us.m.	... <i>Maid Marion</i>	... 8	7	Donaldson	3 3
Kolapoor Rajah's ro.c.b.m.	... <i>Soondarie</i>	... 10	9	Owner	0
Mr. South's ch.aus.g.	... <i>Guy Fawkes</i>	... 10	8	Mr. Power	0
Mr. Miller's bl.aus.g.	... <i>Snip</i>	... 10	1	Abbas	0

Time—First heat 55s.—Second—54s.

Guy Fawkes did not show up at the starting post. *Snip* had a bad start, which destroyed his chance; but he came in a good fourth.

2nd Heat.—A capital race from beginning to end, sometimes in favor of *Clausman*, and sometimes in favor of *Sans Merci*; but the latter, thanks to Hackney, was lauded a winner by about half a length.

GUINDY STAKES.—Rs. 500 for all Maidens of the season (Arabs excepted). Weight for age and class. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 11 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. One mile and a half and a distance.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Burt's b.aus.g.	... <i>Albourne</i>	... 10	4	Hackney	1
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.f.	... <i>Virginia</i>	... 6	13	Donaldson carried 7-11	2
Captain Dickey's b.aus.g.	... <i>Hazard</i>	... 9	7	Major Austin	3

Time—For the last mile and a half 57s., 1m. 27s., 1m. 56s., 2m. 57s.

Virginia held the lead for about a mile, when *Albourne* came up, challenged, and disposed of the mare with considerable ease.

THE SELECT CUP ON ITS TERMS.—For all Horses, weight for age and class. Aged Arabs to carry 8 stone. Winners during the season of Rs. 2,000 to carry 5lbs. ; of Rs. 4,000, 9lbs. ; and of Rs. 6,000, 1 stone extra. Entrance Rs. 500. H. F. One mile and a quarter.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.g.	... <i>Thirlestane</i>	... 9 0	Donaldson	1
Captain FitzGerald's b.aus.g.	... <i>Woodman</i>	... 9 0	Hackney	2
Mr. Hunter Blair's b.aus.m.	... <i>Cobweb</i>	... 9 3	Brewtey	3

Time—54s., 1m. 22s, 2m. 21s.

This was looked upon as a certainty for *Thirlestane* if he would only "run straight." He did run straight, and consequently secured an easy victory. *Woodman* raced well till within 50 yards of the winning post, when seeing the horse's chance was hopeless, Hackney did not persevere; *Cobweb* was quite distanced.

THE OMNIBUS—Rs. 250, presented by G. L. Nursing Rao, Esq. Weight for age and class. Aged Arabs to carry 9 stone. Entrance, Rs. 80 P. P. One mile.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Burt's br.aus.g.	... <i>Promised Land</i>	... 10 0	Hackney	1
The Templar's ro.c.m.	... <i>Czarina</i>	... 10 7	Brewtey	2
Captain FitzGerald's b.aus.g.	... <i>Woodman</i>	... 10 0	Mr. Power	3
Mr. Miller's bl.aus.g.	... <i>Snip</i>	... 10 0	Abbas	0
Mr. Nursing Rao's ro.aus.g.	... <i>Clairvoyant</i>	... 9 7	Mr. Millard	0

Time—55s., 1m. 21s.

Clairvoyant sprang off with the lead and held it for the first half-mile. *Promised Land* and *Czarina* then came to the front and made a fair race of it, the *Land* winning at last with tolerable ease.

THE MADRAS DERRY.—Rs. 500 for Maiden Arabs of the season. Weight for age. Winners once 7lbs., twice 11 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. One mile and a half and a distance.

		st. lbs.		
Kolapoor Rajah's ch.a.c.	... <i>Red Hazard</i>	... 8 4	Native	1
Mr. Campbell's g.a.h.	... <i>Tennyson</i>	... 8 12	Brewtey	2
Mr. Kennedy's g.a.h.	... <i>Gahazi</i>	... 9 3	Major Austin	0
Capt. Bromhead's g.a.h.	... <i>Thurlby</i>	... 8 12	Mr. Power	0

Time—For the last mile and a half 29s., 59s., 1m. 29s., 2m. 58s.

Red Hazard's race from beginning to end. *Tennyson* made a praiseworthy effort, but never had a chance. *Gahazi* and *Thurlby* "walked in with the crowd," or, at least, would have done so if there had been a crowd to walk in with. The success of the Kolapoor Rajah was received with cheers, and seemed to gratify the native spectators immensely.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 18TH JANUARY.

THE MOUNT HANDICAP.—Rs. 400. For all horses. Entrance Rs. 100 H. F. One mile and a half.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Nursing Rao's ro.aus.g.	... <i>Clairvoyant</i> 8st. carried	8 5	Blackburn	... 1
Mr. Burt's b.aus.g.	... <i>Albourne</i>	... 9 7	Hackney	... 2

Time—2m. 59s.—won easy.

MAIDEN HANDICAP.—Rs. 400. For all Maidens beaten in the Derby and Guindy. Entrance Rs. 100 H. F. One mile and a half and a distance.

Mr. Wilson's br.aus.f.	<i>Virginia</i>	...	8	7	Donaldson	...	1
Mr. Campbell's g.a.h.	<i>Tennyson</i>	...	8	7	Brewtey	...	2
Mr. Arbuthnot's	<i>Heatherjock, (late Hazard)</i>	...	9	7	Blackburn	...	3

Time—For the last mile and a half 57s., 1m. 57s., 3m. 1s.

Good Race. *Tennyson* was shut out trying to take inside as the distance. A cross was claimed by *Tennyson's* rider, but was disallowed by the Stewards.

THE GOVERNOR'S CUP.—A piece of Plate presented by His Excellency Lord Napier, K. T. For all horses. Weight for age and class. Winners of the season once 5lbs., twice 9lbs., oftener 12lbs. extra. Winners of a race of the value of Rs. 1,000 in previous seasons, 7lbs. extra. Weights to be cumulative. Should no Arab be declared to start, the weights will be reduced 7lbs. all round. Two miles.

Mr. Wilson's br.aus.g.	..	<i>Thirlestane</i>	...	10	12	Donaldson	...	1
Mr. Burt's br.aus.g.	..	<i>Promised Land</i>	...	10	12	Hackney	...	2
Mr. Hunter Blair's h.aus.m...	..	<i>Cobweb</i>	...	10	10	Major Austin	...	3
Captain Fitzgerald's h.aus.g.	..	<i>Woodman</i>	...	10	12	Mr. Power	...	0
The Crusader's h.aus.g.	..	<i>Grandmaster</i>	...	10	12	Mr. Maillard	...	0
The Templar's ro.e.m.	..	<i>Cavina</i>	...	10	7	Brewtey	...	0
Kolapoor Rajah's ch.a.c.	..	<i>Red Hazard</i>	...	7	2	Native	...	0

Time—55s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 52s.—3m. 51s.

Thirlestane lost 60 yards at start, ran through the horses after going a mile, and run very easy by 4 lengths.

THE MADRAS STEEPLE CHASE.—Rs. 300 for all horses, weight for age and class—Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs. Winners of one Steeple Chase to carry 7lbs., two 11lbs., three or more 1 stone extra. Trained horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Entrance Rupees 40. Once round the Steeple Chase Course. About one and three-quarter miles.

Mr. Burt's h.aus.g.	...	<i>Albourne</i>	...	11	7	Mr. Brough	...	0
Mr. South's ch.aus.g.	...	<i>Ung Fucker</i>	...	11	7	Mr. Pullen	...	0
Mr. Wilson's g.aus.g.	...	<i>Anteus</i>	...	11	7	Mr. Symes	...	3
Captain Fitzgerald's g.aus.g....	...	<i>Kufonstem</i>	...	12	7	Owner	...	0
Mr. Turner's h.aus.m.	...	<i>Duckess</i>	...	11	5	Owner	...	2

Won in a canter.

THE SELLING STAKES.—Rs. 200. For all horses. The winner to be sold by auction after the race; surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund.

	<i>Weight for Arabs.</i>
<i>Price</i>	<i>st. lbs.</i>
Rs. 300	7 7

7lbs. added for every 100 Rs. value up to Rs. 1,000. Entrance Rs. 30. P. P. Three-quarter mile

Mr. Arbuthnot's br.aus.g.	...	<i>Clenaman</i>	...	10	7	Blackburn	...	1
Mr. B's br.aus.g.	...	<i>Sans Merci</i>	...	10	7	Hackuey	...	2

Won by half a length, *Sans Merci* swerving at the finish.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, 21st JANUARY.

THE LADIES' PURSE.—Rs. 200, presented by Veerapirmall Pillay, Esq. For all horses. Weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 9st. 7lbs. Win.

ners once 7lbs., twice 11lbs., oftener 1st. extra. Winner of the Whim or Selling Stakes to carry 7lbs., of both 12lbs. extra; penalties cumulative. Entrance Rs. 30 P. P. One mile.

			st. lbs.		
Mr. Arbuthnot's br.aus.g.	...	<i>Clansman</i>	10 11	Mr. Maillard	... 1
Mr. Wilson's b.aus.m.	...	<i>Maid Marion</i>	9 5	Donaldson	... 2
Mr. South's ch.aus.g.	...	<i>Guy Fawkes</i>	11 7	Capt. Power	... 3

Time—29s., 58s. 1m. 58s.

Clansman was backed at evens against the field, and justified the confidence of his supporters. *Guy* led from the post—though the top weight—hoping to cut down *Clansman*; at the distance, however, his bolt was shot, and *Clansman* won easily by a couple of lengths, the *Maid* colaring *Guy* in the last few strides, and beating him for 2nd place.

THE MADRAS HANDICAP.—Rs. 750. For all horses. To close and name November 15th. Handicap to be published on December 15th. A winner of one race above 300 Rs. value, after the publication of the handicap, to carry 5lbs.; of two, 9lbs.; three or more, 12lbs. extra. The winner of the Governor's Cup, 1868, to carry a special additional penalty of 5lbs. A sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for all horses declared to start the day before the race, half forfeits, and only 20 Rs. forfeit if declared not to start on January 1st. One mile and a half and a distance.

			st. lbs.		
Mr. Burt's br.aus.g.	...	<i>Promised Land</i>	10 3	Hackney	... 1
Mr. Hunter Blair's b.aus.m.	...	<i>Cobweb</i>	10 4	Major Austin	... 2
The Templar's ro.c.u.	...	<i>Czarina</i>	10 0	Brewley	... 3
Capt. Fitzherald's b.aus.g.	...	<i>Woodman</i>	9 10	Capt. Power	... 4
Mr. Nursing Rao's ro.aus.g.	...	<i>Clairvoyant</i>	8 3	Blackburn	... 5
Kolapoor Rajah's ch.a.c.	...	<i>Red Hazard</i>	8 0	Native	... 6

Time for the last mile and a half—27s., 51s., 1m. 22s., 1m. 53s., 2m. 51s.

The *Land* was a tremendous favourite at the Lotteries, though *Cobweb* and *Czarina* were declared to run as confederates. *Cobweb* in consequence cut out the work at a rattling pace, *Woodman* and *Clairvoyant* next, then the *Land* and *Czarina* lying 3 lengths behind. *Cobweb* led to the last turn, when the *Land* came to the front, the others all together within a length, except the Arab, who had gradually dropped from the start, the pace being much too good for him. At the distance, however, the *Land* had all the others safe, and won pretty easily by two lengths. *Cobweb* and *Czarina* ridden home for the 2nd place, came in as placed, 2 lengths apart; *Woodman* and *Clairvoyant* close up to *Czarina*, the latter, we fancy, rather to the surprise of his owner and the public, who did not imagine he could have lived such a pace for a mile and a half and a distance.

WELTER HANDICAP.—Rs. 400. For all horses. Entrance Rs. 100. H. F. One mile.

			st. lbs.		
Capt. Dobree's b.aus.g.	...	<i>Grandmaster</i>	9 8	Mr. Maillard	... 1
Mr. Burt's b.aus.g.	...	<i>Allbourne</i>	9 2½	Major Austin	... 2
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.f.	...	<i>Virginia</i>	7 11	Donaldson	... 3
Mr. Arbuthnot's b.aus.g.	...	<i>Heatherjock</i> (late <i>Hazard</i>)	8 5	Blackburn	... 4

Time—57s. 1m. 55s.

This race was most inaptly called a Welter, the top weight being only 9-7.

Allbourne with 9-2 was the favourite and could have got one the mile in 1-50 or 51. But he evidently did not choose to exert himself, and *Grandmaster*, who waited to the last time, won with consummate ease by a length.

STEEPLE CHASE.—Rs. 250. For all horses that have been regularly hunted with the Madras Hounds. Previous winners excluded. Weight for age and

class—aged Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs. Entrance Rs. 20 R. C. About one and three-quarter miles.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Wilson's g.aus.g.	... <i>Antæus</i>	11	7	Mr. Symes	.. 1
Mr. Maillard's g.o.b.g.	... <i>Baronet</i>	10	4	Mr. Maunsell	.. 2
Major Shaw Stewart's g.aus.g.	... <i>The Sheep</i>	11	7	Mr. Brough	fell
Mr. Starling's b.aus.g.	... <i>Ginger</i>	11	7	Mr. McCourt	fell
Mr. Brandt's b.aus.g.	... <i>Baron</i>	11	7	Mr. McCall	fell
Mr. Wright's g.aus.m.	... <i>Meg Merrilies</i>	11	5	Mr. Pullen	fell

Antæus, *The Sheep*, and *Baronet* were supposed to have the race safe, and the result was as anticipated. *Baronet*—very well ridden by a gallant Captain of Lancers—took the lead, and kept it all the way to within 50 yards of the post, when he was caught by *Antæus* steadily piloted by a promising Cornet, and beaten by half a neck. *Antæus* lost the race by going in and out of the big brook, instead of taking it in his stride, and *The Sheep*, who had jumped everything cleverly till the 2nd last fence, was so jumped by the pace that he chested the wall, rolled over into the further ditch, and lay there jammed on his back. The other three came to grief in different parts of the course, the *Baron*, a slashing bay waler, parting company with his Jock at the 2nd last wall, and *Ginger*, who ran very unkindly, dropping himself and rider into the big brook 17 feet of water.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, 23RD JANUARY,

THE GUINDY HANDICAP.—Rs. 200, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 40. H. F. For all horses that have started in the Whim, Selling Stakes, Scurry, Ladies' Purse, and Steeple Chases. Three-quarter mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Arlthnot's br.aus.g.	... <i>Cassman</i>	9	7	Mr. Maillard	... 1
Mr. Burt's br.aus.g.	... <i>Sans Merci</i>	9	4	Mr. Power	... 2

Good race, won by a length.

Time—25s., 1m. 24s.

THE CARWAIT NUGGER PLATE.—Rs. 500, presented by the Rajah of Carwait Nugger, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100. H. F. One mile and a half and a distance.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.g.	... <i>Thirlestane</i>	11	0	Donaldson	walk over

No one would accept against *Thirlestane* with 11st., only 2lbs. more than he carried in the Cup.

THE TURF CLUB HANDICAP.—Rs. 500, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100. H. F. One mile and a half and a distance.

		st.	lbs.		
The Templar's ro.s.m.	... <i>Czarina</i>	10	7	Brewtey	... 1
Captain Dobree's b.aus.g.	... <i>Grandmaster</i>	10	0	Mr. Maillard	... 2
Mr. Nursing Rao's ro.aus.g.	... <i>Clairevoyant</i>	8	7	Blackburn	... 3
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.f.	... <i>Virginia</i>	7	11	Donaldson	... 4

Won easy by 2 lengths.

Time for the last mile and a half—31s., 1m. 1s., 2m. 2s., 2m. 57s.

ARAB STAKES.—Rs. 300, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of Rs. 80. H. F. One mile and a half.

		st.	lbs.		
Kolapoor Rajah's ch.a.e.	... <i>Red Hazard</i>	... 8	4	Native	... 1
Captain FitzGerald's g.a.h.	... <i>Foreigner</i>	... 9	12	Mr. Power	... 2
Mr. Campbell's g.a.h.	... <i>Tennyson</i>	... 8	0	Brewley	... 3
Kolapoor Rajah's b.a.h.	... <i>Mysore</i>	... 9	6	Owner	... 4

Red Hazard led and won very easily.

Time—26s., 55s., 1m. 56s., 2m. 56s.

HANDICAP STEEPLE CHASE.—Rs. 300. For all horses that have started for a Steeple Chase during the Meeting. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 40. H. F. About one mile and three-quarters.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Burt's b.aus.g.	... <i>Albourne</i>	... 12	4	Mr. Brough	... 1
Mr. South's ch.aus.g.	... <i>Guy Fawkes</i>	... 10	7	Mr. Maillard	... 2
Capt. FitzGerald's g.aus.g.	... <i>Kyfoosleum</i>	... 11	7	Captain Maunsell	... 0
Mr. Wilson's g.aus.g.	... <i>Antans</i>	... 11	7	Mr. Symes	... 0
Mr. Turner's b.aus.m.	... <i>Duchess</i>	... 11	8	Owner	... 0

Very easy. *Guy Fawkes* fell at 3rd fence and lost too much ground to make it up again.

FIFTH DAY—MONDAY, 27TH JANUARY.

This day's races were to have taken place on Saturday, but were put off till Monday on account of heavy rain.

THE AMATEUR HANDICAP.—Rs. 200, forced for winners of Whim, Selling Stakes, Ladies' Purse, and Guindy Handicap at 20 Rs. entrance for each race won. Optional to losers in the same races at an entrance of Rs. 20, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Arbuthnot's br.aus.g.	... <i>Clausman</i>	... 9	7	Mr. Maillard	... 0

Time—W. O.

THE CAEWAIT NUGGER HANDICAP.—Rs. 500. Presented by the Rajah of Carwait Nuggur. For all beaten horses. Entrance Rs. 30. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. If four horses start, the second to save his stake. One mile and a half.

		st.	lbs.		
Captain FitzGerald's b.aus.g.	... <i>Woodman</i>	... 10	2	Mr. Power	... 1
Mr. Hunter Blair's b.aus.m.	... <i>Cobweb</i>	... 11	0	Brewley	... 2
Mr. Arbuthnot's b.aus.g.	... <i>Heatherjock</i>	... 8	7	Blackburn	... 3

Time—57s., 1m. 56s., 3m. 5s.

Cobweb passed *Woodman* half a mile from home, but *Woodman*, splendidly ridden, passed her 100 yards from the post and won by two lengths.

THE GREAT EASTERN STEEPLE CHASE.—Rs. 400, added to a handicap forced for winners of all Steeple Chases during the Meeting, at Rs. 20 for each race won, and optional to losers in the same at an entrance of Rs. 20. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To start at the Mile Post and go twice round, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

		st.	lbs.		
Capt. FitzGerald's g.aus.g.	... <i>Kyfoosleum</i>	... 10	7	Capt. Maunsell	... 1
Mr. Turner's b.aus.m.	... <i>Duchess</i>	... 10	0	Tiger	... 2
Mr. Wilson's g.aus.g.	... <i>Antans</i>	... 10	7	Mr. Symes	... 3
Mr. Burt's b.aus.g.	... <i>Albourne</i>	... 13	0	Mr. Brough	... 4

Albourne slipped upon landing at last fence, or would have won easily.

THE LADIES' RACE.—A Prize presented by Lady Napier for all untrained horses that have been regularly ridden by ladies. With a Prize for the second horse from the Fund.

								st. lbs.
Australians	11 0
Arabs	9 7

Winners 7lbs. extra. No other penalties or allowances. Gentlemen riders. Half a mile. Post entry.

Mrs. Beresford's b.s.h.	<i>Glendernel</i>	...	Mr. Power	...	1
Mrs. Webster's g.s.h.	<i>Trojan</i>	...	Mr. Symes	...	2
Mrs. Rolland's g.aus.m.	<i>Meg Merrilies</i>	...	Capt. FitzGerald	...	3
Mrs. Fordyce mares b.aus.m.	<i>May-Ply</i>	0
Mrs. Busteed's b. aus. g	<i>Budger</i>	...	Mr. Maillard	...	0
Mrs. Bloomfield's b.aus.m.	<i>Marry</i>	...	Mr. Husband	...	0

Won easy.

THE TRAVANCORE PLATE.—Rs. 500 presented by H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore, G. C. S. I. A handicap forced for winners of all races except the Whim, Selling Stakes, Scurry, Ladies' Purse, and Guindy Handicap, at Rs. 50 entrance for each race won. Optional to losers at Rs. 50 entrance. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 75 for each horse declared to start. 2 miles.

			st. lbs.		
The Templar's w.e.m.	...	<i>Czarina</i>	10 4	Brewtey	... 1
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.h.	...	<i>Virginia</i>	6 10	Donaldson	... 2
Mr. Hunter Blair's b.aus.m.	...	<i>Cobweb</i>	10 7	Mr. Power	distanced.

Cobweb waited and won pretty easily by 2 lengths, but was distanced, being over weight.

Course very heavy from rain.

Time—1m. 5s., 2m. 10s., 3m. 15s., 4m. 12s.

SIXTH DAY, TUESDAY, 28TH JANUARY.

THE CARWAIT NUGGER CUP.—A piece of Plate, value about Rs. 800, presented by the Rajah of Carwait Nugger, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 each, H. F. and with Rs. 200 given from the Fund for the second horse. If six horses start, the third to save his stake. For all horses. One mile and a half.

		st. lbs.			
The Templar's ro.e.m.	...	<i>Czarina</i>	9 3	Brewtey	1
Capt. FitzGerald's b.aus.g.	...	<i>Woodman</i>	9 7	Mr. Power	2
Mr. Burt's br.aus.g.	...	<i>Promised Land</i>	10 7	Mr. Brough	3
Mr. Wilson's br.aus.g.	...	<i>Thirlestane</i>	11 7	Donaldson	bolted.
Mr. Nursing Rao's ro.aus.g.	...	<i>Clairevoyant</i>	8 1	Native	0
Mr. Hunter Blair's b.aus.m.	...	<i>Cobweb</i>	9 11	Mr. Maillard	0

Czarina and *Cobweb* were confederates for this race, and the Templars declared to win with *Czarina*. *Cobweb* made running for half a mile, when *Thirlestane* passed her. *Czarina* collared *Thirlestane*, who halted after racing for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. *Woodman* came at the distance, but could not collar *Czarina*, who won with difficulty by a length.

Time—55s., 1m. 51s., 2m. 55s.

THE BEDOUIN PLATE.—Rs. 300, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of Rs. 80. H. F. For all Arabs. One mile and three-quarters.

Capt. FitzGerald's g.a.h.	...	<i>Foreigner</i>	...	10 0	Mr. Power	...	1
Mr. Borton's ch.a.h.	...	<i>Brigand</i>	...	8 13	Brewtey	...	2
Kolapoor Rajah's b.a.h.	...	<i>Myore</i>	carried	7 11	Native	...	3

Won in a canter.

Time—3m. 12s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

THE CARNATIC STEEPLE CHASE.—Rs. 300, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of Rs. 40. H. F. For all horses. About one mile and three-quarters.

		st. lbs.		
Capt. FitzGerald's g.aus.g.	... <i>Kafoozleum</i>	11 7	Mr. Maunsell	... 1
Mr. Wilson's g.aus.g.	... <i>Autana</i>	11 4	Mr. Symes	... 2
Capt. Hallett names p.aus.g.	... <i>Badger carried</i>	8 13	<i>Tiger</i>	fell.

Kafoozleum waited and won by a length.

AUCTION STAKES.—Rs. 300. For all horses. The winner to be sold by auction after the race; surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund. Price Rs. 400. Weight for Arabs 8st., 3lbs. added for every 100 Rs. value up to Rs. 1,200. Entrance Rs. 60. One mile.

		st. lbs.		
Capt. FitzGerald's h.aus.g.	... <i>Woodman</i>	... 10 4	Mr. Power	... 1
Mr. Arbuthnot's br.aus.g.	... <i>Clansman</i>	... 10 4	Mr. Maillard	distanced.

Clansman came in first, but a cross having been proved against his rider, *Woodman* was declared to be the winner.

Time—57s.—1m. 58s.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS'S RACING STUD.—The following statistics will be found to contain some interesting particulars relative to the winning of the Marquis of Hastings's horses during the past racing season, and at all events show that it was not owing to a want of luck that he was compelled to break up his stud. The marquis commenced at Lincoln in February, and from that period to the close of the season his horses have won £31,851 of public money. Of this large sum the two-year-olds contributed the lion's share, 11 winning £22,271, of which £9,185 is to be placed to the credit of Lady Elizabeth, and £5,860 to the credit of Athena, her winnings being more than one-half what the Marquis gave to Mr. Naylor for all his Stockwell yearlings. £2,810 was won by four three-year-olds; £5,220 by three four-year-olds; and £1,550 by two six-year-olds. It is said that the total amount stated above is the largest sum won on the turf in a year by any one person who has not carried off any of the great three-year-old events of the year.

DEATH OF HER MAJESTY'S STUD GROOM.—We have to announce the death of Mr. John Ransom, stud groom to Her Majesty, who died at his residence at the Royal Paddocks, Lampton Court, on Wednesday, December 11, after a severe illness. The deceased, who was in his 78th year, was on intimate terms with all the breeders, trainers, and owners of blood stock in England, by whom he was highly respected, while his loss will be long and deeply felt. With Her Majesty, whom he served faithfully for no less a period than 26 years, he was an especial favourite, and on more than one occasion, we believe, the Queen testified her sense of his merits by substantial tokens of her regard, in the shape of marriage presents to his daughter.—*The Sportsman*.

CALCUTTA RACES, 2ND MEETING,

8TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

VARIOUS were the rumours afloat prior to our second meeting, and some little amount of speculation as to the result of another trial between the *Great Van* and *Rocket*. Many thought that in his new trainer's hands *Van* was neither looking nor going like himself. *Rocket*, however, was pronounced to be quite fit, and with Gooch up, many predicted another victory for him. *Swishtail* and *The Dean* were not thought of, being both very unfit. *Silver Star* had been doing good work, and looked as well as she ever could.

Nancy had also much improved, and was very near herself again. *Erl King* had returned from Mozufferpore looking jaded and sorry. *Red Rover* had not shown for many days, and was reported wrong, whilst the English mare *May Fair* had not shown at all as yet.

Of the Arabs there were very few left on any legs at all. In John Irving's hands the Dacca Stable had much improved, and *Shah-in-Shah* in particular looked fit to run for his life. *Bonnie Morn* had sobered down a good deal, but his coat did not shine, neither did *Pickle's*; but *Starlight* looked pretty fit. *Prince Alfred*, *The Prince*, and *Whitefriars*, of Mr. Collins's Stable, had all done steady good work, and were supported by a few. Mr. W. W.'s *Growler*, the Derby winner, was said to be a stone better than in the first meeting. Mr. Manchester's *Buckleys* had kept sound, and had done good work. Mr. Vincent's *Caliph* had done little work, but still looked well.

The Colonel's *Long Trump* had been making his efforts for a start, but his poor legs would not stand it; so the above were the lot to compete for the prizes for the second meeting, which, to my mind, in these days of railroads, is a vast mistake. There should be but one good meeting for all the cracks in December or January, with a Skye Meeting in the afternoon early in March; but on this subject more hereafter; so now let us to our work.

FIRST RACE.

A Purse of 25 G. Ms. Handicap for all Arabs. 2 miles. An additional 5 for all accepting the Handicap.

Entrance	5 G. Ms. on	1st November.
Ditto	10 G. Ms. on	1st December.
Handicap on	9th January.
Acceptances	20th "
st. lbs. Rider. Color.					
Mr. W. W.'s	<i>Growler</i> b.a.h.	...	8 4 Gooch	...	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Abdool Guni Meeah's	<i>Shah-in-Shah</i> c.a.h.	...	9 12 Irving	...	Scarlet and puce, scarlet Cap.
Mr. Manchester's	<i>Buckleys</i> b.a.h.	...	8 4 Auckland	...	White. Declared 6½ lbs.
Mr. Collins's	... <i>Prince Alfred</i> g.a.h.	...	9 5 Dawson	...	Black, white Cap.
Mr. Vincent's	... <i>Caliph</i> g.u.h.	...	8 0 Donaldson	...	Black Body, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.

No fault could be found with the condition of the five as they cantered down to the 2-mile post. All were in blooming condition. *Shah-in-Shah* was made favourite at the Lottery the night before the race-selling for above 30 G. Ms. in a 50 G. M. Lottery. At the start *Prince Alfred* cut out the running, and

led past the stand closely attended on by the other four. In this manner they went for a little more than a mile, when *Prince Alfred* began to fail, and he joined *Caliph* in the rear, the other three racing all along the flat path the half mile post. Here *Growler* got a pull, and *Shah-in-Shah* and *Bucklegs* got a little the advantage, but *Growler*, beautifully ridden, came again, and the three raced home. The weight began to tell on *Shah-in-Shah* at the distance; and it was a set-to between the three, ending in *Growler's* favor by a length, *Shah* second, and *Bucklegs* so good a third, that, had he not carried the 6½ lbs. overweight, he would probably have won the race.

SECOND RACE.

THE UNITED CALCUTTA CLUB'S CUP OF 50 G. Ms. Handicap for all Horse. St. Jeger Course.

Entrance 5 G. Ms.	1st November.
Ditto 10 G. Ms.	1st December.
Handicap on	9th January.
Acceptances	20th "

5 G. Ms. for all Horses accepting.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s b.aus.g.	<i>Rocket</i>	10	10 Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Collins's b.aus.g.	<i>Vanderdecken</i>	11	0 Dawson	Black, white Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s c.aust.m.	<i>Bellona</i>	9	4 Choochoo.	Black.
Mr. Johnson's b.k.aus.g.	<i>The Dean</i>	9	8 Dignum	Green and amber.
Mr. Manchester's b.e.h.	<i>Dr. Swishtail</i>	9	7 Joseph	White.
Mr. Manchester's c.e.m.	<i>Silver Star</i>	9	6 Auckland.	White.

The result of this race was anticipated by many of the racing cognoscenti, with a new rider on *Vanderdecken*, *Rocket* all right, and Gooch up.

The race was clearly between the two, even with the crushing weights each had up.

THE RACE.—A good start for the six was made, and they dashed past the stand at a great pace, all in a heap, *The Dean* leading. *Rocket* made a spurt and took the lead, forcing the running at a tremendous pace; poor old *Van* round the first corner being outside, went round with his horses, instead of falling to the rear, and thereby went many lengths further than any other horse in the race. At the mile *Rocket* was still leading, *Silver Star* and *Bellona* next, then *The Dean* and *Van*, with *Swishtail* last.

Thus they ran to the ¾ mile post, where *Van* passed *Silver Star* and joined his old antagonist, and away the two came together, putting all the others out of the race. At the corner the two were on equal terms, if anything, in favor of *Van*; and had Dawson remained steady when Gooch began to ride *Rocket*, the result would probably have been very different; but directly Gooch set to, Dawson thought it necessary to do the same, when groans from the backers of old *Van*; pronounced their fear at what did result *viz.* that Gooch would prove too much for Dawson, not *Rocket* too much for *Van*,—and so it was. Gooch won a fine race, with difficulty, much to the delight of Mr. W. W., who holds that his *Rocket* is as good as *Van*, but in which opinion I cannot agree, for I think both fit, and with a Gooch on each, *Van* would prove himself the better horse by full 7lbs.

THIRD RACE.

THE CRITERION STAKES OF 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Country-bred and Colonial Horses. 1 mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 9 lbs. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 1 stone. Winner of the Colonial Stakes of the year to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close on 1st November, and name the day before the race.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	<i>Color.</i>
Mr. Vincent's b.a.m.	... <i>Nancy</i>	... 8	1 Donaldson	Black, yellow Sleeves, and white Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s b.a.m.	... <i>Favorite</i>	... 9	0 Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves and Belt.
Mr. Manchester's b.a.m.	... <i>Debuture</i>	... 9	4 Auckland	White.
Mr. Freeman's b.a.g.	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 9	4 Joseph	Scarlet Jacket and Cap.

For the distance, this promised to be a very good race, and three out of the four were all talked of as able to make the performance in 1m. 48s., or at most 1m. 49s. However, before they had gone a quarter of a mile, two of the four had the race to themselves, *Debuture* and *Erlking* not being able to live with *Nancy* and *Favorite*, who went stride for stride up to the quarter mile from home, where *Nancy* full of running came away, winning very easily.

FOURTH RACE.

THE OAK STAKES, 25 G. Ms. Purse for all Maiden Mares. Weight for age and class. 1½ mile. Winner of the Colonial to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 5 G. Ms. on 1st November, 1867. 10 G. Ms. on 1st January, 1868, when the race will close. 5 G. Ms. for all starters.

Mr. W. W.'s *Favorite* ... Walked over.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.

KHAJAH ABDOOL GUNI MEEAH'S PLATE, value Rs. 500. For all Arabs. R. C. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 10lbs.; on the day of the race 1 stone; 3 horses on separate interest to start, or Plate withheld, and the Winner of the Derby of the year to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 5 G. Ms. on the 1st September; 10 G. Ms. on 1st December; and 20 G. Ms. on 1st January, when the race will close. A Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	<i>Color.</i>
Abdool Guni Meeah's	... <i>Shah-in-Shah, c.a.</i>	... 9	3 Irving	Puce and scarlet Cap.
Mr. Collins's	... <i>Prince Alfred, g.a.</i>	... 9	3 Auckland	Black, white Cap.

This race requires no description, for *Prince Alfred* had not an ounce of muscle on him; so the *Shah* led and won as he liked.

Time—3m. 31s.

SECOND RACE.

THE TRADES' PLATE, value 50 G. Ms. presented by the tradesmen of Calcutta. Handicap for all Horses. 2 miles. Entrance 10 G. Ms. on 1st November; 15 G. Ms. on 1st December, when the race will close. Handicap to be declared on 1st February, and acceptances by 1 p. m. day before the race. An additional 5 G. Ms. for all horses accepting the Handicap. Winners after declaration of weights to carry 5lbs. extra.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	<i>Color.</i>
Mr. Collins's b.aus.g.	... <i>Vanderdecken</i>	11	4 Auckland	Black, white Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s b.aus.g.	... <i>Rocket</i>	10	12 Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and elt.
Mr. W. W.'s c.a.us.m.	... <i>Yellona</i>	9	7 Choochoo	Black.
Mr. Major's b.o.m.	... <i>Mayfair</i>	9	10 Irving	White Jacket, pink Seams & Cap.

Time—3ms. 47s.

Notwithstanding old *Fan's* previous defeat, and that he carried 4lbs. more than he did on Saturday, he was made the favorite in the betting. Auckland rode

him this morning, and right well he did so. He was the first to show in the cunter past, and looked cool and resolute. The English mare came next, but did not look quite fit. *Bellona* followed, and last of all *Rocket* made his appearance, all a lather of froth.

THE RACE.—A good start, and the four came past the post at a rattling pace, so fast that Gooch was unable to head them and get his inside place until well round the first turn, when *Rocket* led, the two mares being well up, and *Van* last.

In this order they ran to the half-mile from home, where the English mare failed; and *Van* creeping up to *Rocket*, the two came clean away from the mares. At the turn in, *Van* had the best of it, but *Rocket* came again for a few strides, and many cried *Rocket* wins, but Auckland was steady, and never moved on his game old horse, who came away in his right form winning by a length in the wonderful time of 3ms. 47s—2 miles with 11st. 4lb. up; the English mare, who is only 4 years old, ran well for a mile and a half.

THIRD RACE.

A purse of 15 G. Ms. for all Horses. Weight for age and class. Winner to be sold for Rs. 1,500, or carry 7lbs. extra for every additional 100 Rupees. Entrance 5 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the race. 1 mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Walter's b.aus.g.	... <i>Brigand</i>	... 8 1	Donaldson	Blue, and white Hoops.
Mr. Manchester's b.a.m.	... <i>Debuture</i>	... 9 4	Auckland	White.
Mr. Vincent's b.cb.	... <i>Shamrock</i>	... 8 11	Joseph	Blue Body, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.

Time—1m. 5 ts.

Brigand had it all his own way from the start, making his own running, and winning easily

FOURTH RACE.

A Cup, value Rs. 500, presented by G. B. Lewis, Esq., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. each. Half forfeit Handicap for all Horses. 1½ mile. Winner to be sold for Rs. 2,500. To close and name the day before the meeting. Handicap to be declared by 8 A. M. the day before the race.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Manchester's c.e.m.	... <i>Silver Star</i>	... 9 6	Auckland	White.
Mr. Millord's b.aus.g.	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 8 7	Joseph	Scarlet.
Mr. Walter's b.aus.m.	... <i>Milliner</i>	... 8 2	Donaldson	Blue, and White Hoops.
Mr. S. G. L.'s b.aus.g.	... <i>Delphos</i>	... 7 10	Livesay	White Jacket.

Time—2ms. 18s.

Delphos and *Milliner* went away at a tremendous pace, waited on by *Erl King*, *Silver Star* being last to the ¾ mile post, where the two leading ones fell to the rear. *Erl King* and *Silver Star* raced together to the turn in, when the mare got the best of it, and came away winning rather easily in the good time of 2m. 18s.

FIFTH RACE.

An Exhibition whip, presented by Messrs. Monteith and Co., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. each. Handicap for all Maiden Arabs. 1½ mile. To close and name the day before the meeting. Handicap to be declared by 8 A. M. the day before the race.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Growler</i>	... 9 0	Gooch	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Vincent's	... <i>Catip</i>	... 7 7	Donaldson	Black Body, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.

Time—3ms. 9s., last mile in 1m. 56s.

The two cantered for near half a mile, when Gooch on *Growler* put on steam, and the two raced home the last mile in 1m. 56s.

Caliph not well ridden.

SIXTH RACE.

Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. each. Half forfeit for all Arabs and Country-breds. Maidens allowed, 10lbs. Maidens on the day of naming 1 stone. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close and name the day before the meeting.

Mr. Vincent's *Shamrock* Walked over.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.

Handicap for all Arab and Country-breds. Entrance 5 G. Ms., 15 added. 1 mile. To close and name the day before the meeting.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.		Color.
Mr. Walter's	... <i>Highlander</i>	...	8 9	—	...	Blue, white Hoops.
Abdool Guni Meeah's	... <i>Starlight</i>	...	8 10	—	...	Puce, scarlet Cap.
Mr. Vincent's	... <i>Shamrock</i>	...	9 4	Joseph	...	Black, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.
Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Buckleys</i>	...	8 7	—	...	White.

Time—1m. 54s.

This race is easily described. The rider on *Starlight*, a native, would not start, and lost half a dozen lengths. *Highlander* took a strong lead, which he kept throughout, winning very easily in 1m. 54s., with a second or more in hand.

SECOND RACE.

THE GILBERT STAKES of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. A Handicap. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. For all horses placed in the second class.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.		Color.
Abdool Guni Meeah's	... <i>Shah-in-Shah</i>	...	9 12	Irving	...	Puce, scarlet Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Growler</i>	...	8 4	—	...	Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.

Time—2ms. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Growler went as fast as he could be made to go with nothing else for him to force the running, *Shah-in-Shah* waiting on him to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile home, where he went up and managed with some difficulty to be at *Growler*, who ran very game by a length.

THIRD RACE.

THE CALCUTTA STAKES of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. A Handicap. 2 miles. For all Horses placed in the first class.

These Handicaps are forced for winners of 30 G. Ms. and upwards during the meeting, and optional for winners of less than 30 G. Ms., and to losers, if entered by 5 P. M. on the 2nd day. Entrance for winners once 10 G. Ms.; twice 15 G. Ms.; thrice and oftener 20 G. Ms. Half forfeit in each case.

Entrance for winners of less than 30 G. Ms., and for losers 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit.

All horses will be divided into two classes, and then handicapped into one of these two races.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Rocket</i>	... 8	7	... Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Collins's	... <i>Vanderdecken</i>	... 9	3 Auckland	... Black, white Cap.

Time—3ms. 43s.

Now came the great event of the two meetings. The trial between *Van* and *Rocket* with a difference of 10lbs.; but this time at racing, and not welter weights. *Van* had much the call in the betting, and within my hearing 2 to 1 was laid twice over as the two went to the post. Both looked justly well, and *Rocket* certainly better than on the day of his last performance. The two got off on equal terms, Gooch inside on *Rocket* pulling hard, trying to make the pace as slow as practicable. He got round the turn first, and then improved the pace, *Van* holding 2 lengths in the rear, and in this manner, without any change they ran to the half-mile from home, where *Van* crept up, and a tremendous race home ensued. The 10lbs., however, evidently began to tell on *Van* about the distance from home, and he failed quite to reach *Rocket*, who was landed a winner by a length, in the fastest time on Indian record, the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile being done in 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., 1 mile 1m. 54s., 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile 2ms. 21s., mile and a half 2ms. 49s., the 2 miles 3ms. 43s.

FOURTH RACE.

Free Handicap 5 G. Ms. each. 20 added. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	Color.
Mr. Vincent's b.w.m.	<i>Nancy</i>	... 8	0 Donaldson	... Black, yellow Sleeves, white Cap.
Mr. Milford's b.w.g.	<i>Erl King</i>	... 8	5 - - -	... Scarlet.
Mr. W. W.'s c.w.m.	<i>Bellona</i>	... 9	2 - - -	... Blue Body, red Sleeves, and Belt.
Mr. Manchester's c.e.m.	<i>Silver Star</i>	... 9	5 Auckland	... White
Mr. Major's b.e.m.	<i>Majafir</i>	... 9	2 Joseph	... White Jacket, pink Scams, pink Cap.
Mr. W. W.'s b.w.m.	<i>Favourite</i>	... 8	10 - - -	... Black.

Time—2ms. 45s.

If the race of the two cracks was wonderful timing, it was nearly equalled by what are styled the 2nd class, and *pace* Pegasus it behoves the Stewards of the Turf Club to look to their weights and modify them in *some* degree more in favor of the English, now that the class of walers is evidently so much improved. The two English mares in this race had literally no chance, the winner being a four-year-old waler mare, accomplishing the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in the wonderful time of 2ms. 45s.

THE RACE.—All got well off, but *Bellona* and *Erl King* made the running for about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile, *Favourite* taking it up when the *Erl* failed, followed by *Nancy*. Both went at a frightful pace, *Favourite* leading to the turn in, when *Nancy* overhauled her and came away with the light weight, and won very cleverly. *Favourite* second.

The timing was thus— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 54s.; 1 mile, 1m. 48s.; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 2ms. 45s.

D. J.

RACES TO COME.

LUCKNOW RACES.

ENTRIES OF THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1868.

N.B.—The prospectus of these Races appeared in our last issue.

DILKOOSHIA STAKES—18TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. Andrew's <i>Snowdrop</i> .		Mr. Gore's <i>The Baron</i> .
Mr. Delacour's <i>Coral</i> .		Col. Shade's <i>Red Hazard</i> .

LUCKNOW DERBY—18TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. McCully's <i>Red Lancer</i> .		Mr. Walter's <i>Milliner</i> .
The Tallyho's <i>Tomboy</i> .		

MOOSABAGH STAKES—18TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. Andrew's <i>St. Patrick</i> .		Mr. Gore's <i>Mayfly</i> .
Capt. Dobson's <i>Coral</i> .		Mr. Arathoon's <i>Kitty</i> .

SAILARA STAKES—18TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. Andrew's <i>Snowdrop</i> .		Mr. Walter's <i>Highlander</i> .
Mr. Collins's <i>Prince Alfred</i> .		Mr. Vincent's <i>Caliph</i> .

TOM THUMB STAKES—20TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. Martin's <i>Don Juan</i> .		Mr. Gore's <i>Orion</i> .
Capt. Dobson's <i>The Dean</i> .		Mr. Curry's <i>Guy Deceiver</i> .

THE WELTER STAKES—20TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. Smith's <i>Country Lass</i> .		Mr. Major's <i>Mayfair</i> .
Mr. Milford's <i>Erl King</i> .		The Tallyho's <i>Tomboy</i> .
Mr. McCully's <i>Red Lancer</i> .		Mr. Walter's <i>Milliner</i> .

SELLING RACE—20TH FEBRUARY.

Mr. Fletsoe's <i>Tura</i> .		Mr. Gore's <i>Mayfly</i> .
Mr. Robert's <i>Colloby</i> .		

THE NATIVE GENTLEMAN'S PURSE—22ND FEBRUARY.

Mr. Smith's <i>Country Lass</i> .		Mr. Collins's <i>Vanderdecken</i> .
Mr. Milford's <i>Erl King</i> .		The Tallyho's <i>Tomboy</i> .
Mr. Major's <i>Mayfair</i> .		Mr. Walter's <i>Brigand</i> .
Mr. McCully's <i>Red Lancer</i> .		Mr. Walter's <i>Milliner</i> .

MAHOMEDBAGH STAKES—22ND FEBRUARY.

Mr. Collins's one nomination.

Mr. Vincent's one nomination.

Mr. Walter's one nomination.

T. BURNETT, *Lieut., R. H. A.,*
Honorary Secretary.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.—*Sir*,—I am sure it will be a matter of great interest to many of your subscribers, now that the season for shooting wild game has again come round, if you will open your columns for the discussion of the merits of wire cartridges.

There are no doubt many of your sporting correspondents who have ample leisure and inclination to draw up a tabular and scientific report concerning the merits of the same, setting forth the distinction, if any, between Eley's "royal" and "green" wire cartridges, and the best mode of using them.

As far as my own examination and experience is concerned, there appears to be very little difference between the two, and nothing can be more uncertain and unsatisfactory in their effects. For instance, sometimes I can kill birds no further than with an ordinary loose charge, and at other times I cut a bird to pieces at sixty yards.

One important point to be decided is, whether this "balling" is liable to occur more or less frequently by placing thick wadding between the powder and the cartridge. Another important point to be decided is the most advantageous and killing distances to use these cartridges; and a third important point to be decided is whether these wire cartridges have an injurious effect upon the gun barrels.

There is another matter of equally great interest which might be discussed at the same time, namely, gunpowder. It is now the fashion to use coarse grain, *i.e.*, No. 4, 5, or 6, but I much question if there is any advantage in so doing—firstly, because it is doubtful whether it is stronger; and, secondly, it is not nearly so quick in ignition as the fine grain. This is only ascertained by practice, and at a considerable waste of ammunition; for example, in quick-flying cross shots I am obliged to aim two or three feet further in advance of the bird when using the coarse-grained powder than I was in the habit of doing when it was the fashion to use fine or No. 2 grain.

I have no doubt that the opinion of other sportsmen will coincide with me; if so, there is a positive disadvantage in using the coarse grain. I hope you will consider these matters of sufficient interest to the sporting community to insure an insertion of this letter in your columns, in order to elicit the views and opinions of experienced sportsmen.

—*The Field.*

BLACK-CHICK.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.—Having read with great interest in the last two numbers of *The Field* the controversy that is now going on with respect to Eley's wire cartridges, allow me to add my testimony and experience to their vast superiority over loose shot, having for the last twenty years killed by their assistance a great deal of game and some thousands of snipe (even the jack, of which I could any day send up a specimen for your inspection). Now, if these cartridges killed so much as some of your correspondents seem determined to make out, I know my bag would not have been so large, as, thanks to Eley's cartridge, I often bag a bird with my second barrel which otherwise would have escaped. I have great respect for all the material supplied by that firm to the sportsman.—SCOLOPAX SABINI.—*Ibid.*

CAWNPORE RACES,—1868.

STEWARDS :

GENERAL FORREST,
LIEUT.-COL. RICHARDSON. C. B.,
MAJOR BOISRAGON,
W. HALSEY, Esq., C. S.
MAJOR PARSONS,
CAPT. CHAPMAN, and
H. MAXWELL, Esq.

HONORARY SECRETARY :
CAPT. BEN. WILLIAMS.

FIRST DAY, 3RD MARCH.

FIRST RACE.

Galloway Stakes for all Galloways. 14 hands. To carry 10st. 10lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every inch under. Entrance 3 G. Ms. Rs. 200 added. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

SECOND RACE.

Hack Stakes. For all Hacks. The winner to be sold for Rs 500. 11st. each. 5lbs. allowed for every 50 Rs. decrease in valuation. Entrance 1 G. M. Rs. 100 added. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. G. R.

THIRD RACE.

Trial Stakes. For all Horses. Calcutta weight for age and class. Winner of the season once to carry 5lbs. ; twice 10 lbs. ; three times and more 14lbs. extra. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Rs. 300 added. Distance 2 miles.

FOURTH RACE.

For Maiden Arabs. A Purse of Rs. 300 given by Nawab Nizamut Dowla. Calcutta weight for age raised 10lbs. Maidens of the day allowed 3lbs. Entrance 4 G. Ms. Distance 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FIFTH RACE.

For all Horses the property of the Railway staff. Catchweights over 10st. Entrance Rs. 10. Rs. 100 added. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

SECOND DAY, 5TH MARCH.

FIRST RACE.

Tom Thumb Stakes, for Ponies 13-1 and under. 13-1 to carry 10st. 7lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every inch under. Entrance 1 G. M. Rs. 100 added. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

SECOND RACE.

Charger Stakes for all *bonâ fide* chargers. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 2st. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Rs. 150 added. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. G. R.

THIRD RACE.

The Railway Purse. For all Arabs. 10st. 10lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 3 G. Ms. Rs. 200 added. Distance B. C.

FOURTH RACE.

Welter Stakes. For all Horses. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 21lbs. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Rs. 300 added. Distance R. C., and a distance G. R.

THIRD DAY, 7TH MARCH.

FIRST RACE.

Winner's Handicap. Forced entrance for all winners except chargers, galloways, hacks, and ponies. Optional to losers at 2 G. Ms. Entrance 1 G. Ms. for each race won. Rs. 250 added. Distance R. C., and a distance. To close at 12 noon the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.

Handicap for Galloways. 14 hands and under. Entrance 3 G. Ms. Rs. 100 added. Distance 1 mile. To close at same hour as first race.

THIRD RACE.

Consolation Handicap for all Horses that have started and not won during the meeting. Entrance 3 G. Ms. Rs. 150 added. Distance 1 mile.

FOURTH RACE.

Scurry Stakes for all Horses. The winner to be sold for Rs. 300. Catch-weight over 11st. Entrance 1 G. M. Rs. 80 added. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FIFTH RACE.

For all Ponies 13-2 and under, the property of the E. I. R. Staff. Catch-weights over 10st. Entrance Rs. 5. Rs. 80 added. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

RULES.

1. Calcutta Turf Club Rules, except where otherwise provided for. The decision of the Stewards to be final.

2. Three Horses *bonâ fide* the property of different owners to start, or the public money will be withheld. If four or more horses start, the second to save his entrance.

3. All entrances, subscriptions, nominations, declarations, &c., must reach the Honorary Secretary by noon on the day previous to the race.

4. All Galloways and Ponies will be measured by the Stewards, or by whom they may appoint, at the Stand, at such hour as may hereafter be decided on, the day previous to the race, and no Galloway or Pony will be allowed to start that has not been measured.

5. Owners of Horses, bar Pony Stakes, running at the meeting, to subscribe Rs. 20 to the Fund, and all Horses running during the meeting, barring in the Scurry, E. I. Railway, and Pony Races, to pay Rs. 4 towards the expenses of the Course.

6. Any person lodging an objection, to deposit Rs. 50 in the hands of the Secretary, which sum will be forfeited if the Stewards consider the objection unfounded.

7. The new Cawnpore Racecourse is above 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long.

Winners of the Calcutta Races. THE DERBY.

SEASON.	S.	OWNER.	WINNER.	WEIGHT.	RIDER.	D.	TIME.
1843-44	5	Mr. Jones'	g a h Elepoo	8	0 Barker	2 Miles	M. S.
1844-45	3	Mr. Petres'	g a h Crab	8	9 Evans	"	3 53
1845-46	5	Mr. Green's	b a h Glaucus	9	3 Copeland	"	3 58
1846-47	9	Mr. Williams'	b a h Minuet	8	3 Hall	"	3 54½
1847-48	6	Mr. Charles'	g a h Ishmael	8	12 Joy	"	3 53
1848-49	5	Mr. Brown's	b a h Wahaby	9	3 Evans	"	3 57
1849-50	6	Mr. Holdfast's	g a h Blood Royal	8	12 Barnes	"	4 2½
1850-51	6	Mr. Return's	b a h Peradventure	8	3 Duncan	"	4 3
1851-52	2	Mr. Return's	b a h Harold	8	9 Duncan	"	4 2
1852-53	4	Mr. Return's	b a h Right Royal	8	12 Marwood	"	4 2
1853-54	3	Mr. Payne's	g a h Nero	7	13 Gooch	"	3 52
*1855-56	13	Mr. Return's	g a h Haphazard	8	9 Marwood	"	4 0
1856-57	3	Mr. Payne's	b a h Speculator	9	3 P. Irving	"	4 9
1857-58	5	Mr. Payne's	g a h Lightning	8	7 Noble	"	4 9
1858-59	6	Mr. Payne's	c a h Flyaway	9	3 Noble	"	4 2
1859-60	6	Mr. Healey's	g a h Rocket	8	4 P. Irving	"	4 2
1860-61	9	Mr. York's	g a h Scimitar	8	4 Weatherall	"	4 1
1861-62	11	Mr. Manchester's	b a h Royal Exchange	8	1 Hammond	"	3 58
1862-63	11	Mr. Hartley's	b a h Famine	9	0 P. Irving	"	4 3
1863-64	13	Deanuth Dowlah's	b a h Gazelle	9	3 P. Irving	"	4 4
1864-65	8	Mr. W. W.'s	b a h Ruler	9	0 Arnott	"	4 2
1865-66	...	Mr. Gladstone's	b a Borderer	9	0 Auckland	"	4 2
1866-67	...	Mr. Manchester's	b a h Bucklegs	9	0 Hammond	"	4 7
1867-68	...	Mr. W. W.'s	b a h Growler	8	9 Gooch	"	4 7

* No races in 1854-55.

COLONIALS.

SEASON.	S.	OWNER.	WINNER.	WEIGHT.	RIDER.	D.	TIME.
1847-48	3	Mr. Green's	b cape h Richmond	9	0 Evans	...	M. S.
1848-49	4	Mr. Barker's	c aust g Lunatic	8	4 Evans	...	3 41
1849-50	5	Mr. Charles'	b aust g Boonarang	8	11 Joy	...	3 26½
1850-51	5	Mr. Holdfast's	b aust c Van Dieman	7	5 Barnes	...	3 25½
1851-52	5	Mr. Barnes'	b aust h Young Lucifer	8	3 Barnes	...	3 23
*1852-53	6	Abel East's	b aust h Moonlight	9	3 Cree	...	3 24
1853-54	3	Mr. Monghyr's	c c b m Grace Lee	7	8 P. Irving	...	3 20½
†1855-56	4	Mr. Macleod's	c c b m Merrilies	8	2 Hartley	...	3 29
1856-57	4	Mr. Macleod's	c cape h Rueluck	8	8 Curran	...	3 30
1857-58	5	Mr. St. John's	c aust m Bedlam Bess	8	4 P. Irving	...	3 27
1858-59	6	Mr. Hayley's	b aust h Bannan	8	9 P. Irving	...	3 24
1859-60	5	Mr. Cloud's	b cape m Maydew	9	0 P. Irving	...	3 27
1860-61	5	The Confederate's	c c b m Adeline	8	1 McGivern.	...	3 24
1861-62	7	Mr. Payne's	b aust h Sampson	8	11 Blackburne	...	3 25
1862-63	9	Capt. Roberts'	c aust h Sir Hercules	8	11 J. Irving	...	3 26
1863-64	7	Mr. Windham's	b aust m Mayfly	8	8 Stegkles	...	3 30
1864-65	8	Mr. Wood's	b aust m Blink Bonny	7	12 Collins	...	3 25
1865-66	...	Mr. Collin's	c aust g Dirk Hatterick	3 16½
1866-67	...	Mr. Manchester's	b aust m Debuture	3 19
1867-68	...	Mr. W. W.'s	b aust m Favourite	3 23

* Mr. Koss' b aust c *Habeas Corpus* came in first, but was disqualified in consequence of his owner's not having declared a confederacy, and non-payment of the necessary subscription to the fund. This matter was afterwards submitted to the Jockey Club, who ruled that there was no confederacy. *Habeas Corpus* was therefore the winner as she came in first.

† No races in 1854-55.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH 1868.

Victoria fortune sapientia.—*Proverb.*

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All payments to be made to the same gentleman, drafts being forwarded in registered letters.

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THE

Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. I.]

MARCH 16, 1868.

[No. 3.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

WE are very glad to find that our invitation to discuss the subject of Horse-breeding in India, and the most efficient means of supplying the country with the class of horses most required, is being taken up with vigor. Communications continue to pour in upon us from all parts of the country. The subject seems to be exciting more than usual interest; but not more certainly than its importance entitles it to. Amongst the whole range of subjects, the discussion of which may be said to form one of the legitimate objects of this journal, it is the "Great Question" of the day. But, like all great questions, there are involved in it many subordinate questions which must first be satisfactorily settled, before any solution acceptable to the public can be arrived at. These are:—Has the stock of horses in the country generally decreased or deteriorated? Is it still deteriorating? Have the measures adopted by the Home and Indian Governments for increasing this stock tended to improve matters; or, on the contrary, to make them worse? What measures may, or ought to be, adopted for the better attainment of the object in view? We do not desire to enter into the arena of controversy on this important subject. Our present object is rather to direct the attention of our contributors and correspondents to the main points involved in the argument, and to indicate the order in which they should be taken up. The *situation* as regards India is not precisely similar with the *situation* as regards Europe; and this will apply specially to England. The horse at home is applied largely to purposes to which it is applied but sparingly, if at all, in India. This circumstance narrows the limits of discussion considerably; and though we do not mean to say that horses for the outside public are not in India a *desideratum*, it will be admitted that the necessity of breeding horses for this purpose cannot compare with the greater necessity of breeding horses for the purposes of the State. Indeed, we are justified in assuming that the demands of the outside public are at present sufficiently well supplied by the class of horses obtainable in the country, and those imported from England, Australia, the Cape, Afghanistan, and Arabia. Were the breed of Indian horses

ever so much improved, we question very much whether the Anglo-Indian would discard the Arab, unless on the score of price. The temper and endurance of these noble little horses give them an advantage over every other breed of horses, that will always enable them to maintain their position against all odds, where weight-carrying and the highest attainable speed are not the first *desiderata*. It will follow then that the vital question, if we may use so strong a term, is one of Political as well as National importance, and concerns rather the Government of the country than the individual public. In it are involved the horing of the Artillery and Cavalry branches of the Military Service; or, in other words, the efficiency of the Army; and if the case is as we put it, it must be apparent that the interests involved in the right solution of this question are of very great magnitude. We have heard, with regret, that some of the papers which have appeared in the correspondence columns of previous issues of this journal have given offence to some of the authorities of the Government Stud Department. It is our special desire to give no cause of offence to any department or section of the community; and in the matter of Horse-breeding it would injure the objects we have in view to encourage a controversy or discussion which would be conducted in a spirit of hostility to the Government. On the contrary, if we have yet formed one opinion more fixed than another on this important subject, it is that it is our duty to *aid*, and not to embarrass, the Government. We do not conceive, however, that this end will be obtained by closing our columns to any class of writers, whether their opinions are in accordance with the peculiar views entertained by the Officers of the Stud Department, individually or collectively, or not. It was for this reason that we penned the following passage in the first number of our journal:—"We invite special attention to this subject; so important do we think it, that we shall reject *no* papers of merit regarding it, however much we may differ from the particular views of the writer; for it is no less our object to make this Magazine useful to the Government and the country, than it is our object to make it entertaining to the lovers of sport." There is no ambiguity about the wording of this invitation. It is plain and explicit; and if the views which our correspondents have hitherto expressed on this subject have not been favorable to the system at present in force, or have been what we have heard termed one-sided, not only is no blame attributable to us, but the remedy is in the hands of those who find fault with us. We are anxious to afford space to all; and in repeating it, we desire to add an expression of our opinion, that if any who are interested in the subject, do not avail themselves of our columns for the purpose either of advocating their own views, or of challenging the opinions and arguments of those who do, they have no cause of complaint. Sooner or later the "Great Question" will have to be entered upon and decided by higher authorities than those of the Stud Department; and *now* is the time to put forward all that can be said on all sides of it.

MAJOR FLOPPER, C.B., GOES OUT PIG-STICKING.

THE station of Sustipore was a remarkably slow one ; its warmest eulogists were unable to controvert that fact. Its advantages, no doubt, were many and undeniable. Situated in the centre of one of those fine open plains picturesquely dotted with the primeval and romantic homesteads, for which Lower Bengal is famous, abutting on a noble old river haunted by the lapwing and the snippet, surrounded by luxurious rice-fields, in which the graceful form of the paddy-bird might ever and anon be discerned soaring calmly along, while the vulture circled gaily through the air, and the jackal trotted peacefully among the hedgerows. It was quite an Arcadia in fact ; yet, while nature had been thus lavish in providing us with external objects of enjoyment,—how it was exactly I don't know,—still Sustipore was a byword and a reproach among the people ; it *was* so deplorably dull and stupid.

It consisted, as most other stations in that part of the world do, of about twelve houses inhabited by as many families, mostly official, including the Clergyman, Doctor, Collector, Deputy, and Assistant Collector, Engineer, and others of less note, but all with a recognized *status* and *habitat* of their own ; and all, I need hardly add, remarkably well able and willing to support their respective dignities and privileges in a fit and becoming manner. Regularity was the soul of the station. Punctually as the clock struck seven in the morning, the Joint Magistrate and his wife might be seen leaving their compound for their customary equitation in the park. Exactly at half-past the Doctor turned out to visit the hospital, and the Collector the jail. On the stroke of eleven, the Collector, Joint Assistants, Deputies, and all, *maguâ comitante caterrâ*, entered the eutcherry, from which, by common consent, they invariably emerged at half-past five. The sabbath was scrupulously observed. Everybody went to church twice, the ladies sailing in and out after each other according to a carefully adjusted scale of precedence, which had cost the Commissioner much time and trouble to compose, and been the cause of many heart-burnings among divers of those for whose benefit it was intended, but which had now become prescriptive as it wore, and acquiesced in with apparent cheerfulness by all.

I had moved into this little dove-cot from a comparatively distant and remote part of India, where civilization and society were alike at a discount ; where collars and waistcoats were unknown ; and where a tail coat would have fetched any price as a curiosity. The change was at first not unpleasant. I found a different organization of things, and I conformed to it ; none than I more regular at church or croquet ; none more deferential to the collectrix ; none more pious with the parson. There is, however, a natural tendency in the human heart to get tired of being good. The old Adam has not yet been entirely whipped out of us ; and I had not been six months in

the station, when the old villain began to give me several tweaks and twings, which disquieted me sorely. I felt, like Lancelot Gobbo, conscience told me to mind my work on week-days, and go to church on Sundays. The fiend whispered the old proverb about all work and no play, and suggested that a good pig-sticking-meet would be a better way of spending Sunday than sitting or sleeping out the exhortations of his reverence. Many a time would these unholy thoughts intrude themselves on my mind; and as I could find no one in Sustipore to understand, or sympathize with my feelings, I naturally got from bad to worse. The tinkling of the peaceful Sabbath bells jingled harshly on my soul. I listened mechanically to the holy man's expositions, but

"My heart was in the Highlands; my heart wasn't there."

It was wandering over the jolly brown jungle, hearkening to the cheerful notes of the beaters, or the trumpeting of the elephants as they kicked the gallant boar from his lair. I wanted excitement, but there was no sympathetic bosom in Sustipore in which I could arouse a like sentiment. The Collector had been a good fellow; but he had got married, and the Board's rules were telling on him. *Khas* collections, zemindary dawks, and mofussil jumma-bandis are no child's play, as he who has served an apprenticeship in that line can testify. Monthly, bi-monthly, and tri-monthly returns succeed each other with frightful rapidity, and why should I speak of that *monstrum horrendum*, the Saltamami? Many a good fellow has succumbed to it; many a noble spirit has it crushed; many a manly heart left wounded and bleeding. The Collectorial functions are two-fold, judicial and executive; on one shore looms the High Court like Scylla, on the other Charybdis like the Commissioner; happy, thrice happy, he (*terque quaterque beatus*) who can steer his bark safely between the two. Too much energy in one department will infallibly leave a vacuum in the other; and on which side soever you fall short, there will the bolt descend. Our Collector knew this, and took note accordingly, but poor human nature has a limit. There are only twenty-four hours per diem allotted to us in this diurnal sphere, and verily they must be well and carefully husbanded by him whom Providence ordains to the calling of a Collector. It is no wonder if the poor fellow has no heart for sport. And so too of our Joint, who was a Collector in miniature; he cared for none of those things. The other members of the community were of the same kidney; they might occasionally babble of green fields, but it was only

"Vox et preterea nihil."

They would as soon think of accepting an invitation to a supper party in the infernal regions as to a pig-sticking, and were as much frightened of a bear or a tiger as of old Beelzebub himself.

However, when things are at the worst they generally mend; and some flutter was caused among us by the advent of two distinguished

strangers; one being a new District Superintendent of Police (Slingsby), and the other no less a personage than Captain and Brevet Major Flopper, C.B., doing general duty with the Assamese Light Horse, and a cousin of the Doctor's wife, with whom he came to spend three months' leave. The District Superintendent was a distinguished officer, whose exertions had been most successful in reforming the Mysore Irregular Military Police Battalion; he was also a connection of the Vice-Admiral of the Bengal Marine commanding on the Sunderbun Station; and these combined qualifications had met with a suitable recognition in the appointment to Sustipore, where work in the Police Department was not very heavy, and where, being within easy distance of the capital, merit would, of course, have a better chance of reward than in a more remote and obscure locality. I may here anticipate events a little by remarking that Slingsby found the Sustipore Police organization very slack; the A., B., and C. forms, which (as everybody at all acquainted with constabulary duties knows) constitute the back-bone of the force, were very irregularly kept up: several important items which should have been in A. were not there, but in B. or C., or *vice versa*. The men's batons were found to be longer than the regulation size; the ends of their pugrees fell over the left ear, or even the poll of the head, instead of the right ear. In saluting they extended two fingers only instead of three, and the angle made by the nose with the thumb was quite at variance with that laid down at page 91 of the Manual.

The *budmash* register contained a ridiculously small number of entries. This, however, was immediately amended by filling in the names of all the chowkedars. The men were very deficient in musketry and bayonet exercise. It was found that only 25 per cent. understood the art of fixing a bayonet, while only 13 per cent. could unfasten the bayonet after it was fixed. Nearly all the cartouche-boxes at the different thannahs were empty, the powder having been used for fireworks on the occasion of the different Hindu and Mahomedan festivals, or at the marriage ceremonies of the constables. Slingsby exposed these abuses with a stern hand, and introduced the celebrated D. form, which made a great noise at the time, and was favorably reported on by all the Bengal Officers. It was subsequently introduced as an experimental measure in the Cossya and Jyntea hills, and the hill tracts of Chittagong, where it has worked admirably, but has not as yet, I believe, been extended to other parts of India.

I need not say that Slingsby and Flopper, C. B., were a great addition to the station. The latter had been to all parts of India where sport was to be had; but it appears that his principal beat had been in Caffraria, he having taken two years' leave to the Cape. Here, by his own account, he must have been as great a lion-killer as Monsieur Pertuiset himself, whose doings have been lately recorded by *Punch*. It appears he formed one of a party of three, the others being a Zulu convert of uncommon strength and ferocity, and a Dutch boor. The Major, according to his own account, always followed lions only. Dr. Colenso's pupil pursued the elephant, the Dutchman's functions

being limited to providing the cuisine with smaller but more useful game, and brewing gin and bitters for the trio. The Major's adventures in those parts, as recounted by himself, were astounding. A community of danger, which of course makes all men equal, had endeared him to the Zulu in the most extraordinary manner, and he used to relate, almost with tears in his eyes, how the faithful savage had often rescued his life at the risk of his own, and finally, on the Major's departure for India, had determined to commit suicide, which he was enabled to do by the friendly aid of the Dutchman, who distilled an extra proof four-gallon cask of his favorite liquor, which they both sat down to, having created an artificial thirst by eating several pounds of hippopotamus steak in a smelt shanty prepared for that purpose.

They drank the cask fairly out, turn and turn about, from an old powder-horn, commencing punctually at 9 P.M. Some peasants entering the hut early next morning, found the Zulu in the agonies of death, and the Dutchman insensible; the latter, however, was not permanently injured, and is at present reputed to be one of the most thriving distillers in the colony.

The Major and his stories of course produced a tremendous effect upon my mind, yearning as it was for some sort of out-of-door sport, and I immediately cast about for an opportunity of putting my design in execution. I was surprised, however, to find that the Major was not so keen on it as his Calfrarian anecdotes had led me to suppose. Slingsby was all there, and the Collector said he had no objection to join, of course with the Commissioner's sanction. I proposed that our expedition should take the form of a pig-sticking party, which was agreed to by the Collector, Joint, and Slingsby, and subsequently, though not without hesitation, by the Major. From what I saw, however, of their riding qualities, I did not think the field quite strong enough; we were all much of the same calibre, *i. e.*, riding pretty fairly, but with no special experience after pigs.

In this strait I bethought myself of two former allies of mine, both capital riders and keen sportsmen, but who lived an unconscionable way off, and were hardly, I was afraid, to be tempted into the station. Of these one was Jimmy Bowles, and the other was generally called from his initials I. O. P. I wrote to both these worthies a very colored account indeed of Sustipore, carefully concealing the real characteristics of the station which I have already truthfully depicted in the earlier part of this narrative, and holding forth as vividly as I could the rare qualities of the Major. Such a sportsman was not, I remarked, to be picked up on every bush; he was a man worth knowing; in fact, not to know him was to argue yourself unknown.

Both Jimmy and I. O. P. were rather vain of their pig-sticking; I therefore put in a stimulus to the effect that, from what I saw of the Major's riding, and the points of the nags he rode, it would be uncommonly hard to take a spear from him, especially after his practice at the spring-bucks in Africa, and that he had given out (as indeed he

had done) that riding, as practised by Europeans in Bengal, was not *de la première force*.

My missives had the desired effect. Jimmy said he was coming, and would show what a Bengal Planter could do. J. O. P. said ditto, with his compliments to the Major, offering to ride, run, leap, or shoot with him on foot or on horseback for a month's pay, or any smaller sum he wished to name, and promising to provide liberally, in case of accident, for his wife and children.

Having thus secured my men, I determined to make the meet as great a success as possible, and to that end I determined to enlist the female interest without delay. I therefore paid a number of calls about the station, announcing the intended expedition, and suggesting that the ladies, or as many of them as felt inclined, should join the cavalcade as spectators, either on elephants or horseback. This proposal, though approved by most of the young ones, was ambiguously received by the Collector's lady, who, however, graciously signified her intention of giving a dance on the evening of the hunt, and promised to organize a pic-nic on the following day.

I need hardly say that the prospect of such unwonted dissipation set Sustipore in a flutter: the very box-wallahs got word of it and came flocking in, and derzie's wages rose an anna a day, and, in fact, have remained at the higher figure ever since. The Collector, Flopper, Slingsby, and self had frequent interviews, where the subject was discussed in all its bearings. Saddles, spears, martingales, and other accoutrements were carefully inspected and furbished up. Slingsby invested in a brand new pair of tops for the occasion. These, combined with a new regulation helmet, (felt, with a patent spike in the crown,) he not unreasonably flattered himself, would produce an effect. The Major got out his favorite Zambego saddle and saddle-cloth made of the skin of a famous man-eater which he had slain in single combat. The event was fixed for an approaching Hindu festival, on which the Courts would be closed. Jimmy and J. O. P. duly arrived three or four days before, and were introduced in form to the station, and here I may introduce them to the reader also. And to begin with Jimmy, he was only five and thirty, but looked much older. When I knew him first, he was a slim, wiry young fellow, but fifteen years of indigo planting had spoilt his figure.

His habits were temperate, never exceeding a quart of half-and-half at tiffin, and two of the same at dinner; and, considering the amount of riding about with his *amcens* and *takadgers* which he did during the day, this was surely not immoderate. Of late years, however, a bad habit had crept on him of sleeping after breakfast, and it was to this that he attributed, no doubt justly, the filling out of his person. The latter infirmity, however, if infirmity it could be called, did not interfere in the least with his sportsmanship; he had as good a seat in the pig-skin as ever; his eye was true, and his elbow was steady; and when mounted on his thoroughbred waler *Ginger-*

bread, it took a mighty smart young fellow, as he said himself, to put a "kybosh" on Jimmy Bowles.

I. O. P.'s style was different. Though nearly as old as Jimmy, his figure still preserved the graceful contour of its youth; age had thinned his flowing locks, but had compensated what it took away from the crown, by appending a warlike tuft to the extremity of his chin; when this was carefully waxed and trained to a point, and his mustachios similarly attended to, he looked not unlike Victor Emmanuel. His stature was not lofty, but he amply made up for that defect by a commanding eye, an imposing demeanour, and a deep and sonorous voice; when I add to this that he shot well, rode well, played a good game of billiards, sang a capital song in English or French, and was very sweet upon the ladies, (as his qualifications, no doubt, entitled him to be.) I have completed the portrait.

Having got our men together, the next thing to be done was to hold a kind of Ordinary, where the programme of the hunt was to be discussed, and rules laid down for the conduct of the members. The Commissioner was encamped not far from the station on his annual tour of inspection, and we thought it only becoming to give him an invitation, the drawing up of which was entrusted to the Collector as President of the Committee of Management, setting forth the aims and objects of the expedition. It was necessary to word this document rather cautiously; the Commissioner was not much of a sporting man himself, and did not encourage the manly art among his subordinates. He had been down rather hard on the Collector lately for some irregularity in a new system of Abkari disbursements which had been contrived by himself, and had brought him into much repute with the Board. He would therefore naturally look with a cold eye on any pig-sticking or other frivolity as tending still further to unsettle the official mind, which had been already shown by the Abkari business to be in rather a precarious condition. Our invitation was therefore a very diplomatic and delicate affair. Pig-sticking, *quâ* pig-sticking, would be sure to meet with a cold reception from the great man; and although he might not actually put a *veto* on it, he would be sure to show his displeasure; and he was too great a potentate to be set at defiance. The Collector put his brains to work, and, after a severe parturition, delivered himself of the following:—

"Sir,—The ryots of Jutenuggur, Bulrampore, and Lunkichara, have lately represented the great injury done to their crops by the ravages of wild pigs, which infest that neighbourhood. I deputed my nazir to make a local investigation, and have received a carefully prepared report from him, in which I entirely coincide and send herewith, in original, for your perusal.

"With a view to the repression of the ravages complained of, I issued a perwannah to the darogahs of the neighbouring thannahs, directing them to assemble their constables, and all the available

chowkeedars, for a battue of the animals in question, and offering a reward for the destruction of each adult male pig.

"You are doubtless aware of the deep-rooted objection entertained by natives of this country to taking animal life, even of the most noxious description. The failure of the battue is probably to be ascribed to this cause. The darogahs have unanimously reported that they found the greatest difficulty in getting their men to approach the jungle where the animals were ensconced, and not a single boar has been destroyed. Indeed, I fear that some of the darogahs have shared in the feelings of their men. I have been informed that one of them was observed to retire precipitately with his entire detachment from a patch of brushwood in which a well-known and remarkably voracious old sow was ascertained to be lurking.

"Under these circumstances, I am convinced that nothing but European agency will suffice for the extermination of these pests to society, and I have therefore consulted with some of the residents of the station as to the most expedient course to be pursued. I have had the valuable advice and assistance of Major Flopper, C.B., Captain Slingsby, J. Bowles, Esq., and others, and have come to the conclusion, not without anxious consideration, that a pig-sticking party (of course under your auspices and direction) is the most feasible way of accomplishing our object.

"You will not fail to observe the difference between the undertaking we have projected, and what is called a pig-sticking party in the ordinary acceptance of the words. I am only too sensible that it is often undertaken without any useful or desirable object, simply for the sake of excitement or so-called amusement, by officials whose time would be much more usefully and profitably employed in bringing up arrears in their enccherries. For this reason I was rather opposed to the proposal at first, especially when I reflected with what advantage to myself, and the administration I might have employed the ensuing holidays in a more careful study of the admirable Abkari system which has been lately introduced into this district, and has already borne such promising fruit.

"I confess, however, on a careful review of the whole subject, considering the destitute condition of the villages which we propose to relieve, the failure of the constabulary to effect the object in view, and the Providential presence in the station of so experienced a huntsman as Major Flopper, C.B., (not to speak of J. Bowles, Esq.) that it is my duty to lay the facts dispassionately before you. Should you approve, an early answer is requested, as the holidays are approaching, and immediate action has become necessary.

We waited with considerable anxiety for the reply, which was received next day, and promptly laid before the meeting.

It contained a masterly review of the whole situation, approving generally of the expedition, to which, however, the Commissioner himself was unable to come. It also laid down some important rules for our guidance. These were:—

1. That during the hunt as much consideration as possible should be shown to the feelings of the natives, no unnecessary noise or tumult being used in ejecting the pigs from their lair, loud cries and execrations in the immediate vicinity of a village being calculated to unsettle and alarm the minds of the villagers.

2. That the services of all beaters be paid for in ready money according to the standard scale of remuneration in the neighbourhood, extraordinary services being rewarded with a slight extra gratuity or 'bukshish.' (This was not, however, to be understood as sanctioning the practice of *bunboo-bukshish*, which, as administered by some Europeans, was highly reprehensible.)

3. That no unseemly attention be paid by any members of the party to any of the female peasantry who might appear along the line of route, such attentions, though possibly innocent in themselves, being certain to be misconstrued by the male portion of the population.

4. That juvenile villagers should not be encouraged to fight with each other, or throw somersaults for pice; the former practice was a direct breach of the peace, and the latter exhibition indecorous, to say the least of it.

5. That no unnecessary cruelty be shown to the pigs themselves, which should, if possible, be destroyed with one spear, each sharply inserted behind the shoulder-blade. If, however, (as the Commissioner thought,) there was too good reason to fear, the members of the party were not sufficiently skilful for this mode of procedure, each pig should be promptly decapitated the moment it was disabled.

6. That the inhuman practice of cutting off the tail, or pulling out the bristles of the mane, which the coolies in some districts were addicted to, should be prohibited under a penalty.

7. That an intelligent Police Officer be deputed to explain the objects of the expedition at the principal places of resort along the projected line of operations.

The foregoing having been read, it was unanimously resolved that it was unnecessary to furnish each member with a copy. Our remaining arrangements were soon made. The two Miss Flitters (Maria and Amelia), the doctor's sisters-in-law, were the only ladies who were to accompany us. An elephant was set apart for their conveyance; they were both uncommonly nice girls, and excited no small emotion in the susceptible bosoms of Jimmy and I. O. P. Jimmy's flame was spooned upon by Slingsby also; so that these two heroes looked upon each other as rivals, whose destiny was to be decided by the dreadful arbitrament of the hunting-field. I. O. P. had taken an unconquerable aversion to the Major, whom he was resolved to eclipse in deeds of arms; so that it was not without considerable anticipation of sport that I looked for the eventful morrow. We spent the "eve before the battle" at the Collector's, where there was a grand party. I. O. P. in the neatest of tails and ties, throwing his fascinations broadcast, and firmly persuaded, before

he went to bed, that all the ladies in the room were in love with him. I thought the Major looked dejected; perhaps he had a presentiment, but I must not anticipate.

Next morning saw us all up betimes. We partook of a frugal *chota haziri*, at which the two charming Flitters assisted, and very lovely they looked as they were handed to the elephant by their love-smit cavaliers. I, even I, though fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and with a heart long since dead to the tender emotions, yet did I feel a quiver about the region of the midriff, as I thought of what might have been were I only fifteen or even ten years younger; but I am getting maudlin. The cavalcade was in motion about 6½ A.M., and the ground reached in about an hour. We drew up beside a village, in a splendid "khor" plain, intersected here and there by a small nullah, but stretching without other stay or obstruction nearly as far as eye could reach. Four elephants, and about as many hundred coolies, entered a dense belt of jungle abutting on the village; they beat towards us, so as to drive the pigs into the open, and a most hideous row they made of it; in fact, frightening the Miss Flitters so, that the dear creatures required the constant and soothing attentions of Slingsby, Jimmy, and I. O. P., who, I verily believe, would have been fain to soothe them all day long, to the utter neglect and disregard of their own proper business,—the pigs,—had they not been sternly recalled to a sense of duty by the Collector, just as Amelia declared she was on the point of falling out of the howdah, and Slingsby had climbed madly to her side, and was supporting her with an arm round the waist. No sooner was Slingsby back to his horse, and Amelia had got a little firmer on her perch, than a horrid yell issued from the beaters, and a noble old boar rushed headlong into the open. The young 'uns of the party wanted to be off immediately in pursuit, but the wary Jimmy repressed them till the pig was well nigh a quarter of a mile from the jungle; he then lifted his spear as a signal, and off we went. Amelia cast a loving look after Slingsby, and waved a little love of a pocket-handkerchief at him. With the eyes of the ladies on us, I need not say, we did our best. Piggy, however, could run too, and we did not catch him up for a good half-mile. We closed with him, Jimmy leading on *Gingerbread*, then the Collector some five lengths behind, I. O. P. and self side by side, the rest following in single file, the Major on *Adolphus* bringing up the tail. Jimmy thought himself sure of the first spear, but the pig jinked at the critical moment, cutting the Collector out also; he thus came across I. O. P. and self, and the former got him neatly straight down the back to a depth of about four inches. "First Spear," cries I. O. P. in a steady voice, lifting the bloody point of his weapon. By this time the pig had turned, and was running right into the Major's mouth, having passed all the rest. I.O.P. called out to me to watch the encounter. Now was the time to see the stuff the Major was made of. Judge of our astonishment when we saw the gallant officer drop his spear bodily, take the bridle in both hands, and turn his horse

right round out of the pig's way. By this time all the field had pulled round, and the pace was getting slower. *Gingerbread* was close on to the pig. Suddenly there was the well-known grunt; a sharp turn, and with head down and flashing eyes he rushed at *Gingerbread's* flank; but he had met his master this time, and the cruel point took him in the back of the neck, and right through the throat; it was impossible to pull it out, so Jimmy quietly let it go. It was now nearly all over: the poor brute still stood up to his work as game as ever; but it was only for a moment; he wobbled over on his knees; and so finis No. 1.

Back again to our starting place, where Amelia regained her Slingsby unhurt, and both she and her sister rewarded the victorious Jimmy with their approval. That hero divided with I. O. P. the honor of the chase; the latter had taken first spear; but, in my humble opinion, first charge is a more difficult and more plucky achievement. After a little breathing time the coolies were again put in, and another boar turned out. Away we went full split, Jimmy taking first spear and first charge, both. The Major was again hanging cautiously on the rear, evidently doing all he knew to keep out of harm's way. Again, however, it was ordained that the pig should bear down on him, I. O. P. following close in the wake, and finally pulling up on the Major's near side, the pig being on the off. Just at the charge the Major turned his horse as he did before; but, in the act of wheeling, I. O. P. reversed his spear, and brought down the loaded end with a tremendous whack on *Adolphus's* hind-quarter. The result was a mad spring in the air, unseating Flopper, who alighted on hands and knees twenty paces or so in front of the pig, which made right at him, but not with the speed it might have used under other circumstances. The Major was up sharp, and had to make a lively bolt of it. No other refuge appeared except a scraggy-looking bābula tree, called, I believe, by the learned *Arabica Mimosa*, and by those who know it, not considered a nice tree for climbing. However, needs must when the devil drives, and the Major was up it like a lamp-lighter, and only in time, for piggy-wigg's eyetooth was within half a foot of the seat of his pantaloons by the time he got out of danger.

I. O. P. proposed to let him remain there for some time, but humaner counsels prevailed. Jimmy gave the pig his quietus, and the crest-fallen C.B. descended from his elevation. Having thus disposed of No. 2, we again returned to the ladies, who had had an excellent view of all that occurred, including Flopper's disaster. It was now evident that no more pigs were to be got out of that bit of jungle; so we proceeded to the next village, some three miles off, where another pig was started and killed: 1st spear Jimmy; 1st charge Collector; killing ditto I. O. P. Then to lunch under a peepul tree, everybody displaying the most remarkable appetite. Jimmy considering himself entitled by his prowess to that post, waited most assiduously on Amelia. I could perceive, however, that Slingsby had possession there, and if Jimmy had stuck all the boars in India he could

not dislodge him. Alas! as I knew by experience, the female heart is not swayed by merit.

I. O. P., lucky dog, had Maria all to himself, and very happy they looked as he ever and anon filled her glass with simkin, out of which she took the prettiest little sips imaginable. Nothing was wanted to complete the harmony of the moment except a reconciliation between I. O. P. and the C. B.; and though I confess I was glad to see the bombast taken out of the latter, still I thought I. O. P.'s behaviour indefensible, and I accordingly made him apologize to the Major, who took it in good part, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

The ball came off in the evening, and the pic-nic next day. The Commissioner was present at both, and had long conversations with Jimmy and I. O. P. about the state of the crops, the famine, inundation, &c.; and he told me afterwards that he considered them both very well-informed and intelligent persons, from whom he derived much valuable information. Jimmy danced several times with Amelia, who was very civil to him, but preferred Slingsby for all that, and Jimmy still wends his way without a partner through this vale of tears. And so does I. O. P., and so, in my opinion, he will to the end of the chapter, as far as Maria Flitter is concerned. But what of that? Is his the only heart that has been left aching? Has nobody else had his peace of mind wrecked, or his bosom desolated? I know one who suffered like him about nineteen and a half years ago, but is not likely to go through it again. Not if he knows it.

A LOST LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF SIR SAMUEL HAYES BART.*

HAVING a leisure hour, I am now going to jot down a few of our—I say *our*, because I identify myself with my two friends, Gosford and Downe—doings since our arrival in the East; but I must state *first* of all, in case any one should ever read what I write, that our time (at least for two of the party) is excessively limited, and consequently we have not been able to stop long in any one place so as to make a large bag; but wishing to see as much of the country as possible, we have combined sport with it to the best of our power;—and *secondly*, I must request that the reader, if ever there be one, will be good enough to make a mental retrograde movement which will take him back with us to the 4th November last, the day on which we landed at Galle in the island of Ceylon.

* This leaf was sent to us by the Post Master of a small station in Madras, who stated that it had been found in a hawk bungalow. He requested us to forward it to the owner; but as we do not know his address, we think that, if inserted here, he will be certain to find it. If we have committed a breach of trust, as it is in the interests of Sport, we hope that the Sporting writer will condone the offence.—EDS., O. S. M.

Yes, here we are in sight of this long, soft, and balmy island of Ceylon at last; so good-bye, my crowded *Candia*, (our steamer,) and "all hail" to you, most rich and fertile Isle of Spices. The sensation of first putting one's foot on a new and strange soil that one has often longed to see, and that one has heard so much about, is no doubt very charming, but at the same time accompanied by no little worry and confusion, as I imagine every one must be aware of. Suffice it to say that we probably had our full share of it in this instance; but, thank Goodness, being in the habit of taking such things *average* coolly, we find ourselves in due course at that most comfortable hotel of which Mr. and Mrs. Barker are the able, civil, and obliging managers. We all naturally have luncheon first, and *as* naturally enjoy it, after our long course of ship diet; then to business and to institute inquiries as to sport. We quickly fall in with lots of men (of the Ceylon Rifles, &c.,) who are most kind in proffering advice, and giving us information according to their several lights. All differ to such an extent, however, as regards these lights, that we find it hard, indeed, to fix upon anything; the prevailing idea being that we can do nothing in less than from two to three months, to which we can only say, "Well, we can have a *try* at all events," and at it again. Eventually, after going over all sorts of routes on paper, we decide on Yallahé as our point for sport,—a place on the south coast, and about 120 miles from Galle. In the course of our wanderings this day, however, I cannot pass over the first glimpse that we had of the interior of the island without a word, as we all thought it very lovely. It was from the house of the agent in that port—Mr. Grant. The house itself is excessively pretty, and it is situated on a hill side in a perfect forest of Eastern vegetation. The view from it is as extensive as it is beautiful; in fact, the miles of rich, undulating, tropical growth stretching as far as the eye can see, varied as to shape and coloring in the most marvellous way, each plant seeming to revel in its own peculiar richness and luxuriance, and each and all now bathed in that glorious, soft, delicious glow that only an Eastern sunset can impart, altogether form so exquisite a picture, that it is as impossible to forget as it is to describe; so we will proceed to other matters. We now took leave of our late fellow-travellers, (feeling quite sorry at doing so in some instances,) and devoted ourselves to preparations for our expedition for the next four days. How we bought horses and hired cooks and other servants; how we bought pots and pans, and engaged bullock *bandies*, and ordered all sorts of things; how we had to go through that most fearful business of packing and unpacking everything; and how at last, on the 5th day, we were able to make a start for Tangatte, about 50 miles on the road, I will not write down. Suffice it to say that we did make a start, and, by Jove, we all felt very cheery at making that start; but the most enjoyable part of the day was when we got on our newly-purchased steed to do the last twelve miles shortly before sunset. It certainly was a delicious feeling cantering along our long, changing road in the cool of the

evening, free as the air that then gently blew upon us, quite content in the present hour, and looking forward to the future. Thus on and on we go, now through some thick jungle, so dense that the sun can never penetrate it; now across a long grassy glade; now through a sort of wild continuous garden; every now and then too, upon turning some corner, coming suddenly upon the clear blue sea glistening like silver in the pale bewitching moonlight and making its gentle music by that ceaseless splashing on the rocks below, with the heaven above studded with its countless stars, and the earth beneath seeming on fire with the thousands of fire-flies that now flit about. Yes, all is very lovely certainly. And now, after about two hours' ride, we reach our halting-place, and are most hospitably received by Mr. Campbell.

Up betimes next morning; and whilst having a refreshing swim in the sea, we had the pleasure of seeing a turtle (which, by the by, we had for dinner) hooked, played, and landed. The fellow managed it rather cleverly, for he had no reel on his rod; so whenever there was an unusual strain, the rod and all was thrown in, and he kept hold of a line which was fastened to the end: novel, but effective. However, to our business. On we go day by day, making as long distances as we can urge the coolies to do, shooting snipe, peafowl, and duck by the way, passing Hambantotte and Hlissinde in due course, and eventually arrive at our destination—Yahlaé—about the fifth day after starting. I must here observe that I have not got my journal that contains this part of our travels with me, it having been lost or stolen; so I am forced to leave out different names and dates that my treacherous memory will not supply me with.* A truly picturesque residence it is, with its great forest trees all around, affording their grateful shade during the hottest portions of the day, whilst the soft murmuring of the beautiful river as it glides along its winding course seems to drown, as if by some magic influence, the wild screams and perpetual chattering of the monkeys as they swing from branch to branch, and appear to be angrily discussing the cause of our intrusion. As for the bungalow itself, it is charmingly rough, as so many picturesquely situated habitations are; but still not quite so rough as some in which we have slept very soundly. A simple cart-shed has at times served us very comfortably for dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-room combined; and this charming old place is much more spacious than that at any rate, and we lived a most jolly life in it for the next five days, during which time we killed eight elephants and one bear, besides buffaloes, pigs, deer, peafowl, &c., &c., &c.

I shall only give an account of one day's sport, as the others were, more or less, so much alike, that the description of one day will serve for all, although of course each day's adventures were varied by endless little incidents, both interesting and exciting to the actual performers. Well, off we started on this particular day at our usual hour, 4 A.M., to ride a distance of about six miles to that part of the jungle which

* This stray leaf was probably written to replace the missing portion.—*Eds*, O. S. M.

we were going to explore. We had great difficulty in getting the fellows to move, as they always like to wait till it is light. However, we soon routed their ideas on this point; and having effected a start, we arrive at our place a little before the sun appears. This is, without doubt, the most charming time of day for a walk, and a walk we have through a long lovely jungle of all sorts and kinds; now bursting head foremost through a dense thicket, now emerging into a smooth soft open, where we may walk as on velvet; now for several hundred yards up to our knees in water; now picking our steps over hard and parched ground so covered with rotten sticks that perfect quiet is impossible. Silence, however, is the order on these occasions of course, and silence it is, except when it is broken occasionally by a muttered imprecation, as some peculiarly venomous thorn tears some hat off, or, worse still, makes free with some portion of the apparel, not being at all particular about the substance it finds underneath; or perhaps by the foremost tracker, as with a half-suppressed cry he leaps aside, and a deadly cobra is discovered exactly where he was about to put his foot. It is instantly despatched with sticks, and so we walk on and on for about three hours without any encouragement. The trackers now begin to look blank; we begin to feel a little impatient, and the old sun begins to assert his sway with great vigor. After a very short halt, however, on we go again; but we had not been long this time, when suddenly another halt, a minute inspection of the ground, and bushes all round, a little circling round on the part of the trackers, and "tracks" are at length declared. All right now; no more despondency, no more blankness, but forward as hard as we can go; and a tremendous lead the ponderous animals give us over enormous rocks that one had no conception they could climb; down inclines that we thought impossible for them to make good. The clever trackers, however, never doubt for an instant; and after about two hours more, we pull up for an instant, as they say we are very close. True enough, the next moment that peculiar sound between a roar and a snuff is heard, and a snort at once indicates the whereabouts of the game. Simultaneously we seize our rifles, and all double back quickly, for we have shaved the wind too close. "All right now though, thank Goodness," we exclaim breathlessly as we make another momentary halt in an improved position, and the trackers take a "cast" round. Soon they return and say that the jungle is so dense that they much fear we will not be able to get a shot, but that there are *ten* of them, and our only chance is to go round, station ourselves in front, and wait. This we did; and *now* came the most charmingly exciting time, for there were we in a tiny "open," and there were those great monsters coming straight on as if to walk over and crush us. We each knew, however, that we held a very fair "fire-iron;" so we waited the result anxiously, but patiently and confidently. On they come nearer, nearer, nearer; smash, crash, dash; small trees going down before *their* mighty tread like rushes before *ours*, the branches of large ones being plucked off

as mere twigs; still *on* they come; just *one* feel at the trigger now to see that all is right, *one* look at the barrels, and suddenly a large mass appears through the bushes about ten yards from us; another glance at the sight and——. But no need to enlarge further; the rifles do their work, the noise is something awful, and finally the huge brutes are laid low, all being done in regular and orthodox fashion.

Back we come to breakfast after a very average hard eight hours' work; and so the sport goes on, the elephants having all the *desire* to turn the tables on us, though we are fortunate enough to frustrate their designs. Our life for these days was *deliciously* wild; for we chiefly lived on the fruit of our guns, such as buffaloe, deer, pig, peafowl, &c., &c. In due time we got back to Hambantotte; thence rode up through that most exquisitely long Pass of Ella to Newnia—which is a disappointing place—to Kandy, which is a little better. We then passed through beautiful scenery to Colombo, where we took the coach for Galle, there again to change our mode of conveyance for the P. & O. Steamer *Nubia*, which was to take us on to Madras after a very enjoyable stay in the "Isle of Spices."

S. H.

SHAIKH IBRAHEEM; OR, HOW I WON A RACEHORSE.

IN Calcutta, some eight or ten years since, when Arabs were imported of superior caste, and in greater numbers than now-a-days, it happened that one day, looking over the old Shaikh's Arabs, I was lamenting at my poverty and inability to walk away with a likely Bay at Rs. 2,000, when the old gentleman insinuated that he was much in the same predicament,—“much in want of cash!” adding he wished he could dispose of some of his nags. I proposed a raffle at Rs. 2,000 each for three of them, or Rs. 6,000, saying I would head the list by taking three tickets out of the 60 at Rs. 100 each.

I soon drew up the paper,—the raffle to be thrown for at Messrs. Cook & Co.'s with three dice, the best of three throws doublets,—little thinking how soon it would fill; for, not long after, I got my notice to attend at a certain hour, and throw for the three Arabs. I accordingly went, and the fun commenced at 11 A.M. on the—of May 18—.

In the centre of the range at Cook & Co.'s Livery Stables a large China bowl was brought, into which the dice were to be thrown, so there could be no mistake; each cast being noted in the presence of the subscribers in three columns as shown below.

Everybody is prone to a weakness of some sort, and my weakness on this occasion proved strength. It consisted in my selecting as my three numbers—*first*, the number of my old Regiment, seven; *secondly*, my College number, fourteen; and *thirdly*, my age, which, for obvious reasons, must be kept secret, further than that it was about forty or thereabouts!!!

My turn No. 7 soon arrived; and on that number being called, I proceeded to the bowl, and striving all I knew to look composed and not over-anxious, I took the dice-box and let the three dice glide quietly down the side of the bowl. To my utter astonishment, when they stopped, saw uppermost two sixes and a five=17.

The number booked, I again took the dice-box and proceeded with my second throw; and the fives favoring me, I turned up 3 fives=15. A groan or two there was only time for, when I was ready again, and down went the dice to two fours and a six=14.

Total $17 + 15 + 14 = 46$.

"That's one of the Arabs, at all events, for you," exclaimed many; and so thought I; but wait a bit, reader, and if you do not get as excited as I was at the time at what took place, why, more's the pity.

The game proceeded with marked disappointment to the throwers, who all threw low, till my turn came again. No. 14 being called, as is often the case, like a person not in want of money, it will somehow tumble in; so it was with my luck that day. I felt content with my 46, and little dreamt it would be possible for me to top that number; but *again wait a bit, reader*. Unlike in my first throw, when I was really nervous, I took the dice with a confidence I had never before felt, and this time dashed them into the bowl. Great Gooseberries! could I believe my eyes. I shammed (for I saw the numbers as plainly as I see them now), and asked "How many?" Eighteen was called and recorded, when the dice were again ready for another dash into the bowl, and my eyes again failed to see seventeen, when that number turned up to two sixes and a five, so I asked "How many?" Thirty-five in two throws, not so bad with only eleven, to tie my first throw and three dice. I now felt very sanguine, but some one, just as I was about to throw, made some remarks, and all I could catch was the word "*Crabs!*" Is it possible, thought I to myself, (I hesitated before throwing my last chance,) that I could be so unfortunate? I must say it did strike me that, having twice thrown so high, the chances were in favor of "*Crabs*," or something near them; and in my distress and probably nervousness, making an inward twist of the wrist, only one of the dice fell into the bowl, so gently too and with one lot so visible, that it was hopeless to expect, unless the ground and the bowl moved, it could end in anything but the one dot, and so it was when it stopped. There were two dice still remaining, but I gave up all chance; seeing that horrid "—" staring me in the face, I could picture nothing but ones; and with a giddy brain and vision, saw before me nothing but 1, 1, 1, 1, 1.



The lookers-on now becoming impatient lest the "one" might go for nothing, and a fresh throw with the three dice *de novo* be allowed, called on me to throw the remaining two; and feeling conscious that to submit to fate and throw the other two dice was all that was left for me, I deliberately shut my eyes and pitched in despair the remaining two.

No sooner had I done so, than, by the vociferous exclamations around me, I felt convinced of my success. "Ye gods and little fishes! what luck." "By Jove, did you ever see such a thing?" "By all that's lovely, that's beat 46," and such like, when, with a "Bravo, Major Sahib," "Shabash," from the old Shaikh, I opened my eyes and saw not two ones, but two sixes!!!!

I quickly added my 35 to two sixes and a one, making 48.

The excitement at this period was getting to a pitch, but still, reader, I must ask you to be patient and wait a bit yet, for your nerves have more to meet; so string 'em up.

I was now booked by the lookers-on as safe to win two of the three Arabs; and being at the time in a vein of luck, having just married a very pretty little wife, I began to think it was just on the cards I might proceed home with a couple of maiden Arabs.

It will be observed that my Regimental and College numbers, 7 and 14, produced for my two out of three chances the high throws of 46 and 48.

Having a long time to wait before my age (forty something) could be announced, I quitted the bowl and proceeded to survey and make my choice, should it be one or two of the three prizes.

Now, reader, what I am here relating is no fiction, but real fact, well known to many who were present on that memorable day.

Forty odd subscribers out of the sixty had already thrown unsuccessfully against my 46 and 48, none attaining within four points of my lowest. At last I heard No.— called, my exact age; so to the bowl I went for the third time of asking.

My feelings are indescribable. I felt callous, not caring much what tricks the dice might play this time, and smiling at the remarks made, such as "Don't take 'em all, Major;" "Give us one, Major, if you win 'em all;" and another, "Shabash, chulo, Major Sahib," from the old Shaikh, I handled the dice, and this time made some display in rattling them well in the box, asking—"If they were prepared to see 18 again."

No sooner said than done, for down went the three dice to three sixes!!!!!!

The looks of the assembly at that result may be imagined. The Arabs were paralyzed regarding me as having a talisman superior to any known or heard of even in Arabia, or being a demon, or something worse, if possible.

I need scarcely say I was as much astonished with my luck as the lookers-on, and now began to reflect inwardly on the power of luck, and how frequently I had not pressed my luck when well on, which as it now was and no mistake; but time was not to be lost, so calling out—"Never say die," away went the dice, showing no mean result in a double sense, throwing two fours and a six=14.

Thirty-two in two throws, with one more chance to prove my age a lucky number. The spectators were in breathless anxiety, and I did not keep them long in suspense. To expect 18 again was too much, but

16 would tie the 48 yet the highest throw, and even 14 would not be a bad throw; so with another inward "Pluck up, old chap," down went the three dice again, and I was immediately relieved by seeing two sixes and a five=17, or in all $18+14+17=49$. My three chances showing thus:—

Nos.	Name.	1st Throw.	2nd Throw.	3rd Throw.	Total.
7	Major ...	17	15	14	46
14	Major ...	18	17	13	48
40	Major ...	18	14	17	49

I now received the congratulations of my friends, and I had really some reason, with such unprecedented luck, to think it was more than probable I might walk away with the whole three, with 40 odd out of 60 chances gone. But where there's a "but," or an "if," 'twixt cup and the lip, there's many a slip, &c., &c., &c.

It was doomed that day that two of the party had risen in the morning under a more auspicious star, as will soon be seen.

About the 45th throw was an Arab dealer's chance; he called on a little Arab boy looking on to take the dice. The lad obeyed the summons, and in less time than I take to pen these few lines, he, with juvenile innocence, bowled me over by $18+17+18=53$!!

A feather would have done for me that moment, but I preserved my countenance and *showed* no remorse; on the contrary, I patted the boy on his back.

First prize gone to me and my heirs at all events.

On rolled the dice up to chance No. 55, another Arab dealer's. On this occasion a dingy-faced, ill-dressed lad of about 17 years old, with demure face, deposited the dice in a disagreeably awkward and unpleasant manner to the tune of 17, repeating his larks for a 16 and another 17, making $17+16+17=50$!!!!

Second prize gone to me and my heirs for ever.

The remaining chances were rapidly tossed off, leaving me the winner of the 3rd Prize; the result being thus:—

Nos.	Name.	1st Throw.	2nd Throw.	3rd Throw.	Total.	REMARKS.
45	Abdool Aziz ...	18	17	18	53	1st Prize.
55	Haji Ruheem	17	16	17	50	2nd Prize.
40	Major ...	18	14	17	49	3rd Prize.

Now for the milk of the cocoanut, or the pith of my story.

The raffle over, nothing remained but for the lucky winners to make their choice of the Prizes, and the three beautiful Arabs were led out. A grey, five years old, as handsome as paint, 15 hands high; a chesnut, four years old, 14-3 high; and a bay, four years old, 14-3 high. The bay I was longing to buy, and which I should have chosen as 1st Prize, had I been so permitted.

Without a moment's hesitation, the Arab merchant, who had first choice, selected the grey Arab.

The next selected the chesnut, and *the bay*, which I wanted, fell *to my* lot after all!!!!!!

Now, prior to the raffle taking place, it so happened that the public, through an ill-advised correspondence in the daily papers, had been cautioned against this prodigious swindle, as it was styled, in the Shaikh's attempt to get money out of the public for a parcel of screws. At this the old Shaikh felt very indignant; and to convince my readers of the style of screws they were, I will add that No. 1 Prize sold as a charger for Rs. 2,000 within a month; No. 2 Prize was the present magnificent Arab, invincible on this side of India, called *Shah-in-Shah*, now running and carrying all before him; No. 3 Prize turned out the celebrated *Starlight*, late *Mangosteen*, who has won so many races and is still running well. In justice to the old Shaikh, I record the above, to which I add the following

MORAL:

Never abuse an Arab or his Horse until you have tried both.

DUMB JOCKEY.

THE GRIFFIN'S TIGER.

A DISMAL, suicidal place for a Christian gentleman to live in is Dashpore; at least such is the opinion daily enunciated, with much exasperation, by the officers of the distinguished regiment to which I have the honor to belong. And yet, as new-comers, we were told that Dashpore was one of the most favorite stations in India; very healthy, were it not for the periodical visitations of fever and cholera, and remarkably cool and pleasant in the hot-winds; quite a *dolce fur niente* place of existence in fact, as, no doubt, it would have proved, had one but possessed the capacity of a dormouse for sleep, damp, and darkness. However it be, Dashpore cannot be regarded as picturesque; not the description of place calculated to attract a peripatetic landscape painter in search of the beautiful. Its predominant feature is mud, arranged in walls after the system adopted by Euclid in the demonstration of his problems, or fashioned into rude habitations of the ancient British School of Architecture. There is a stiff formality rigidly observed in the distribution of roads and

enclosures, which is quite painful to behold; in vain the eye searches for a curve in that path, for a bend in those long uncompromising avenues of brown and leathery vegetation; the line of beauty is not *de rigueur* in Dashpore. We boast, however, a *Mall*, in which we glory, and a Mutton Club, of which we are justly proud. It would not be safe in Dashpore to question the absolute perfection of one or other of these institutions, but I will confess to you, gentle reader, that after a certain time, despite naturally rural tastes, satiety engendered within me a loathing for mutton, in justification of which perverted taste history furnishes a strong precedent in the case of a certain French king surfeited with even more dainty fare; and as neither the primeval conveyances that are nightly seen crawling feebly along the Mall, nor their languid inmates were particularly cheering, I soon began to regard this fashionable resort as the abomination of desolation. Now, as the people of Dashpore were of course intensely conservative, and clung to its time-honored institutions with their "traditions of a hundred years," and all that sort of thing, I knew that if these sentiments oozed out I should inevitably be regarded as a drivelling idiot. To guard against this unpleasant contingency, I withdrew myself from the "vortex," and taking to the solitude of the pipe, permitted my hair to grow in romantic curls to the infinite disgust of my Aldershot friends.

Things were progressing in this unsatisfactory manner when one day it struck me that, if I followed the example of my brethren, and sought amusement and occupation with my rifle in the jungles, instead of shutting myself up and objugating "everything an inch high," after the genial manner of Diogenes, I might perhaps find existence a trifle less wearisome; and even if I failed to become a Gordon Cumming or a Jules Gerard, I might at any rate succeed in dispelling from my mind the unpleasant idea that I was Rip Van Winkle in Sleepy Hollow. A favourable opportunity to carry out my intention soon presented itself. Intelligence having reached me that a neighbouring village was haunted by a formidable tiger, whose midnight raids had decimated the flocks and herds of the villagers, and brought desolation and mourning into many a homestead, I determined to rid "poor humanity" of a scourge, and win my spurs as a sportsman. Flushed with this gorgeous idea, I decided on starting at once; so, having provided myself with a terrific battery, I was duly conducted that evening to a lonely spot bordering the village, where I forthwith proceeded to erect a *muchán* from which I might pot my prey with tolerable safety to myself. Encouraged with this reflection, I fastened a goat as a decoy to a tree, and awaited with a stout heart the coming of the man-eater. Night fell with a rapidity peculiar to tropical climates, and the surrounding gloom was only broken by the uncertain gleams of a "young May moon." The fierce burning wind, which had been raging like a furnace-blast all through the day, had died away and left the air sultry to suffocation, added to which, the silence was deathly and depressing. I fear my previous ardour had

somewhat cooled, for I remember thinking what a wondrous thing this "sport" was, that for pure love of it men would quit home and kindred, and brave hardship and danger in many a pestilential jungle, with the only hope of receiving their reward in just such an adventure as this. I marvelled what men of this kidney would think of a friend of mine in the Soonderbuns, who told me that, although his place abounded with tigers, he had never been out shooting, *as the musquilloes were so very troublesome.*

Ruminating thus, and keeping, as I thought, a very sharp look out, I was suddenly aware of a strange oscillation in my temporary resting-place. Peering over to discover the cause, to my horror and dismay I beheld a gigantic tiger positively scratching himself in the most peaceful manner against the supports of my frail tenement. Before I could grasp my rifle, the *muchán* swayed to and fro several times, and finally came down with a crash, precipitating me into the very jaws of the ferocious beast. I felt his hot breath on my cheek, and saw his mighty paw uplifted to strike, as I heard one tremendous roar, on which I awoke, delighted to find that the whole was but the "disordered fancy of a dream," though at the same time disgusted to think that I had been caught napping. Having registered a vow never to act under similar circumstances in so unorthodox a manner, I ascertained that everything was in order, and had just succeeded in composing my nerves when I was again startled by a rustling in a mass of rank vegetation immediately in front. The noise was accompanied by a subdued growl, mingled with the incessant cries of the unfortunate goat. Simultaneously, I became aware of a pair of fierce luminous eyes glaring at me from the tangled undergrowth. Perceiving that this time the crisis had come in good earnest, I "hardened my heart," and, taking a steady aim between the eyes, fired. An appalling howl, followed by profound silence, augured well for the success of my shot. Unfortunately, the inconstant moon had withdrawn her rays just as they were most needed, and I was compelled in consequence, with much gnashing of teeth, to await the daylight. By this time it was very cold, and after shivering through the remaining hours of the night, my eyes were gladdened by a tinge of red in the East—

"Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheek."

As I descended from my perch, I observed, through the grey cold light, a number of natives approaching, bearing something, which was evidently my quarry, in their midst. Brushing forward to meet them with triumph in my heart, I beheld a sight, which, if it did not precisely curdle my blood, succeeded in making me feel as if I had been kicked out of a gentleman's house for soliciting his daughter's hand, if I may be allowed an illustration suggestive of violent revulsion of feeling. In place of the magnificent animal my mind's eye had pictured, I beheld the carcass of a village cur begrimed with dust, and hideous with stains of blood oozing from a small round wound *between the eyes*. It appears that this thrice-accursed dog, which belonged to

the head man of the hamlet, in an unhappy moment strayed into my vicinity, and had undoubtedly fallen a victim to my rifle. The sequel is soon told. A severe fever prevented me seeing any of my Daspore friends for some time after this, and it is perhaps, under the circumstances, superfluous in me to add that my mind can conceive no incentive strong enough to take me out again "after a tiger."

SPURS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S TIGER.

It is with some concern I announce to you an accident which, but for the steady aim of a sepoy, would in all probability have terminated fatally for one, if not both of the parties concerned. The facts of the case, as they have reached me, are these: Viscount Downe, of the 2nd Life Guards, who is at present employing his six months' leave in making a sporting tour through India in company with the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Gosford, and Sir Samuel Hayes, paid a visit in the course of his travels to Colonel Bagot, Commanding the 38th Native Infantry at Sagur. The district abounds in large game, and the Viscount, under the Colonel's guidance, was soon in pursuit of it. On the particular occasion alluded to, (the 28th February,) the plan of operations adopted was as follows:—A *muchán*, a raised platform, was erected in a favorable position, and beaters were sent out to drive the game in the direction of it. On this *muchán* the distinguished and gallant sportsmen took post; and about 2-30 P.M. a tigress passed near the *muchán*, but not in a position favorable for a shot. A native *shikari*, however, fired and wounded the animal severely.

The sportsmen, with more enthusiasm than discretion, immediately descended from their *muchán* and proceeded in pursuit. They were not long in coming up with the animal, at which the Colonel fired. This brought the tigress to bay, and she charged furiously down on the sportsmen, bowling them both over before they could get another shot. She seized Colonel Bagot by the leg, and, no doubt, would have very seriously injured him, if she did not kill him outright, had not a sepoy of his own regiment at the moment ventured to fire. The shot was successful: the beautiful beast made one bound into the air and fell dead on the spot. Colonel Bagot was severely clawed and bitten about the knee and leg. He was carried into the station of Nagode at 11 P.M. the same day, but, on examination of his wounds, it was found that no bones were broken. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the gallant Colonel will soon be convalescent. Lord Downe also received one or two scratches on one of his legs, but none of a serious nature. He received some slight contusions, however, and a nasty cut in his head, which came in contact with a rock as he fell

He is, we are told, ready to be "at it again," as soon as an opportunity offers. I commend to you the scopy who fired the well-directed shot, as heartily as I congratulate the gallant sportsmen on their lucky escape from a very perilous position; at the same time I would caution all English sportsmen against going after tigers on foot. The suddenness of the tiger's spring renders the most skilful sportsman powerless at close quarters with his game.

FIZ.

A WORD ABOUT HORSE-BREEDING.

THIS is a subject on which a great deal has been written, both privately and, I have reason to believe, officially; but with what effect is pretty well known to those who, like myself, are interested in the breeding of horses in India. I shall possibly be ridiculed in the statement I now put forth, more especially by our zealous Deputy Commissioners in the Punjab, who imagine that they have only to get a stallion to effect all that is required. Selection or choice of dams is a matter very little cared for. The consequence is, a worse description of animal is propagated than formerly existed, *viz.*, the produce of a thorough-bred English horse out of a flat-sided, ragged-hipped, crooked-legged tattoo! But to my statement. *The horses now bred in the North-West Provinces are vastly inferior to what were met with fifteen short years ago.* Why this should be the case, I cannot explain; but that my assertion is true, I call on old and experienced Cavalry Officers, such as Colonels Ryves, Crawford Chamberlain, Richardson, Roberts, and others, equally well known, to testify to. Remounts such as these Officers would put into their Regiments, and which cost, fifteen years back, an average of about Rs. 140 or 150, cannot now be purchased for less than Rs. 220 or 240; in fact, I have little hesitation in saying the country-bred mare of old has ceased to be. I have heard it asserted by an Officer who should know better, that horses are not more difficult to get, but that Commandants of Cavalry Regiments were more particular than they used to be in the selection of their remounts. This is not the case, but merely the assertion of one who, knowing that difficulties did exist, thought he could give a knock-down blow to certain Commandants who were rather anxious on the subject of mounting their Regiments efficiently, and so silence them. I say the country-bred of old is not to be had. The question is,—What is to be done to ameliorate this state of affairs?

Will the State come forward and give some prizes to be run for at the larger stations throughout the country? If this were done, men would be forthcoming who would do something towards improving the breed of horses. The Home Government give handsome Plates; why should not the Indian Government award the same? To refuse on the plea of discouraging gambling amongst its employés, is merely an excuse for

wretched parsimony unworthy of a great government. Sir George Yule and, I believe, His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief are in favor of such Plates. Sir Henry Durand, I have heard, is also in the same boat, but there is, I fear, little chance of any such boon at present; and until there is something in the shape of such prizes offered as an encouragement to breeders, we shall remain fast as we are, and Indian horses, reversing the order of things, will continue to degenerate until they get so bad as to be useless, and then things may mend. Government might assist in another way, and that is by allowing the farmers in well-known horse-breeding districts the services of some of their stallions; the farmers being permitted to sell their young stock when and to whom they choose; the only restriction made being that no horse be allowed to serve any mal-formed or under-sized mares. The use of the horse to be gratis. Regarding the superintendence of such stallions, the charge should be given to any competent Civil or Military Officer in the districts, and there are many who would gladly in this way aid in endeavouring to improve the breed of horses. As for the Stud's suffering by such an arrangement, they would not do so, but, on the contrary, they would gain from the fact of having finer mares about to breed from than they now have.

Two or three shiploads of good, *large-boned*, roomy mares, imported from the Cape and New South Wales, and distributed through good districts, being served by good half-bred horses, would soon give us some stock worth having. Now, Mr. Editor, the ball is set rolling, kick it well.

“PENNON.”

THE MONTH.

THERE has been very little improvement in the unfavorable weather at home, and hunting men in England appear to have been obliged to keep a sharp look out in order to get even an odd day now and then, and that probably a bad scenting day. On this subject the *London Sporting Magazine* thus quotes the language of a recent novelist:—“The dogs are running about in a state of the deepest agitation with their noses to the ground,” but adds that they “don’t make much out.” It is certainly about the worst season for the chase that has been known for several years. The sister isle, with its milder climate, has fared better, and the Kildare Kilkenny, Ward, Union, and Galway hounds have done pretty well. The weather has of course also interfered with Steeple Chases. Meeting after meeting has been postponed, and as the rules of this branch of sport permit of postponements being made over the following Sunday, some practical inconvenience has ensued in the case of horses entered for Steeple Chases in two successive weeks.

Thus it has happened more than once that a horse had engagements on the same day at two places a long way from each other, and felt

the difficulty of accomplishing the feat of the Irishman's little bird, which was in two places at once.

Two men of note, in their different spheres, have passed away: Colonel Lowther, an old and worthy sportsman, and father of the House of Commons besides, and Alfred Day, the once celebrated Danebury Jockey.

Racing men have been consoled by the publication of entrances for many of the principal races of 1868.

We give an extract showing the prospects of the great spring handicaps, which are favorable enough, as indeed are those of all the most important races. The innovation of something like post entrances has been introduced into the terms of the Ascot Cup, for it will be open till the Saturday before the meeting at £100, two-thirds of which will go to the second, and the rest to the third horse. There is too, we are glad to observe, an additional weight for age,—race on the cup day, with £200 added.

A very old course for two-year-olds and matches has been abolished at Newmarket, *viz.*, the first half of the Abingdon Mile, its races being transferred to the last half-mile of the Beacon Course and the last half of the Rowley Mile,—a very convenient amendment.

A neat thing was done by the Police, not long ago, to prevent a prize-fight coming off. They waited till the last deposit was made, swore informations as to a breach of the peace being very likely, got warrants, and locked up the would-be combatants till they were bailed out. If this is persevered in, there will be an end to the thing.

In India a good deal has been doing during the past month. It is fortunate for us that the slack season at home is the busy season in India. In racing, we have had the Cawnpore, the Bareilly, Debrooghur, Lucknow, and Bombay Races. The reports of the Lucknow and Bareilly races will be found in the usual place, as also that of the six days of the Bombay meeting. We need not anticipate our reporter's accounts by any remarks on these races here. There has also been a deal of Skye-racing in the North-West Provinces. It is to be regretted indeed that there is somewhat too much *skye* in that part of India. This, a correspondent thinks, is due in great part to "the weights," and the action of the N. W. Turf Club regarding them; and he asks—"Where are the horses, where are the races, and where are the jockeys now?" We trust that our North-West friends will see the advantage of giving in their adhesion to the proposition of a "Behar Turfite" which appeared in the last issue of this journal on the subject of an Amalgamated Turf Club for this side of India; were they to do so, matters would then be discussed and differences soon settled.

Cricket, in Bengal, has well nigh been brought to a close; although, in the North-West and the Punjab, players have still a month within which they may enjoy out-door field sports without being "knocked down" by the sun.

In pig-sticking we have little to record. The Calcutta Tent Club, under the command of their active and energetic Captain, Lieut.-Colonel

James, had their camp pitched as far out as Pubna, on a late occasion ; but the sport they met with was not adequate to the exertion they had to undergo. Two hogs and some deer were all that fell to their lot. They have still some enthusiastic sportsmen amongst their number, although they have lost one by the departure of Mr. Stewart Gladstone, who remained one day in Calcutta longer than he had intended, for the sole purpose of riding out to "the camp" with the Captain.

In shooting, we have recorded, in another place, an unfortunate accident which befell Colonel Bagot and Lord Downe, in following up a tiger on the 28th of last month at Nagode ; but from the numerous other sportsmen who are now using their guns and rifles on our hills and in our jungles, we have no reports. Lord Gosford is out on the Brahmaputra with a party which has been organized by Mr. Simson, the Commissioner of Dacca, for the purpose of shooting rhinoceri, and the Marquis of Huntly was last seen in Oude. Another distinguished traveller has made his appearance amongst us during the past month—His Serene Highness Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. His primary object in visiting India is to study the archaeology and languages of the country ; but he never travels without a very good fire-iron in his hand, and while at Madras he showed that he knew how to use it. He left Calcutta for Cashmeer on the 7th instant. From the Deccan we have heard of a little sport ; but we have no detailed information from that quarter, nor have we received any from Madras proper or Bombay. Has the race of sportsmen in the sister Presidencies died out ?

CRICKET.

BHAUGULPORE.

BHAUGULPORE *versus* GARRISON OF FORT WILLIAM.

THIS match was played on the Bhaugulpore Cricket Ground on the 20th and 21st February. The station won the toss, and went in ; but, notwithstanding the exertions of D'Oily, who played an excellent innings of 42—not out—only made the moderate score of 127 runs. The Garrison now took possession, but "short and sweet" was evidently their motto, all of them getting out for the small score of 45 runs,—a proceeding which necessitated them following their innings. In the second innings they succeeded in making 123 runs, leaving the Station 42 to make. This was accomplished with the loss of one wicket only, the Station thus winning with 10 wickets to go down. The ground was rather bumpy, which partly explains the smallness of the scores on either side.

BHAUGULPORE.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Serjt.-Major Bassett, ct. Gordon, bd. Crofton	... 7		
S. J. Barnett, bd. Moseley	... 0	bd. Moseley	... 1
B. Wood, ct. Bagot, bd. Crofton	... 12	not out	... 17
F. J. Crooke, ct. Gordon, bd. Moseley	... 27		
Capt. R. S. Moseley, ct. Bagot, bd. Crofton	... 0	not out	... 21
W. H. D'Oyly, not out	... 42		
H. Toker, run out	... 23		
A. Mowbray, bd. Moseley	... 3		
J. W. Adams, ct. Morris, bd. Crofton	... 0		
F. Alexander, bd. Crofton	... 4		
Forbes, bd. Moseley	... 3		
Byes 3, Wides 2, Leg-byes 1....	6	Byes 1, Wides 2	... 3
Total	127	Total	... 42

GARRISON.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Col. Sibley, not out	... 9	bd. Crooke	... 18
A. G. Bagot, ct. Toker, bd. Crooke	... 1	ct. Barnett, bd. Crooke	... 22
F. Gordon, ct. Adams, bd. Wood	... 3	ct. Mowbray, bd. Crooke	... 17
Capt. Russell, ct. Barnett, bd. Crooke	... 11	ct. Wood, bd. Crooke	... 5
H. Ward, ct. Toker, bd. Crooke	... 2	bd. Wood	... 0
Capt. Moseley, ct. Bassett, bd. Crooke	... 0	bd. Crooke	... 0
Col. Walton, Ct. Moseley, bd. Crooke	... 5	ct. Crooke, bd. Wood	... 13
C. Gosling, ct. Wood, bd. Crooke	... 2	ct. and bd. Moseley	... 7
W. Mitchell Jones, bd. Crooke	... 0	bd. Wood	... 8
E. Crofton, ct. and bd. Crooke	... 0	not out	... 6
A. Morris, bd. Wood	... 3	bd. Crooke	... 5
Byes 3, Wides 5, Leg-byes 1.	9	Byes 12, Wides 9, Leg-byes 1.	22
Total	45	Total	123

UMBALLA.

UMBALLA *versus* THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

THIS Match was played at Umballa on the 19th February, and was won by the Rifles, with eight wickets to spare.

The Return Match was commenced directly after the conclusion of the first one; but fortune again favoured the green jackets, as they won in one innings, with some sixty odd runs to spare. The bowling of Private Jordan was exceedingly good.

UMBALLA.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Major Mackenzie, b. Jordan ...	0	c. Crompton, b. Jordan	8
Dr. Parkinson, b. Jordan ...	9	b. Stevens	14
Cornet Turnbull, b. Jordan ...	0	b. Jordan	0
Captain Taylor, l. b. w. b. Slade	1	c. Crompton, b. Jordan	0
Captain Harris, b. Jordan ...	9	c. Smith, b. Slade	4
Captain Elliot, b. Jordan ...	12	b. Stevens	17
Captain Manderson, b. Jordan	7	b. Jordan	0
Mr. Mooney, b. Wells ...	0	c. Jordan, b. Slade	0
Lt. Davies, c. & b. Jordan ...	2	not out	0
Gunner Fox, not out ...	5	l. b. w. b. Jordan	7
Captain Wake, c. Hobson, b. Jordan ...	2	c. Jordan, b. Slade	8
Leg-bye 1, Wides 4 ...	5	Bye 1, Leg-byes 5	6
Total		Total	
		64	

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Corpl. Hobson, b. Taylor	...	8	b. Mooney		1
Pte. Smith, b. Mooney	...	24	not out		9
Corpl. Fox, c & b Mooney	...	3	not out		12
Captain Slade, run out	...	13			
Ens. Crompton, b. Taylor	...	3	b. Fox		1
Pte. Jordan, b. Mooney	...	0	c. Parkinson, b. Taylor		3
Pte. Singer, c. Wake, b. Taylor		4			
Captain Stephen, c. & b. Mooney	...	5			
Pte. Rose, b. Mooney	...	2			
Corpl. Wells, b. Mooney	...	0			
Corpl. Stevens, not out	...	1			
Byes 7, Leg-byes 4, Wides 10,					
No-ball 1	...	22	Byes 3, Leg-bye 1, Wides 2.		6
Total	...	85	Total		32

RETURN MATCH.

21st February, 1868.

UMBALLA.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Dr. Parkinson, b. Pte. Smith	2	b. Pte. Jordan	... 5
Gunner Fox, b Pte. Smith	... 1	b. Captain Slade	... 0
Pte. Skakle, b. Pte. Smith	... 0	run out	... 2
Major Mackenzie, c. Stephen, b. Pte. Smith	... 0	c. Jordan, b. Capt. Slade	... 8
Capt. Elliot, c. Cox, b. Pte. Jordan	... 1	c. Slade, b. Pte. Jordan	... 3
Capt. Taylor, c. Hobson, b. Pte Jordan	... 6	run out	... 1
Capt. Manderson, not out	... 8	b. Captain Slade	... 1
Capt. Wake, b. Captain Stephen	1	c. and b. Pte. Jordan	... 0
Pte. Smith (21st H.), b. Pte. Jordan	... 0	not out	... 1
Mr. Kelly (S. M. D.), l. b. w. b. Pte. Jordan	... 0	c. Stephen, b. Capt. Slade	... 11
Pte. Nicholson, (21st H.) b. Pte. Jordan	... 6	c. Jordan, b. Capt. Slade	... 5
Bye 1, Leg-byes 2, Wides 2	... 5		
Total	30	Total	37

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

1st Innings.

Corpl. Cox, c. & b. Nicholson	6	Corporal Wells, b. Kelly	... 9
Pte. Smith, b. Taylor	... 4	Corporal Lewis, c. Wake, b. Kelly	... 15
Corpl. Hobson, l. b. w. b. Tay- lor	... 29	Corporal Stevens, run out	... 6
Capt. Slade, s. Mackenzie, b. Nicholson	... 22	Captain Stephen, not out	... 10
Pte. Jordan, b. Smith	... 5	Byes 3, Leg-bye 1, Wides 8.	12
Ensign Crompton (absent)	... 0	Total	... 128
Private Singer, b. Taylor	... 10		

CALCUTTA VOLUNTEER RIFLES.

THE Annual Match of No. 3 Company for Prizes given by Captain F. G. Teale, which were this year supplemented by a Prize of Rs. 100 given by C. F. Harkness, Esq., C. S., came off at the Regimental Range, Bailgurriah, on Saturday afternoon last. It was a condition of the match that the distances should not be made known till the Company reached the ground, and it was then announced that they would be 250 yards, 400 yards, and 550 yards, 5 shots at each; the first and last being distances at which no one was accustomed to fire.

Twenty-six Members competed, and the Prizes fell to the following:—

	Points.
1.—Prize value Rs. 100, Corpl. C. Kiernander	... 30
2.—Prize value Rs. 70, Color-Serjt. M. Power	... 30
3.—Prize value Rs. 30, Pt. W. E. Caspersz	... 30

The next highest score was 28, made by Pt. R. T. Howe.

The presentation of the Prizes will take place at a dinner of the Company to be held in about a fortnight.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLASS WEIGHTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—So much has been written on the necessity of altering the weights for age and class, that perhaps a reference to former Racing Records may elucidate the opinions of the writer of "The Horse in India," of "Q. E. D.," "Nestor," and others, who one and all consider the waler of the present day to be so very superior to what he was in 1855, that English horses are almost debarred from contending, with any chance of success, for the prizes offered at the different Race Meetings, while Pegasus contends that there is no necessity to alter the weights.

Our text is Sonepore Racecourse.

Sonepore Racecourse is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and 158 yards; what is understood as even time is 3m. 10s. *Pretender*, a country-bred, ran the distance in 3m. 1s., and so wonderful was this performance considered, that it used to be talked of for ten or twelve years as to be impossible over to be done again. Then came *Adversary* in 1860, who, in a private trial, did the distance in 2m. 59s., with 7-stone up. Again there was a lull, when in 1866 *Morning Star*, with 10-7 up, did it in 2m. 59s.; while *Old Van* was all handy, and could have done it in a second less, had it been necessary. Again, in 1867, *Favorite*, with 10 stone or more up, did it in 2m. 59½s. with the ground very unfavorable for fast timing, and *Bellona*, with 10-7 up, was quite ready to stick in her head first if *Favorite* could not.

Now, with these performances let us compare Sonepore Races of 1855, the third day, first race, a purse of 30 G. Ms. from the Fund for all horses. Sonepore weight for age. Racecourse Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 10lbs.

			st.	lbs.	
English horses	1	7	extra.
Colonials	1	7	"
Country-breds	1	3	"
The Confederate's name br. faw. m.	...	<i>Beeswing</i>	Aged	1	
Mr. Monghyr's b.o.g.	...	<i>Legerde main</i>			
Mr. Cloud's b.e.m.	...	<i>Diana</i>			
Time—3m. 6s.					

It would seem that to make further comment would be bedaubing the lily with bazar paint; but with all these facts before them, those who have it in their power to make a scale of equitable weights, ignore the fact that the walers of the present day are very superior to those of 12 years ago. Hero *Beeswing*, the best waler of those times, takes 3m. 6s. to do what two second-class walers of 1867 accomplished under crushing weight in 2m. 59s. But we have not yet done with Sonepore, 1855.

In the Modhnarain Cup, the English mare *Diana*, with 9-8 up, did the Racecourse with the utmost difficulty in 3m. 10s., while *Rejected*, a very good waler then considered, could only attain to the 3rd place with *Peter Irving* on his back carrying 9-7.

In Australia, English horses carry the same weight as the horses of the colony. Most good judges in India affirm that walers are as good as English horses, and yet an English three-year-old carries much about the same weight as an aged waler, and an English five-year-old gives a six and aged waler a stone. Some time ago application was made to Government for prizes to be run for. It was hoped that English horses might be allowed by them: instead of bothering Government, let weights more favorable to English horses be substituted for the present unfair ones, and English horses will not be wanting.

B. B.

REMOUNTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—In your first number, both you, in your editorial columns, and your correspondent "M.," elsewhere, invite discussion on the subject of the supply of Remounts for the three Presidencies for the future. It is generally allowed that India ought to supply herself and her armies with horses, and I believe that I make in this letter suggestions on the subject which I have not heard of as having been before thought of, and which tend to promote so desirable a result.

In my opinion, many racing-men and Clubs in India have taken hold of the wrong end of the stick in their endeavours to induce

breeding. I allude to the establishment of "Produce Stakes," which, as at present proposed, may certainly give a slight stimulus to private breeding, but not to army remount breeding to such an extent as to materially improve the present class of troop horses.

It seems impossible to effect the latter without some support from Government; and in this letter I shall attempt to show how a slight encouragement from the State can, in my opinion, be so utilized as to materially improve the breed of horses required for Government purposes, and therefore also, of course, eventually improving the whole class of "country-breds." The list of nominations for the Calcutta "Produce Stakes," when I last saw it, was most meagre, and even then the majority of the colts and fillies appeared to belong to gentlemen who have bred privately for some years, without the temptation of "Produce Stakes." This seems a proof that their establishment has given no great impetus to breeding in Bengal. Nearly three years ago the Government of His Highness the Nizam, with a view to improve the breed of horses in his dominions, consented to give annually two purses of Rs. 2,000 each to be run for by colts and fillies bred in the Deccan. These races were to be run during the Hyderabad Meeting, and under the arrangements of its Stewards. The first "Produce Stakes" to be run in the season 1869-70. Since then the large number of two foals have been registered by the Secretary, and those were bred by, and belonged to, an Officer of the Hyderabad Residency, who was mainly instrumental in obtaining the promise of the purses from His Excellency Salar Jung (the Prime Minister). This shows that the establishing of "Produce Stakes" does not seem to have given much impetus to breeding in the Deccan.

I therefore propose to go a little further back than "Produce," and see if "Parent" Stakes would not be more likely to improve the breed of the country.

To begin with, it seems to me that, as regards sires, the Bengal Stud has for years been taking coals to Newcastle in the shape of importing stallions from England. There are as good stallions amongst the Arab horses in India as there are in the world. The present English T. B. owes all, or nearly all, his virtues to his Arab ancestry. Why may not India then look amongst her equine Arab Colonists for sires of future generations of good stock, England having almost by accident done so years ago, and being in consequence in possession of the best breed of horses in the world? I shall presently show how Government may place themselves in a position to secure good sires from amongst the Arabs annually imported, but at present turn to the consideration of how to obtain mares to breed from.

The mare of the real country-breeds is, as a rule, worthless for European use; but there are amongst stud and private-bred fillies many who would (if judiciously put to good Arabs) throw stout and useful stock. Fresh blood is, however, indispensable, and moreover, for Artillery and some of the European Cavalry Regiments, a larger breed than would result from the above cross is requisite. For the dams

of such a breed, I think we need not look further than Australia; and it seems to me that Government might secure some of the best blood from there, by giving some similar inducement to that I propose.

Most T. B. colts or fillies in Australia lose half their value in that country on becoming four years old, as the majority of the best stakes are confined to two and three years old; and I believe that if special great races were instituted in India for mares and fillies, with a tolerable certainty of sale at a fair price, many breeders and owners would be induced to send mares from Australia, who would, after purchase by Government, most materially improve the stud breed in a few years.

If Government establishes a breeding stud in Bombay and Madras, one of these races should be run in each during the Presidency Meeting; and as the Bengal Presidency requires a larger number of mares at the stud than either of her sister Presidencies, there should be two of these races run at Calcutta,—say one at each meeting.

Now to particulars. Each of these races should offer a strong inducement to owners, and I think the following terms would “draw” with the latter, and also enable Government to supply themselves with good mares at a tolerably cheap rate.

“The Oaks Stakes.” Rs. 3,500 presented by Government, with Rs. 1,000 for the second, provided 6, and Rs. 500 for the third, provided 9 or more mares and fillies start, added to a Sweepstakes of, say, 15 G. Ms. 10 forfeit. For all mares and fillies of four years old and upwards. Any mare *entered* to be claimable by Government as follows:—If one of the first three, for, say, Rs. 2,000; if not one of the first three, for, say, Rs. 1,200. No mare or filly to be allowed to start who has not obtained from a Veterinary Surgeon, or other Officer appointed by Government, a certificate as to her fitness for stud purposes. Weight for age. 2 miles. To close and name on the 1st day of the 3rd month preceding that in which the race is to be run. No penalties or maiden allowance. (*Vide* my paragraph on closing of Australian Great Stakes at two years old. Why not let the good mare who has won in Australia have every inducement to come?)

In order to give further inducement to owners to send a really good class of mare, I would suggest that a clause be added to the above terms to this effect:—“Any mare claimed as above by Government, if not amongst the first three, to be handed over to the Stud Agent on or before the 1st May succeeding the race; but if she should have been one of the first three, her owner to have the option of retaining her in his possession until the second 1st of May after the race,—*e. g.*, a mare ‘placed’ for the Oaks run in January, 1869, need not be handed over to Government until the 1st May, 1870. If not ‘placed,’ she would have to be handed over on the 1st May, 1869.”

This would give the owner of a first-class mare another year to run her; but if he does so keep her, the mare’s certificate of fitness for the stud would have to be renewed before handing her over, which could be done at any date the owner liked during that year. He

should also be bound down by a heavy fine to hand her over sound ; to run her at his own risk. I have purposely proposed a very low entrance fee, the object being to tempt owners in every way ; and I have also proposed two miles as the distance to prevent the race being run away with by the speedy private-bred mares of Bengal, as well as because it would thoroughly bring out the stoutness of the mares of other classes. It should be distinctly understood that it is optional to Government to claim mares or not.

My own opinion being, as before stated, that the Arab sire is all that is required in India, I would propose that a race similar to the above Oaks Stakes should be run for annually in Bombay, for all entire Arab horses, 2½ or 3 miles, with similar conditions, as to claiming, to those in the Oaks. Possibly less added money might be sufficient for the horses.

I propose that the race for stallions should be run in Bombay, as that is the great market for Arabs, and as all the best are sent and kept there ; but an Agent from each of the other Presidencies should be present, and the horses claimed by Government should be selected by the representative of each Presidency in rotation, as far as the number went, and each Presidency should have first pick once in three years.

The greatest expense that my scheme could entail upon the State would be Rs. 25,000 annually given to encourage the importation of horses, from which the State would eventually benefit vastly. This sum would be given in two Oaks Stakes to be run at Calcutta. (*N. B.*—No mare entered for one, should be allowed to enter for the other.) One Oaks at Madras, and one Oaks and one race for stallions at Bombay. These or similar races might be instituted almost immediately.

If my views (in this, or a modified form) should be adopted, the terms of the races should be freely advertised amongst all the Australian breeders, and also amongst importers in this country ; and I see no reason why, through these means, Government should not, by this time next year, be in possession of fifty or sixty first-class mares, who, put to good Arab sires, would throw a most useful progeny. The fillies from this cross should not, if "likely" for breeding purposes, be allowed to be sold, or issued to the Army for the next three or four generations, by which time so many mares would be on hand, that none but the very cream of the young fillies need be kept, and the Oaks Stakes lessened in number, or altogether dispensed with. The records of the Casting Committees of the last few years show that there is something radically wrong in the remounting of the Army, and I cannot see much prospect of material improvement until both an Artillery and a Cavalry Officer be on the staff of each Stud or Remount Establishment. The presence of an Artillery Officer is particularly necessary, as so many different stamps of horses are absolutely required by his branch of the service, owing to ignorance of which horses, useful to other arms of the service, but perfectly valueless to it, are sent every year as remounts to the Artillery. . .

The Bombay Government bought this year a number of Australians, soon after their landing, at an average of, I believe, about Rs. 500; and they are, I hear, good horses; but they were very few in number. I have seen only one Australian of this year's issue sent from Oessoor; he was selected there as a Horse Artillery Officer's charger,—a more "impossible" horse for that purpose I never saw; his photograph is worth sending to Woolwich as a specimen of an Officer's remount charger in India. A great objection seems to have arisen amongst the powers that be in Madras to "waler" remounts, and the great majority are "Herats" and Persians; the former are nice, quiet, cobby little fellows, but are, as a rule, small for Artillery, or indeed anything but Native Cavalry. There are, I know, a few good breeds of Persians, but they are very rarely seen in the service.

Individually, I am sure that a stud-breed, originating from Arab sires and well-bred Australian dams, whose colts and fillies are selected by Officers of those branches of the service for which they are destined, would answer all purposes the Army requires.

Unless climatic influence is too strong to allow of the healthy development of foals, this cross should, if judiciously carried out, produce a breed standing as high, and with the same power, as the well-bred Australians we generally see.

I have seen numbers of horses got by Arabs from other class mares, as by *Minuet* from English mares, and by *Royalist* from Australian mares; and they show no diminution in size or weight from the dam, though having, as a rule, far better points than many of their mothers. Half the gray Australians in Madras have a Royalist parentage thrust upon them, and this fathering is generally considered by a seller as entitling him to a longer price than he would have asked otherwise.

With *Hermit*, *Grey Leg*, *Raby*, *Mistake*, *Jairam*, and a load of others nearly as good in, and annually coming to, the country, what is the use of looking further for sires.

Government (if breeding studs are to be improved or re-established) requires mares *only* from abroad, *i. e.*, from beyond the Indian seas at present.

My proposition may be crude, extravagant, or erroneous in principle, but I send it to you, as the more discussion there is on the subject the more opinions will be evolved, and by culling from all some good may at last be arrived at.

SECUNDERABAD,
February 1st, 1868. }

C. W. B.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"GROFF" ON BILLIARDS RECEIVED.—We regret, however, we do not consider the grievances complained of in a certain Billiard-room in the Deccan fit matter for a Sporting Magazine, but more fit for exposure in the local papers.

How such vagaries, as stated by "Groff," can be permitted in any Billiard-room, frequented, we believe, almost entirely by Officers holding H. M.'s Commissions, is inconceivable. The remedy would appear very simple.—Eds.

EXTRACTS.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BILLIARD TABLE.

SIR,—It has been for some time past one of my pleasantest anticipations to look forward to the period when I might behold a billiard table so constructed that the correct and natural courses of the balls should pass over its glossy surface without impediments. Science demands it. A billiard table, perfect in every respect may now be seen and played upon. It is the property of Mr. Tomkins, of the Racquet Court in Midland-street, Brighton, to which establishment a public and two private billiard rooms are now attached.

The table in the public room, and in one of the private rooms, is made upon the new and highly-improved principle. The cushions being full to the mouth of the pocket, prevents the ball from being angled in the game of pool; and in the more noble game of billiards the progress of the ball cannot be turned from its correct course. The old-fashioned cushions with the cut-away corners are most objectionable; they not only falsify the direction of the ball, but frustrate the making of many important cannons. I remember witnessing the finish of a very trying game played by the late Lord Eglinton and Mr. Kentfield, and the latter lost the game, when playing for a cannon, by the catching of the played-with ball in the corners of the cut-away cushions. With cushions properly formed the game would have been won. Is it not strange that whilst machinery in general, and every description of gun, has felt, and is still feeling, the increasing influence of the scientific mind, and yielding, almost hourly, to improvements, the billiard table stands stockstill in all its ancient deformity of cut-away cushions. When the celebrated player, Mr. Green, first saw a table with the cushions full to the mouth of the pocket, he spoke loudly in its praise, and stated, in my presence, that he had attempted, thirty years since, to obtain cushions of a similar shape. The advantages are manifest, and to the truly scientific player are invaluable. To make a ball cushion within a hair's breadth of the mouth of the pocket; to see it take its natural position beyond the baulk, and leave the contemplated break, is to me the height of enjoyment; the execution of the stroke is fulfilled, the mind is satisfied. To the player of eminence everything connected with the game is fully known. The knowledge of angles; the unerring principle of hitting a ball when the baulk has been made; the best method of playing a promising break; the spot stroke; the succession of losing hazards in the centre pockets when playing from the half circle; the continuation of cannons when the three balls are nearly touching—these constitute the groundwork of successful play, and, upon a table where no impediments arise to mar the correct running of the balls, offer the prospect of a lengthened score. Many games have been lost by the catching of a ball in the shoulders of the cut-away cushions, remaining in baulk instead of departing from it. Nothing can be worse, and although tables with cushions so constructed may be tolerated by those depending solely upon manual skill, they ought not to satisfy a disciplined and well-furnished intellect. When I see a ball, played strongly, catch between the shoulders, and observe its fantastic efforts to escape, and perceive afterwards that it has settled on a part of the table very different to that on which it ought to have rested, the reflection naturally arises how any one possessing a mind capable of foreshadowing the positions the balls ought to occupy after a well-played stroke, can rest contented with a result so obnoxious and discouraging. I maintain that a table can-

not be considered perfect where the natural and true courses of the balls meet with obstructions, and are directed to false positions. If billiards is to be looked upon as a game where the hand is subservient to the mind, it is absolutely necessary to possess a table where its influence can be realized. What would a tennis player say to a court where the walls were sliced away at each of the corners, retarding the progress of the ball, and sending it in a wrong direction? Would he continue to support a court so formed? Would he not either seek another or abandon the pursuit? And thus it should be with the players of the game of billiards; they should either play on a table made perfect in all its bearings, or should, like myself, cease to play on any other. A perfect table should have the opening to the pockets 3 inches; the cushions should be square—or what is commonly called full—to the mouth; the baulk line should be 27 inches from the cushion; the half circle only 18 inches in extent; the spot for the red ball 12 inches from the cushion. A line drawn across the table at the centre pockets should leave two squares. Without this the angles will not be correct.

Brighton.

E. B. MARDON.

—*Field*.

DESPERATE REMEDIES.

ON BLISTERING AND FIRING.

‘WITH brains, sir!’ We may perhaps be pardoned for replying in the words of one of England’s greatest painters to those who read our observations in the last number of *Daily*, and who write to ask how we treat sprains and colds, &c. Laudanum and arsenic in the hands of a skilful man are valuable remedies, but used as nostrums by the people destroy life. It is not our object to dictate to the man of science so much as to caution horsemen against means reputed simple and harmless which occasion perpetual mischief.

The tendency of the age has been to induce all who can ride or groom a horse to imagine that the medical knowledge required to prescribe for a horse is slight. We cannot forget a great amateur of horses who showed us a beautiful stud some three years since, and said:—‘My animals never ail anything; and should any turn sick or lame, I dismiss my coachman.’ What a marvellous servant this gentleman must have expected for a couple of guineas a week—a good whip, horse doctor, and instructor of horse-shoers all rolled into one. He was perhaps not so far wrong after all, inasmuch as he discharged the man, if any occasion arose, for anything more than the exercise of judgment in the management of horses which were bought by a fine judge in a sound condition, and kept for moderate use rather than for hard or fast work. Horses should rarely sicken under such circumstances; and so long as stablemen are expected to be diligent and discriminating in relation to the feeding, watering, clothing, and general management of a stud, no one can complain. The error lies in expecting them to do more. The man of judgment and knowledge must step in when disease and lameness appear; and those who are most able would rather throw physic, blisters, fleam, and firing-iron to the dogs, and the most simple variations in the hygienic treatment of animals restore to soundness without blemish or delay.

Let us illustrate our meaning by the case of a sprain. Not unfrequently, when a horse sprains any of the joints* of the forelegs, it is due to the irregular position or shape of the foot brought on by unskilful shoeing. Place the animal at ease—enable it to stand level and quiet—fix the injured joint—

adopt what the human surgeon would call an immoveable apparatus, in the shape of a bandage or other simple contrivance—remove in time, and use well-regulated motion, and the animal is cured. What surgeon would excoriate and tumefy the human wrist if a man fell on his hand and produced that most painful of all sprains which implicates the complex joint between the forearm and hand? The blister does not strengthen the ligaments. It does not aid nature in the comparatively slow process of repairing a bruised articulation. All that is required is the adoption of simple means for the relief of pain, and keeping parts in a condition favorable to Nature's own healing, which occurs quite independently of man's supposed power to cure.

We can refer to two cases under treatment at present in proof of the great evil of the injudicious use of blisters. A gentleman left London for Paris some two months since, leaving a pair of horses under the charge of a very expert coachman and groom. Both horses were exceptionally fast and good movers—both high-mettled and pullers. The one horse sprained the near hind fetlock and flexor tendons. Anxiety to expedite recovery led to the application of a smart blister. The injured part became enormously swollen and tender. Warm fomentations and poultices had to be applied. The animal suffered excruciating pain, and had to be slung. The muscles of the thigh on the affected side began to waste: a veterinary surgeon opened an abscess on the inner side of the leg above the fetlock, and some days elapsed before the horse could prop himself up on three legs. The pain continued almost unabated, and persistent resting on the toe led to rigidity and partial contraction of the tendons. Thus suffering, the horse wasted fast, and six weeks after the accident we were asked to attend him. The shoes were removed, and a course of friction, fomentations, and bandaging for two or three hours daily has produced such a change in a week that, whilst the animal was admitted into hospital to all appearance worth little more than knacker's price, in a month he will resume work. There can be no doubt whatever that had the original sprain been treated in any other than the almost universal plan, he might have been at work within a fortnight from sustaining the injury.

The second case is almost identical, only the accident was more recent and the blister discharging when admitted under our care. Nevertheless, the heels were raised, and the limb had lost its natural flexibility. The soreness of skin and tumefaction have been overcome by emollient applications and bandages, the joint has been placed in a position of perfect rest, and in ten days the animal will be at work.

The season has arrived for cases of pleurisy, rheumatic influenza, manifested by stiffness of gait, hot and swollen joints, with severe fever and great depression, and attacks of bronchitis. Rubefacients, in the shape of turpentine and mustard, besides active blisters, are being used by those who indulge in internal doses of aconite, belladonna, and other sedatives or narcotics.* Deaths are not few; and the aggravation of symptoms we have noticed, from the irritation produced by mustard or cantharides, has been most marked. Without blistering, and by the judicious use of mild laxatives, warm-water injections, and the most unremitting attention to the animal's comfort, the fever subsides, and not a case goes wrong.

We might fill a volume on this all-important question, but having said as much as our space will permit on the danger of blistering, we may introduce to our readers the most desperate of remedies in any but the most skillful hands—the actual cautery.

Firing is one of the most ancient of the farrier's prescriptions. It has been one of the most universal methods adopted for the treatment of disease and injuries affecting the limbs of horses. Nay more; we have had the advocates

of firing for abdominal disease, and even throat affections. We still hear of firing as a sovereign remedy in roaring.

The hot iron acts by destroying—killing—wherever it is applied. The wounds made contract, and take some time to heal. During that period the disease for which the remedy has been applied has time to abate, and the animal recovers, with indelible scars fashioned according to the skill of the operator, and, some think, with a permanent bandage around the injured parts. As in the case of blistering, it is unquestionable that as the skin-wounds heal after firing, a healing action is often favoured in deeply inflamed or ulcerated structures within. Nevertheless, some of the ablest veterinarians, in resorting to firing, especially for articular disease, advocate burning through the skin, so as to attack the bone and secure a deposit which permanently stiffens and strengthens a joint. At times, in cases of spavin, such a practice is attended with success, but even then the scoring over a wide surface of skin is totally unequalled for, and one or two points of the budding iron suffices for every purpose.

Much can be said of the folly, and even of the barbarity, of firing a colt for curby hocks, a racehorse for a break-down, and any animal in the common operation of docking. For the nonce we must rest satisfied with the little we have said, and trust very shortly to recur to so important a subject.—*Baily's Monthly Magazine, Nov.*

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

WE have had some grand shooting this month, and I really think even *Baily* has never recorded a greater day than that which the Emperor Napoleon offered to the Emperor of Austria in the now glowing woods of Compiègne and Pierrefond. If, my dear reader, you have never seen French forests decked in their autumn glories, you can have no idea of November tints: there is something in the climate, or the soil, which renders the colours glorious—the rainbow of departing autumn. It was a splendid day, and at eleven o'clock nineteen shooters arrived in a series of *chars-à-bans*. The Austrians were dressed, as is their wont, in the most gorgeous costumes—violet velvet, let us say, with buttons of precious stones, and tearing swells they look. The French were dressed more or less like English sportsmen, the Emperor quite like one. I should tell you that riding home from hunting last year, by these very preserves of Choisy and Francport, I came to the conclusion that I had never seen so much game in one day, and certainly never heard so many pheasants roost in one wood, however big; and I think you will say that I was about right. There were nineteen shooters—guns is an expression now quite obsolete—and they shot in two parties. The Emperor's party consisted of ten, the other of nine individuals, who, with the beaters, two hundred and fifty in number, and the loaders, made up an army. The Emperor Napoleon shot, as usual, with muzzle-loaders; Baron de Lürzberg handed to the Emperor Napoleon his guns as they were loaded. The Emperor Francis Joseph had out ten muzzle-loaders, which were loaded by six keepers, who came expressly from Vienna for the purpose: they loaded with patent spring powder-flasks, the touch of which on the muzzle of the gun causes the exact charge to be poured into the barrel; on this is put a cartridge, rammed home by one stroke of the loading-rod. I am enabled to give you the correct return-list of the killed, but I fear not of the wounded or missing. The warmest of warm corners was of course given to the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French having

still a warmish one, nor did the Austrian ambassador do very badly. For many hours—that is, four hours—the firing was as steady and as heavy, only a deal more deadly than the practice of the Chassepots at Chalons. Here is the card which was handed to the Emperor Napoleon at lunch, who, having looked over it, handed it, smiling, to the Emperor Francis Joseph, who was described by an attaché as very keen.

	Roe Deer.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Etc.	Total.
Emperor of Austria ...	14	24	165	369	28	...	600
Emperor Napoleon ...	10	18	172	128	71	...	402
Prince de Metternich ...	3	13	110	204	6	2	368
Count Karolyi ...	6	5	50	126	5	...	172
Count Harrach ...	4	7	45	66	3	...	125
Count Androssy ...	4	7	55	91	4	...	161
Count de Bellegarde ...	10	11	70	127	31	...	249
Count de Konigregg ...	5	11	65	73	5	...	159
General Fleury ...	13	20	49	68	7	4	161
Prince de Moskowa	106	58	2	...	166
M. Pietri ...	1	2	58	47	1	2	111
Count Davilliers ...	1	...	65	76	142
Prince de Liechtenstein ...	1	1	95	89	1	...	188
Duc de Gramont ...	1	2	80	6	197
Count de Piar	1	66	48	115
Count de Fejervary	29	56	85
Captain Küll ...	1	1	52	61	2	...	117
Baron Morio de l'Isle ...	2	7	83	100	3	1	196
M. de Creny	41	83	...	4	125
Total ...	76	130	1,186	1,978	172	13	3,839

Now put $2,397 + 1,442$, and you will have a total of 3,839 head; and if you will consider that you began shooting at an easy eleven, and left off at a sharp four, deduct time for lunch and other refreshments, you will find that every sixty seconds you must have killed $15\frac{1}{10}$ head of game!—*Baily's Monthly Magazine, Dec.*

'OUR VAN.'

ANALYSES of the Derby are as plentiful as treatises on the Abyssinian War, or the Ritualistic practices at St. Albans, but we never read any but that of 'Judex,' who—to use the phrase of Lord Winchelsea, in allusion to the celebrated ancient Prophet of the 'Morning Post'—'couples common sense with sterling wit.' The reasons of 'Judex' are invariably sound, and the deductions from them natural; and one of its greatest recommendations in our eyes is that he does not give us half the quantity of 'Blue Riband' which other writers do when 'measuring' the Derby,—*Baily's Monthly Magazine, Jan.*

BRIGHTON TO LONDON BY COACH IN 1867.

HERE we are in very good time at the *Albion* booking-office, where Mr. Chandos Pole, who quite looks the coachman—though “he is such a gentleman,” as the old whip said of Sir Henry—is as ready and willing as ever to take her half-way. There is the usual little bevy of idlers to see the coach start, though young England apparently does not take much interest in the scene, and the spectators are mainly composed of square, comfortable, more than middle-aged gentlemen, who still show a leaning to clean shaves and clean shirts. There is scarcely one of that well-to-do company but has “had hold of them” in his time, and travelled down with Sir Vincent on “The Age,” or Lord Worcester on “The Wonder.” The box seat, indeed, at half a crown “extra,” is a very Nestor, and gives an air of staid respectability to a business that some of the profane might otherwise be inclined to regard more as “a lark” than anything else. Still everything is as business-like as can be, and we leave the portals of the hotel at a quarter to twelve to a minute, with a good load and a regular birthday team.

The first stage out is all against the collar; but the more we see of those four chesnut mares the more we like them, and one is half inclined to regret that they will not figure in the catalogue “on Monday next.” Mr. Pole drove them carefully, or almost tenderly, “as if he loved them,” as Isaac Walton puts it, and as no doubt he does. They are all wonderfully well matched, but the near side-leader, *Limerick Lass*, is as sweet a mare as ever had a collar over her head—looking a little wicked, may be, when we run through one of the “opposition” arches, but going as straight as an arrow, and as gaily as a wedding-peal. The only eyesore indeed was that the off-leader had her head kept in place by a short side rein, otherwise better-behaved cattle were never put together.

The next change is more perhaps in character with a public stage—more after the manner of coach-horses than a gentleman’s own “four.” But they are a lively, varmint-looking lot, with *Robin Grey* and a game old black in front of the bars, while our dragsman soon gives us a taste of their quality. He springs them just at the happy nick, and fairly cheats them out of the woodside hill as we rattle merrily along, with just a taste of the whipcord to freshen up the black’un, who lays himself out right willingly to his work:—

Here’s to the arm that can hold ‘em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclined, sir;
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on!
Tails with no cruppers behind, sir!

There is too much hill on the Brighton road to dispense with the cruppers, but the bearing rein was pretty generally the exception, and those with their heads at liberty never seemed to need it.

At Crawley, if we remember aright, we get another whole-coloured team, of greys this time, but without the style and fashion of the chesnuds. Nevertheless, when we pull up again at Hand Cross, and Mr. Pole thinks he has earned his glass of beer, which is brought out ready for him with his change, an intellectual-looking gentleman, of by no means horsey or down-the-road design, suggests, “We shall have another trial to-day, sir.”

And Mr. Pole answers:—“Certainly, if you please;” while for once we own to be fairly beaten. We go back momentarily to our own coaching recollections, and ask what this trial can mean. Are we to be timed over the next stage? Is the flying pot-boy backed to beat the coach? A young horse to be put on at wheel? or what is it? Ah, my ingenious friend, there were no such “trials” in those times; for, as our coachman recomposes himself on his seat,

and moves them on a step or two, we catch sight of the apparatus, and the secret is out. Although the greys do smoke a bit, and the muggy morning is a deal more like cub-hunting than photographing, we find we are going to have our pictures taken all in the bargain; we pull down our coat-collars and call up our set smiles, and prepare for the operation accordingly. But a long way the best photograph we have seen so far of the coach is one by Polgblank—time just about noon, scene Hatchett's, Piccadilly—with the Duke of Beaufort famously "caught" on the box, two or three ladies on the roof, and a group of approving spectators admirably arranged. It is really almost good enough to engrave from, and that is saying something too of any photograph where that "noble animal" the horse is concerned. They have attempted one at the other end, but it is very poor in comparison—anything but realizing the swell team, and failing utterly to give the fair proportions of our first favourite, the *Limerick Lass*.

Still, however we may pass through the lens, there is no mistake as to the respect we command as we bowl bodily along in the flesh, or, more aptly, in harness. It is curious indeed to notice the much-admiring, more-amused glimpses and greetings with which the coach is welcomed. Everyone of course, from the heavy luggage van to the natty dog-cart, readily gives up the way, for we have the most wide-awake of guards, *can* blow a long horn right cheerily, though he will be tempted to wet his whistle with nothing more potent than ginger-pop. But that shrill blast is more of a signal to attract than avoid. Yon homespun beauty at the lattice is certain sure, like the fair mermaid, to be a-combing of her hair as the coach passes, and here even the Misses Play-at Propriety's School is marshalled at the garden gate—a famous advertisement, mind you—with all the little girls anxious to cheer, and the parlour boarders as bound to "colour," if we only offer them a little encouragement. What a happy man that Mr. Chandos Pole must be! making more conquests in an hour or two's drive than he might in a season on the New Pier or the Grand Parade. At the very next turn of the road, though we meet with a happier man yet—the good curate making strong love to a middle-aged young lady of very Evangelical tendencies, while Mr. Primrose, as he glances demurely from under his broad brim at the turn-out, thinks of the days gone y, ere he had cut his boot and body clothes after their present fashion, and when he hung the leader on for a scurry to Woodstock, or a gallop with Mr. Drake. *Ehen, fugaces!* but his lady-love evidently considers that we are no better than we should be, and quickly brings his wandering fancy back again to the Sunday togs of the charity children and the overdue subscription to the Ojebway martyrs. "To-ooo-out! To-oot!" sounds our tee-total trumpeter in cheery farewell, and poor Primrose feels that his fate is fixed, and that never more shall he catch his long throng round the tapering crop, or shave a jolly waggoner within an inch of his life!

If it had not been for the photographer, we should have met the other coach at Horley to a moment; and, as it is, we see her swinging round the sweep in front of the little inn, as we make for the same haven. "Fifteen minutes allowed here," as they say on the line, and we proceed to make the most of it, although the cold two-shilling snack is scarcely up to the form it might be, and we fairly longed again for the silver sandwich-box of the swell dragsman of years back. Mr. Pole leaves us here to work his own ground back again, while Mr. Angell being away at Newmarket, one of the regular men—Pratt, if we remember his name aright—takes our coach on to town. The Duke of Beaufort now horses her, and some of the cattle look up to even a better business than fast road work. In truth, when we pick out a leader as very like a hunter, we find that "Mr. Mannington rode him with the Duke last season," and that

many of these horses will go straight down to Badminton to carry the men. That is the right way to give them a summer's run, and after their light work on the road, they will be a deal fitter for the field than if they had been stamping their legs to pieces, and heaving their carcasses at grass.

"St! St!" and we wake up Croydon at a hand-gallop and plenty of music, missing all the pretty "bits" about Dorking, the road we took when we last travelled to Brighton by coach, in Clark's time. Still, though the rain now and then patters down sharply, the whole ride is really enjoyable, and worth fifty runs through in the express, where you coquette with a peppery (minty) old lady about the window, and see nothing whatever of the country but a hen-pheasant and an under-keeper at Hayward's Heath. People who travel by railway are like Captain Cook, of whom it was said that he went round the world and never in it; and we will lay odds that old P——, who goes back to dinner every day by the four-something, knows no more of the beauties of Surrey and Sussex, the dells and dingles, and breaks and views, than he does of the beauties of Milton or Homer. And then, above all, if he *did* only sit it out on the roof of the coach, how hungry he would be when he got home! and how he might talk of what "the Duke" said, and how beautifully his Grace threaded his way through the busses and pill-boxes ever hanging about Kennington and Brixton.

What, however, with his other duties about the Court and elsewhere, the Duke of Beaufort has not been much at work during the past season; but Mr. Pole has been very regular on the Brighton side, and Mr. Angell had his fair share of it from off the stones. His teams come to the hammer at Knights-bridge on Monday next, with some very smart, quick nags amongst them; as handy as can be, from what we saw Pratt do with them in close company, and, from their size, shape, and pace, just in tune for rattling the mail phaeton to covert during the coming season. Our only wish would be that they might be got together again for next summer, as we are glad to say that the coach has been loading very well, and that there is every promise, as the story-tellers say, of this being *continued*. To a man who has not matched himself against time—to leave at nine and be back again at six—or who is getting sick of Brighton, there can be no such good excuse for getting out of it as booking a place by the coach, or, if it comes to that, for going back again. In the coaching times it was reckoned that, to work her both ways, there should be a horse for every mile; but the Brighton complement was sixty-odd horses for fifty-odd miles, so that they have been well up to, or above, their work. In a word, "the proprietors" have done the thing like gentlemen.—*Sporting Gazette*.

RACE BETWEEN INDIANS AND HORSES AT BOSTON.

AN interesting and novel race occurred at Riverside Park, November 22, between the Indians Young Deerfoot and Young Steeprock and the horses *Empress*, *McClellan*, and *Jessie Wales*. It was a match for 2,000 dollars, the conditions being that one of the Indians should start with one of the horses, the horses each to trot one mile alternately, and the Indians to run as they chose. The latter were to run three miles and a quarter, while the horses trotted six. Yesterday the weather was raw and chilly, with threatenings of a snow-storm, and the ground of the track was mud for a depth varying from one to three inches. Considering these facts, the time made by both men and horses was very good; and had it been a good day and good track, the advantages would have been more favorable to a victory for the men. The attendance

was quite large, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, and the race was watched with a great deal of interest. The match, as originally made, included *Indian Rubber* among the three horses; but just prior to the opening of the race, it was announced that he would not start, and *Jessie Wales* was harnessed to take his place. The change, of course, affected the bets.

The Indians and the horses came upon the track about three o'clock, but it was after half-past three that they were sent away on the race: The Indians are good-looking specimens of the diluted blood of the "noble red man," and stand about 5ft. 10in. each, with very good physical development. Young Deerfoot is said to be a son of the noted Indian runner of that name, who years ago raced on the old Cambridge track. He is the largest framed of the two, and is considered the fastest runner. They were dressed in suits of flannel, fitting close to the skin, and had on low, black leather shoes, large enough to give the feet plenty of room, wore no stockings, and had no covering to their heads.

At the commencement of the race Deerfoot was stationed at the score, and Steeprock at the quarter pole. *Empress* was selected to open race for the horses. As she came down to the score and received the word, a flag was dropped from the judge's stand, and Steeprock started from the quarter pole as *Empress* left the score. He ran well and reached the score, having made his quarter mile in 1:05, and was then relieved by Deerfoot, who made his half mile in exactly two minutes, having been passed by *Empress* on the first quarter. He in turn was relieved by Steeprock, who made his half mile in 2:10. In this way the race was carried out, the Indians relieving each other at the score, running a half mile at each dash. At the end of *Empress's* first mile, she was relieved by *McClellan*, who trotted twice round the course, making his first mile, and was in turn relieved by *Jessie Wales*. When *Jessie* had made her first mile, *Empress* again started, and at the end of her mile was followed by *McClellan*, who in turn gave place to *Jessie Wales*. The slippery condition of the track, as we have described it, affected the speed of the Indians and fatigued them considerably, although neither of them appeared at all blown at the end of their respective half miles. Each of the horses broke frequently and ran considerably, although they did not gain much by it, except in relief from trotting. As Steeprock, who had the last half mile to run, passed the quarter pole, *Jessie Wales*, in the last half mile of the horses' distance, passed him, and decided the race in favor of the horses, it being, of course, impossible for Steeprock to run as fast as the mare could trot. Deerfoot, who had gone up the home stretch to meet him, joined him near the upper turn, and the two jogged at an easy gait down to the score, neither looking at all the worse for the work they had done. The following is a summary of the race:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, BRIGHTON, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1867.—Match 2,000 dollars; the Indians Young Deerfoot and Young Steeprock to run $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, while the three horses *Empress*, *McClellan*, and *Jessie Wales* trot six.

INDIANS.		TIME.	HORSES.		TIME.
Steeprock, 1st quarter mile		1:05	<i>Empress</i> , 1st mile.....		2:39
Deerfoot, 1st half mile.....		2:00	<i>McClellan</i> , 2d mile		2:40
Steeprock, 2d half mile		2:10	<i>Jessie Wales</i> , 3d mile		2:42
Deerfoot, 3d half mile ...		2:20	<i>Empress</i> , 4th mile		2:42
Steeprock, 4th half mile		2:50	<i>McClellan</i> , 5th mile		2:44
Deerfoot, 5th half mile		2:45	<i>Jessie Wales</i> , 6th mile.....		2:48
Steeprock, 6th half mile		3:33			

Aggregate $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in16:43

—*Wilkes's Spirit of the Time.*

• Aggregate six miles in16:15

SCHULTZE'S GRANULATED WOOD GUNPOWDER.

SIR,—Having seen Schultze's sawdust powder much praised, I determined to try it and give the results of my experience. If not tried fairly, I shall be obliged by your pointing out my error.

I requested Mr. Harris, the well-known Dublin gunmaker, to send me a package of cartridges carefully made up, with 4 drachms measure of the sawdust in each (which he stated was equal to 3 of powder), and 1½ oz. of No. 5 shot. I first tried these against a corresponding charge of the ordinary gunpowder, out of a 12-gauge Dougall gun, a remarkably hard hitter, at a mark; the said mark being one of the square tin powder canisters—distance, 33 and 38 yards. At the first mentioned distance the result was as follows:

SAWDUST.	ORDINARY GUNPOWDER.
1. Pattern—9 grains; Penetration—none.	1. Pattern—8 grains; Penetration—all through one side, 3 through both.
2. Pattern—8 grains; Penetration—none.	2. Pattern—9 grains; Penetration—all through one side, 4 through both.

At 38 yards the result was the same—a fair, good pattern by the sawdust, but no single pellet went through the tin, and very few even broke it; whilst the powder invariably sent all the shot through one side, and nearly half through both.

I then loaded a muzzle loader with 5 drachms of sawdust, against 2½ of powder, and tried it at 40 yards. Even with the increased charge, the sawdust failed to penetrate, whilst the 2½ of shot drove several pellets through one side, and a few through both. I fired at the same canister with each gun, and compressed the sawdust well, as directed.

I then took the fields, with 4 drachms of sawdust in one barrel of the Dougall, and 3 of ordinary powder in the other. The first three shots were at partridge, from 40 to 45 yards' distance with the sawdust. I could not perceive that the birds were one penny the worse. Then four shots at woodcock, and one at snipe, all within 30 yards, with the sawdust. All these birds were killed, and I could hear the shot rattle on their plumage like hail on a window. Next five shots at hares. First shot, 30 yards (sawdust), knocked the fur out, but he went on until rolled over with second barrel (gunpowder). Second, 3rd, and 4th hares exactly the same thing, though none were above 35 yards off when the first barrel was fired. Fifth shot killed a hare with the sawdust at about 25 yards.

I have therefore come to the conclusion that, supposing my cartridges were correctly loaded as to quantity, the sawdust powder is a very pleasant thing to shoot cock and snipe with, but is by no means equal to powder for general purposes. It gives scarcely any smoke, no recoil at all, and I prefer it infinitely to gun cotton.

I think, however, it would not answer for a person to use sawdust and powder, for after shooting a dozen shots with the sawdust the powder seemed to kick in a way that surprised me.

I am not tender either in head or arm—scarcely, in fact, feel that my gun goes off; in proof thereof I have fired over 600 cartridges in a day, both last year and the year before, without the slightest damage. But after even a dozen shots with sawdust the recoil of powder seemed quite disagreeable.

J. WHYTE, Col.

[We have tested Schultze's powder in comparison with black powder, and though we have not found its penetration quite equal to the latter, the difference has been comparatively so slight as to satisfy us that there must have been something wrong in Colonel Whyte's charges.—Ed., *Field*.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING GAZETTE."

SIR,—I beg to send you copy of a letter which I have this day addressed to the Editor of the *Field* newspaper, as an answer to Mr. Clark's letter, which appeared in that journal on Saturday last. If you think it worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Gazette*, as showing that thirty grains of Schultze's powder is utterly unable to compete with three drachms of black gunpowder, I shall be glad that you do so.

Netherbyres, Berwickshire, }
October 15, 1867.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. RAMSAY L'AMT.

[COPY.]

"SIR,—Permit me to say that the London loaded Schultze cartridges which were used here at the trial of explosives, reported in your paper of October 5th, were not, as stated by Mr. Clark in the *Field* of October 12th, opened here previous to their being shot. They were taken from a parcel of cartridges sent for sale by Mr. Clark to Mr. Davidson, in Ayton, and they were shot in the same condition in which they were received from London.

"I should not have thought of including the London loaded cartridges in the trial here, had it not been that several complaints of their utter inefficiency in the field reached me from gentlemen in this neighbourhood, who had purchased them from Mr. Davidson. As I knew the powder itself to be good, and with a view to discover the cause of their failure, I opened four cartridges sent me by Mr. Davidson for this purpose. They contained each 30 grains of powder. Four others were taken to Dr. Forsyth, of Eyemouth, and were found to contain only $27\frac{1}{2}$ grains, and other four were sent by Mr. Davidson to Dr. Cruickshank, in Ayton, who found they contained 30 grains, and all by weight. I then procured eight more of these cartridges from Mr. Davidson, which were used at the trial—four being for pattern and four for penetration—and all were naturally supposed to contain the same weight of powder, or nearly so. The results of penetration you have already recorded in your journal, being as 12 to 37 when filled with 40 grains of Schultze. Whether Mr. Clark's cartridges contained Captain Schultze's golden powder—his J or his B powder—I cannot pretend to say; but this I assert, that the 'insignificant penetration' of the four cartridges (which were *not* mutilated, and the mechanical compression of which was undisturbed) must be ascribed to their being imperfectly loaded by Messrs. Clark & Co., and not to any want of 'mechanical compression,' or to any mutilation which they received here.

"The equivalent of Schultze's powder marked J to 3 drachms of black powder is shown from the trials here to be from 38 to 40 grains; and when cartridges are loaded with this charge, Captain Schultze's powder will be found to have very great penetration, and to be a most charming powder to shoot with. Its comparative want of recoil, its freedom from smoke, and its cleanliness, all warrant the high praise which its talented inventor claims for it.

"In taking leave of any further discussion on this subject, I have the honor to remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Netherbyres, Berwickshire, }
15th October, 1867."

J. RAMSAY L'AMT."

[While thanking Mr. Ramsay L'Amty for the above communication, we take the opportunity of stating that he is thoroughly borne out in his report of the comparative strength of the raw wood gunpowder by Captain Schultze himself. That gentleman has addressed to us a letter under date of 15th, instant, (called forth by Mr. Ramsay L'Amty's experiments, as reported in the *Sporting Gazette* of October 5th,) in which he gives 40 grains as the proper charge, and he takes particular occasion to state that he does not recommend "com-

pression;" and, further, that 34 grains, compressed or not compressed, has not sufficient force. How then it happens that these 34 grains, which are too few, and compression, which the powder does not require, come to be recommended, and even dogmatically insisted on, appears to us to be quite inexplicable.—*Ed., S. G.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING GAZETTE."

SIR,—Observing the interest taken at present in the various new explosive mixtures, I send you a short statement of a fact which may be of use to you. Some time ago a well-known Member of Parliament and his son were shooting snipe over a very wild tract of land in Ireland, when a string of wild geese got up at a considerable distance. The young gentleman carried a light double-barrelled breech-loader of 12 gauge, loaded with Schultze's granulated gunpowder. He discharged both barrels, the first bringing its goose quite dead to the ground. The goose struck by the second barrel "towered" to a great height, and, as a matter of course, fell stone-dead. I am an old sportsman, and have never yet known any bird "tower" that was not thoroughly penetrated by the shot; and we may therefore draw a safe inference as to the strength of the new powder. My authority is the father of the young sportsman himself, and he states that they were the most extraordinary right and left shots he ever saw made. On asking the amount of powder used, I was informed forty-five grains, and that this is his invariable charge.

Kensington, }
 17th October, 1867. }
 —Field.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 AN OLD HAND AT THE TRIGGER.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN ABYSSINIA.

"I HAVE just returned from a few days' shooting in these mountains, and I have made a most splendid bag. I shot four elephants, and bagged three enormous ones with magnificent tusks. The other one was shot in the head, neck, and his shoulder smashed to atoms; four of the tusks and two tails have come in already, and young B. has gone out with my Shoho guide to try to bag the wounded one and bring in the tusks of the third elephant with his tail. I never had such luck in shooting in my life; the herd only consisted of five, and I shot four, bagged three, and only one escaped. I had no aid in the sport. I was accompanied by a Shoho guide, a dhookeywallah, and a sepoy (my orderly) of the regiment. I went over some terribly rough ground, and up and down some very high mountains. My orderly was knocked up completely, and I had to leave him in the jungle, and continue the pursuit of the tracks alone. It was about 2 o'clock P. M. when I came up to the herd, and I stalked them for a full hour, and got within ten yards of one of them in a dense forest before he saw me. I sent a bullet crashing through his shoulder, and followed it up by planting two others in his head. The rush of the herd was something terrible, as they crashed through the jungle levelling everything before them. I got a fourth shot, and brought him down dead. The Shoho crossed the ravine to get near this one that was floored, when down came an old bull-elephant at full charge upon him; he bolted for his life up the path where I was standing, and the elephant rushing after him roaring like a gigantic lion, with his trunk elevated high in the air. The

Shoho, in rushing past me, nearly knocked me senseless with a spare rifle which he had, and I was within five yards of being crushed to pieces, when I planted an Enfield-sized bullet from my double-barrelled rifle slick through his brain and dropped him on the spot dead. No sooner had this been done, than another saw us and came tearing down upon us as hard as he could, roaring terribly, and smashing everything before him. I received him with a ball in the head; it had no effect; another through his head, low, staggered him, and he swerved a little. I gave him the last bullet I had, and he, in dying, smashed everything in all directions into thousands of atoms. He tried to charge up the path where I was, but staggered back, and tore down trees and everything in his way, and then rolled over heavily with a terrible groan. I can assure you I was heartily thankful when it was all over, and that I was out of the row so well. I cannot describe to you the exciting feelings which possessed me, nor the grandeur of the whole sport: it was beyond anything I ever experienced, and I have been in danger before in sporting. I send you a hair or two from each of the tails. The tusks I shall send home to my wife this week before we get too far from the coast. I calculate the ivory of the four tusks that have already come in to be worth at least Rs. 600. I am the first officer or man in the force that has killed an elephant, and three in a day is really wonderful."—*Our Paper*.

THE NOMINATIONS.

WE give elsewhere the entries for the Spring Handicaps, and such other races that the space and time at our disposal enable us to do, after the late hour yesterday (Friday) evening at which the *Calendar* was received. So far as a hasty casual glance permits us to judge, it affords us considerable gratification to state that the entries in the aggregate are greatly in excess of last year's; and the following table will show the great increase in the "spring handicaps" alone, except in the case of the Chester Cup, which has been gradually declining since 1861, when there were 187 subscribers, whilst this year there are 140 entries only, (including five "without the knowledge of their owners,") or ten fewer than on the last anniversary:—

	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.
City and Suburban ...	136	159	149	155	114	170	124	113	141
Great Metropolitan ...	90	106	99	91	82	94	75	82	94
Northamptonshire ...	116	125	106	100	97	97	80	84	96
Newmarket Handicap ...	80	66	72	74	54	67	46	69	69
Great Northern ...	70	76	60	62	63	72	62	50	63
Chester Cup ...	176	187	169	172	151	164	156	150	140
Total ...	668	719	601	654	595	604	537	538	603

There is likewise a further decline in all the other stakes at Chester which closed on the 1st instant, except one; and it is an equally notable circumstance that Chester and Liverpool are the only two meetings at which old established races like the Grosvenor Stakes and the Dee Stakes (1869,) which have figured so long in the Roodee list, did not fill; whilst a couple of Two-Year-Old Plates and the Hunters' Steeple-chase at Aintree met the same fate.—*Sporting Gazette*.

PCTNEY, S. W., 29th November, 1867.

SIR.—As erroneous reports of the attempted race between Kelley and myself have been published, I hope you will allow me to say a few words on the matter. I beg to deny that I was in any way unwilling to start. Twice, at least, I

started, the course being quite clear, and Kelley and I both well placed for a fair start. Kelley, however, would not go; I was always ready and willing to get away on anything like fair terms.

When Kelley started to row over, it was entirely without my knowledge, and I have received no caution whatever from the referee.

My backers, I am authorized to say, are perfectly satisfied with my conduct, and have to-day lodged protests with the stakeholder, and intend to carry the matter to a conclusion.

I remain, your obedient servant,

—*Sporting Gazette.*

J. W. SADLER.

A HORSE-FLESH-BANQUET.

THE first serious attempt at horse-eating in England took place a week or 10 days ago, when 22 gentlemen sat down to an elaborate banquet at a leading West-end hotel. This banquet has been in course of preparation for months, and considerable pains were taken to make it successful. The horse was the gift of one of the diners, who has personally superintended its diet and regimen ever since its fate was determined on, who rode it into town last Saturday, and had it killed "on approved principles" two days later. The cook was the most celebrated artist of the day; the dinner was presided over by a well-known and accomplished public man; and the church, the bar, the bench, physic, literature, science, the arts, the royal, and the other learned societies were all represented among the people dining.

[Will cannibalism follow?—*Eds., O. S. M.*]

SHOOTING WITH ONE EYE CLOSED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING GAZETTE."

MR. EDITOR.—I read in your paper of Saturday last a letter from "A Would-Be Shot," on the subject of shooting with one eye closed or with both open. I have given the matter a good deal of consideration, and I have tried both plans a great deal during my long experience as a shooter. I began shooting with one eye closed, or partly closed. Having read many works on shooting, most of which recommend the two-eye plan, I resolved to adopt it if I could make as good shooting with both eyes open as with one closed, but I find it necessary frequently to go back to the one-eye plan, and though I have been twenty years trying both systems I cannot decide which I find the better plan. I think a great many more persons adopt the one-eye plan than the other, and the best shot I ever met was in the habit of shooting with one-eye closed. I knew a most capital shot who had only one eye; he was a very good shot at snipes, which require quick shooting. On the other hand, I knew an instance of a man who was a very bad shot for a long time, and he tried the two-eye plan, and suddenly became a very fair shot. I recommend a young shooter to stick to one plan or the other, and not to keep changing, as I think I have injured my shooting by doing so.—Yours,

A. B.

P.S.—I never met a gamekeeper that did not close an eye in shooting, and they work on whatever plan they find most destructive. I fancy that a more definite sort of aim can be taken with one eye closed, or partly closed. The two-eye plan is not new, Hawker, Meyer, and many others recommended it years and years ago.—A. B.

[Our own experience is that if you have time to choose, it is better to close one eye.—*Eds., O. S. M.*]

THE CLIPPING MACHINE.

IN reply to W. D.'s remarks on the above subject in the *Field* of Dec. 28, I beg to say I brought one down from town a fortnight since, on a Saturday. On the Monday morning I put it in the hands of my coachman, and at six that evening one of my horses was in the carriage at my door, clipped as clean as he could be; and as I am in the habit of paying a professional 14s. for clipping each horse, my machine was at once paid for. I should add that my coachman had never clipped a horse in his life before, and the horse, not having been clipped for very many previous years, had on a tremendous coat. I have had three horses clipped in the same manner, and by the same man, since; and the machine gives him and me great satisfaction. The advantage of it is that anybody can use it; it is impossible to cut the horse with it, or to clip badly; and as to the time taken, it only wants a little practice to make it very expeditious. The great secret is to keep it well oiled, dipping the machine, when in work, every two or three minutes in a saucer full of oil.—R. F. WISE.

—*Field*.

THE PAST RACING SEASON.

"ARGUS" writes:—"The racing season which has just terminated may be regarded as the longest on record, and the worst that backers have ever known. It has been remarkable also for the heaviest betting that has ever characterised the English turf; and had Crockford been alive and played the strength of the game, as he was invariably wont to do, he would have won, on a moderate computation, at least a quarter of a million. Of course the victims have been the plungers, who have got themselves into such deep water that I am afraid extrication is impossible. Of course estates will change hands, mortgages will have to be raised, consols sold out to meet these debts of honor, and many a haughty patrician is as anxious to contract a loan as the Papal States or the Mexican empire. This is not an encouraging prospect, I admit; but the remedy for it is at once simple and feasible, *viz.*, to reduce the betting to more simple dimensions, so that noblemen and gentlemen may not find themselves involved in pecuniary difficulties for life by the untoward result of a Derby or St. Leger, a Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire."

A NINETY MILES TROTTING MATCH.

THE 90-mile race against time, advertised to come off on St. Charles' Race-course, Quebec, took place on November 6. The attendance was small, owing to the extreme coldness of the weather. At seven minutes past six a.m., the driver started *Firefly* on his long journey of 90 miles, which was to be completed within 12 hours, for a bet of £30. The first 30 miles were trotted by 9-11 a.m. The horse was stabled for 25min. to feed. At 12-37 p.m., he had completed 60 miles of his task, and was again allowed 30min. rest. He made his 75th mile at 2-36 p.m., coming in the 90th mile at 4-10 p.m., having 1h. 57min. to spare, making the 90 miles in the short space of 9h. 8min., trotting time. Loud cheers greeted the horse and driver at the close of the match. *Firefly* showed no signs of distress or fatigue, and, judging from appearances, was as fresh as when he started.—*Bell's Life*.

A MEETING most attractive to lovers of horse-breeding will take place in France on the 7th, 8th, and 9th November next. His Excellency the Great Master of the Horse to His Majesty the Emperor will, at the above-named period, repair to Normandy at the stud establishment of Le Fin, where he will preside at the commission appointed to purchase the yearly supply of Anglo-Norman stallions for the State stud. In consequence of a measure due to the initiative of General Fleury, the very best specimens of French half-bred stallions will then be brought together, and there will be no less than 350 stallions exhibited before the public, a hitherto unprecedented fact in Europe. France, from whom England and Germany have already begun to borrow thoroughbred stallions, aspires now to introduce on an extensive scale into foreign countries her draught stallions bred at Merleroult and Caen, whereof some have already been exported during the last year to Belgium, Saxony, Switzerland, and Italy. This meeting will consequently offer to foreigners the unique occasion, not only of appreciating the horse-breeding wealth of France, but also of visiting the "Haras du Fin," the grandest stud establishment known, founded by Louis XIV., and situated but a few miles distant from the Western Railway. By a service of stage coaches, the Haras can be reached in three quarters of an hour from the Nonan le Fin Station. Lodgings can be provided for in Argentan, Merleroult, Nonan, Exmes, Fête aux Loups, St. Léonard, and Almenêches—all of them localities situated in the vicinity of Le Fin, and of easy communication with the Haras.—*Bell's Life*.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £100.

A SCULLERS' race for £50 a side was rowed on the afternoon of December 28, over the metropolitan course, between Benjamin Edwards, of the Tower, and David Coombes, of Horselydown, and, notwithstanding the dismal nature of the weather, was largely attended. The men are of about the same age, and both watermen, but there is a great disparity in their height and weight, Edwards weighing considerably over 11 stone, while his opponent is well under 9 stone, and stands four or five inches lower. Each has attained considerable notoriety, Coombes having won Doggett's coat and badge, and figured well in other matches, while Edward's principal victory had been over Tom Pocock, and the fact of his having displayed great improvement within the last twelvemonth, caused his friends to lay two and three to one on him freely. Citizen B. accompanied and conveyed the umpires, Mr. Wilcox for Edwards, and J. A. Cullin for Coombes, Mr. C. Bush being referee. Edwards won the station, but did not get the lead, although he was soon alongside his man, and they then rowed a capital race to the London Bouthouse, where Coombes spurted half a length ahead, and presently they were indistinctly observed fouling in the fog. Coombes got away to the Crab Tree, where they fouled again, and after this they were all over the river fouling repeatedly; and although Coombes maintained his lead to the end, on the umpires appealing to the referee, that functionary gave the race to Edwards.

THE Derby betting has undergone no change of importance since Monday. Both of Sir Joseph Hawley's pair are still in good demand, and Rosicrucian has been supported for about 300% at the rate of 15 to 1, but without materially improving his position in the quotations, as 1,300 to 200 was to-day

currently offered. Occasionally investments have been made on Green Sleeve, and in one instance 1,050 to 100 was booked, but a subsequent offer of 10 to 1 to a monkey in one hand failed to tempt her admirers. Pace has a host of inquiring friends ready and willing to take 14 to 1, but the highest price now offered against the Duke of Newcastle's colt is 1,000 to 80. To-day The Earl was in somewhat better odour, 2,500 to 150 being accepted about him in one hand, but this price was currently forthcoming up to the close of business. There was also an offer to take 7 to 2 about Lady Elizabeth and Green Sleeve coupled, but not more than 3 to 1 was obtainable, while occasional inquiries among a few of the outsiders equally failed to bring the layers to terms.

I append the latest quotations:—

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

12	to	1	agst	King Charming (offered; take 100 to 7).
100	—	6	—	Czar (offered; take 20 to 1).
20	—	1	—	bar two (offered).
4	to	1	—	Czar, 1, 2, 3 (taken).

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE.

100	to	8	agst	Tusculanum (offered; take 100 to 7).
100	—	6	—	Shakspeare (taken).
100	—	6	—	Fan (taken and offered).
20	—	1	—	Daisy (taken and wanted).
25	—	1	—	The Plover (taken).
25	—	1	—	Clansman (taken).
25	—	1	—	Port Royal (taken).
25	—	1	—	Pearl Diver (taken and offered).
30	—	1	—	Thalassius (taken).
33	—	1	—	Captain Crosstree (offered).
40	—	1	—	King Arthur (taken).
40	—	1	—	Lawrence (offered).
40	—	1	—	Doctor (offered).
40	—	1	—	Dispatch (offered).
40	—	1	—	Owen Roe (offered).
50	—	1	—	Hall Court (offers to take 66 to 1).
100	—	8	—	Mr. Brayley's lot (taken).
3	—	1	—	Tusculanum, 1, 2, 3, (taken).
7	—	1	—	The Plover, 1, 2, 3, (taken).

CHESTER CUP.

100	to	6	agst	Viridis (taken and offered; 20 to 1 wanted).
1,000	—	30	—	Weather Star (taken and offered).
100	—	3	—	Dalby (taken).
100	—	3	—	Seville (taken and offered).
35	—	1	—	Abergeldie (offered).
35	—	1	—	Beeswing (offered).

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

1,800	to	800	agst	Rosierucian (taken; 1,000 to 600, and 500 to 300, with a start taken).
1,400	—	200	—	Formosa (taken and offered).
8	—	1	—	Pare (offered).
1,000	—	70	—	Typhæus (offered).

- 20 — 1 — Green Sleeve (offered ; take 500 to 20).
 40 — 1 — Restitution (offered ; 50 to 1 wanted).

DERBY.

- 11 to 2 agst Lady Elizabeth (offered ; takes 6 to 1).
 100 — 15 — Rosierucian (taken and offered).
 1,000 — 70 — Typhens (offered).
 500 — 10 — Blue Gown (taken).
 50 — 1 — See-Saw (offered ; take 60 to 1).
 1,000 — 18 — Speculum (offered),
 1,000 — 10 — St. Ronan (taken).
 1,050 to 400 — Rosierucian and Green Sleeve coupled (offered ; take 1,100 to 400).
 Offers to take 1,400 to 800 that Green Sleeve beats Rosierucian.

WATERLOO COURSING CUP.

- 25 to 1 agst Lord Lurgan's nomination (taken).
 35 — 1 — Mr. Ingleby's nomination (taken).
 40 — 1 — Mr. Dean's nomination (taken).

On Saturday last, while out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, Lord Lansdowne's horse fell with him, and threw him heavily, causing a dislocation of the shoulder. His lordship was conveyed to Bowood in Lord Cowley's carriage. Mr. Cartwright, Surgeon, was immediately sent for, and under his care the Noble Marquis is progressing favourably.

During the last two days we have had very boisterous weather; notwithstanding which there has been plenty of fox-hunting.

HARKAWAY.

London, February 3rd.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

WE are indebted to a friend for the following particulars of an adventure communicated to him in a private letter dated "Camp Saikhera, Central Provinces, 16th January." The exploit reminds us of the best of the famous Kentuckian Colonel Crockett's bear fights :—

"Yesterday, on coming to my tent for tiffin, I found three villagers who said they had just escaped from a disagreeable interview with a bear, and asked me to go out and despatch it. I immediately got my armoury in readiness, viz., my six-barrelled revolving rifle, my double-barrelled Jacob's, and my Enfield, to say nothing of my sword and hunting-knife. Of course the dog followed, my trusty Affghan servant coming in support also. We proceeded about half a mile away when we came to the mouth of the brute's den, which lay in the bank of a nullah intersecting some hills. The dogs gave tongue at once, and out rushed at them a huge female bear with a terrible roar. I instantly received her with a shot from my Jacob's, which brought her to the ground, but only for a moment. She sprang up again and charged the lot of us, when I pulled a second trigger, but without effect, for the nipple was clogged. The Affghan, who was at my side, levelled the Enfield just as the bear was within three or four yards of us, and, putting the ball into her chest, sent her to the right-about. I turned round for my revolving rifle and sword which

two of the villagers were carrying, and found the fellows with their other comrade were scampering off a great deal faster than Madame Bruin. I ran after the brave chaps and succeeded in getting possession of the arms they bore. The piece missed fire, and after following the beast for a little while longer I thought it best to return and secure the cubs, which, I had been told, were in the cavern. As no one else would venture into it, I crawled in sword in hand, and dragged out the 'varmints' by the nape to the neck, and they are now safe in my tent. We smoothed the sand at the entrance of the den to find out next morning something about the movements of the old one, but as no *pugs* were visible afterwards, I concluded she had died of her wounds. We found traces of blood, but the jungle was so dense that we did not like to run the risk of a *tele-à-tele* with a stray tiger, and returned to camp. The cubs are about three weeks' old."—*Sindian*.

It is with extreme regret we have to announce the death of Veterinary Surgeon Anderson, of Her Majesty's 19th Hussars, which occurred at Benares, under very painful circumstances, on the 25th instant. Dr. Anderson was riding in the Steeple-chase on Tuesday; his horse fell at the first jump, and he himself was killed on the spot. The leap at which the accident occurred being at some distance from the bulk of the spectators, it was known at the time to but a few; and it was with astonishment, as well as horror, that the accident and its fatal conclusion were announced together. This terrible termination to the week's festivities has naturally thrown deep gloom over the station of Benares.—*Pioneer*.

RACING CALENDAR.

RACES PAST.

MEERUT AUTUMN RACES.

FIRST DAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1867.

TITE PARADE STAKES of 1 G. M. each, with 5 G. Ms. added. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

				st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Elwyn's g.c.b.m.	<i>Belle</i>	... Aged	...	10 1	Owner	1
Mr. Biddulph's g.a.h.	<i>Harold</i>	... Aged	...	9 0	Mr. Couch	2

Won easily by a length. No betting.

THE LILLIPUT STAKES of Rs. 10 each, with Rs. 50 added. For Ponies 13 hands and under. Catch Weight over 9st. About 3 furlongs.

					Rider.	
Mr. Philport's g.p.	<i>The Old Squire</i>	Owner	1
Mr. Sutherland's r.o.p.	<i>John Brown</i>	Mr. Hughes	2

Globule, Tom, Chummy, Elfie, Birdcatcher, and The Darling also ran 2 to 1 against *The Darling*, 4 to 1 against *Tom, Elfie*, and *The Old Squire*, 5 to 1 against *John Brown*.

The Old Squire jumped off with the lead, and retained it till half-way up the cords, where *The Darling*, coming with a wet sail, won hands down by two lengths. On returning to the scale, an objection was lodged against the winner on the score of height; and on his being measured by the Stewards, he was found over 13 hands, and stakes, &c., were awarded to *The Old Squire*.

THE GARRISON PLATE of 2 G. Ms. For Soldiers. Catch Weight $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

					Rider.	
Mr. Brown's g.p.	<i>Hauupper</i>	Private, 19th Hussars	1

Fourteen started for this event, which was won easily by *Hauupper* by 6 lengths.

THE MEERUT DERBY, a Sweepstakes of 3 G. Ms. each, P. P. with Rs. 200 added. 1 mile.

				st. lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Robinson's c.col.g.	<i>Collaby</i>	... Aged	...	11 4	Mr. Webster	1
Mr. Hazlerigg's c.col.g.	<i>Stilton</i>	... Aged	...	11 5	Mr. Robert	2
Mr. Elwyn's g.c.b.m.	<i>Belle</i>	... Aged	...	10 1	Owner	0
Mr. Anderson's br.col.g.	<i>Kildare, late Tom-o-Shanter</i>	Aged	...	11 1	Owner	0

Even on *Collaby* 4 to 1 against *Belle*, 5 to 1 against *Stilton*, 7 to 1 against *Kildare*.

The patience of all was sorely tried by numerous false starts. At length the welcome of sound "they are off!" gave hopes of a good race,—hopes not, however, to be fulfilled, for *Belle* and *Kildare* obstinately refused to join the fray, the other two running neck and neck to the distance, where *Stilton*, tiring to nothing, left *Collaby* to canter in an easy winner by two lengths.

THE GALLOWAY STAKES of Rs. 10 each, with Rs. 80 added. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

				st. lbs.	ed.	st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. James's g.a.h.	<i>Cock Robin</i>	... Aged	...	8 11	ed.	8 13	Mr. Philpott	1
Mr. Webster's g.c.b.h.	<i>Peter</i>	... Aged	...	9 8	ed.	9 11	Owner	2
Mr. Turner's g.c.h.y.	<i>Kelpie</i>	... 4 yrs.	...	9 7	ed.	9 10	Mr. Hughes	3
Mr. Hazlerigg's g.a.g.	<i>Peishwa</i>	... Aged	...	9 13	ed.	9 3	Mr. Elwy	0

Two to 1 against *Cock Robin*, 5 to 1 against *Peishwa*, 7 to 1 against the other two. *Peter* got the best of a very bad start, and made the running to the distance, where *Cock Robin* came over and won without an effort by a length. *Celpie* five lengths from the second. *Peishwa*, which lost 20 lengths at the start, was not persevered with.

SECOND DAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1867.

MATCH.—Rs. 50. Half forfeit. 1 mile.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Biddulph's c.p.	<i>Hyena</i>	... Aged ...	9 4	Mr. Philpott	1
Major Craigie's g.a.h.	<i>Pice-Pound-Note</i>	... Aged ...	9 7	Mr. Couch	2

The Pony ridden all the way won a punishing race by a length and a half.

THE STAND PLATE of Rs. 100, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 each, P. P. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Robert's b.e.h.m.	<i>Lucretia</i>	... 11 5	ed. 11 7	Owner	1
Mr. Anderson's br.col.g.	<i>Kildare</i> , late <i>Tom-o-Shanter</i>	... 11 10	...	Owner	2
Mr. Barnard's b.e.h.g.	<i>Bobtail</i>	... 10 0	...	Mr. Taylor	3

Two to 1 on *Lucretia*, 5 to 1 on *Kildare*, 7 to 1 on *Bobtail*.

The latter in one of his bad humours bolted nearly home twice, before they were despatched to a capital start. *Lucretia*, as usual, making the pace a cracker; and though she caused her backers a moment's uneasiness at the corner, eventually won with the greatest ease by four lengths, *Bobtail* losing the barren honor of second by the same distance.

GIVE AND TAKE PLATE of Rs. 150 each, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 each. For Arabs $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			st. lbs.	st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. James's g.a.h.	<i>Synd Pacha</i>	... Aged ...	9 4	ed. 9 6	Mr. Taylor	1
Mr. Hazlerigg's c.a.h.	<i>Glenorchy</i>	... Aged ...	9 12	...	Mr. Elwyn	2
Mr. Biddulph's g.a.h.	<i>The Sheikh</i>	... Aged ...	9 8	...	Mr. Hughes	3

Thirteen to 10 against *Glenorchy*, 2 to 1 against *The Sheikh* and *Synd Pacha*, who jumped off with the lead, made all the running, and won a pretty race by a length.

The Sheikh nowhere, to the astonishment of all who saw him win the "Meerut Tent Club Cup" last February.

THE SLAVE STAKES of Rs. 16, with Rs. 80 added. For Ponies 13-2 and under. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. 3 miler.		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Hazlerigg's g.a.g.	... <i>Peishwa</i>	... 10 1	Mr. Elwyn	1
Mr. James's g.a.h.	... <i>Cock Robin</i>	... 9 13	Mr. Philpott	2
Mr. Brown's g.p.	... <i>Huupper</i>	... 9 3	Private, 19th Hussars	0
Mr. Sutherland's t.o.p.	... <i>John Brown</i>	... 9 2	(Scratched)	0

Even on *Cock Robin* 3 to 2 against *Peishwa*, who got rather the best of a fair start, and made the running to the distance, where *Cock Robin* getting up appeared to have the race in hand, but *Peishwa* ridden, waiting to within three strides from home, came with one run, and won the most exciting race of the meeting by a head. *Huupper*, outpaced from the start, was pulled up.

THE BUGGY STAKES of Rs. 10 each, with Rs. 50 added. For *bonâ fide* harness horses. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Troine's b.e.h.m.	<i>Marchioness</i>	... Aged ...	10 4	Mr. Hughes	1
Mr. Barnard's b.e.h.g.	<i>Bobtail</i>	... Aged ...	10 4	Mr. Taylor	2
Mr. Elwyn's g.e.h.g.	<i>Maps</i>	... 5 yrs. ...	10 4	Owner	0

Three to 2 against *Marchioness*, 2 to 1 against *Bobtail*, 5 to 2 against *Maps*. *Bobtail*, at his usual games, delayed the start till nearly dark, but just as every one was going home, they got off well together, *Maps* forcing the pace to the half-mile post, where he was passed by the other two, who ran locked together

to the stand, where *Bobtail*, feeling the effects of his numerous solitary gallops, was out of it, and the mare won by two lengths. *Mups* did not pass the post.

S. M. HAZLERIGG,

Hony. Secretary.

JOREHAUT RACES,—1867-68.

FIRST DAY, 7TH JANUARY, 1868.

TRIAL STAKES.—Distance 1 mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Messrs. White and Biddoll's b.w.g.	... <i>Goldfinder</i>	... 9	11	(Kalon Khan)	1
Mr. Begg's g.a.h.	... <i>Mugfly</i>	... 10	2	(Mr. Begg)	2
Mr. Pinney's b.w.m.	... <i>Lightning</i>	... 10	0	(Mr. Bartlett)	0

Goldfinder led from the first and won in a canter.

Time—2 m.

GALLOWAY RACE.—Distance 1 mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Screwdriver's c.a.h.	... <i>Dubious</i>	... 9	5	(Guffoor)	1
Mr. French's c.c.b.m.	... <i>Purity</i>	... 9	5	(Mr. Bartlett)	2
Mr. Haxell's b.c.b.h.	... <i>Lexon</i>	... 9	0	(Williamson)	3

The Arab horse had little to encounter in this race; he quickly came to the front and won as he liked.

Time—2m. 23s.

ASSAM DERBY.—Distance 1½ mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Major Davis' ns.b.w.m.	... <i>Ma Cherie</i>	... 9	11	(Guffoor)	1
Dr. White's c.w.g.	... <i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	... 9	11	(Kalon Khan)	2
Mr. McLeod's b.w.g.	... <i>Jonathan</i>	... 10	3	(Mr. Cruikshank)	3
Mr. Devon's br.w.g.	... <i>Ravenshoe</i>	... 10	6	(Mr. Begg)	4

This race was looked forward to with unusual interest, and the results were everything that the sporting community of Assam could, with reason, expect. After a good deal of trouble in bringing the horses to the post, owing to the buck jumping of *Ma Cherie*, whose jockey kept his seat admirably, a start was effected. At the word 'off,' *Shan Van Vocht* quickly went to the front, and maintained the lead for upwards of a mile, *Ravenshoe* following next; at the ½ mile post *Ma Cherie* took second place, and *Jonathan* third, *Ravenshoe* falling behind; the quarter mile post was passed by the three horses running neck and neck, after this *Ma Cherie* came steadily to the front winning by a length and a half, *Shan Van Vocht* being a good second, *Jonathan* about 5 lengths behind, and *Ravenshoe* all but distanced.

Time—3m. 13s.

SELLING STAKES.—Distance 1½ mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Begg's ns.g.w.m.	... <i>Countess</i>	... 10	11	(Mr. Begg)	1
Dr. White's g.c.b.h.	... <i>Tipperary Pet</i>	... 9	4	(Kalon Khan)	2
Mr. Pringle's c.c.b.m.	... <i>Colleen</i>	... 10	11	(Mr. Bartlett)	3

Countess from the beginning had it all her own way, and merely cantered round.

PONIES 13 hands and under.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Dr. Meredith's Irish	... Irish	... (Kaloo Khan)	1
Mr. Buckingham's	... Bullfinch	... (Mr. Bartlett)	2
Mr. Macdonald's	... Deroga	... (Mr. Rabau)	3
Mr. French's	... Sam Weller	... (Mr. French)	0

In the first heat *Bullfinch* came to the front by two lengths, *Deroga* second, and *Irish* third. In the second heat *Irish* won by a nose, and in the third heat the *Irishman* won by a length.

SECOND DAY, 8TH JANUARY.

HACK STAKES.—Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. Macdonald's g.w.m.	... Countess	... 10	7	(Mr. Begg)	1
Mr. Pringle's c.e.b.m.	... Colleen	... 10	10	(Mr. Hatton)	2
Dr. White's ns.g.s.h.	... Mayfly	... 8	7	(Kaloo Khan)	3
Mr. French's c.e.b.m.	... Fairy	... 9	8	(Mr. Bartlett)	1

For the first half mile the race was equally contested; but on drawing near the Stand, *Countess* rushed ahead, and won by a couple of lengths.

PLANTERS' CUP.—Distance 2 miles.

		st.	lbs.		
Major Davies' ns.b.w.m.	... Ma Cherie	... 9	11	(Guffoor)	1
Mr. McLeod's b.w.g.	... Yonathan	... 10	0	(Mr. Cruikshank)	2
Dr. White's c.w.g.	... Shan Van Vocht	... 9	11	(Kaloo Khan)	3
Messrs. White and Riddell's b.w.m.	... Nosegay	... 9	13	(Mr. Begg)	0

A bad start was effected, the chestnut losing a good 100 yards. *Ma Cherie* rushed ahead at once, and never lost her lead throughout, *Yonathan* taking the second place, and *Shan Van Vocht* the third. The favorite little mare *Nosegay* lost her chance in the first half mile by breaking a blood-vessel; she still ran on pluckily, and came in streaming with blood, and thoroughly exhausted, *Ma Cherie* won easily by about 15 lengths, *Yonathan* was a bad second, and hard pressed by *Shan Van Vocht*, who, considering his bad start, was rapidly picking up.

PONIES 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands and under.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

		st.	lbs.		
Mr. French's c. e. b. m.	... Fairy	... 8	12	(Mr. Bartlett)	1
Mr. Herewdriver's b. w. g.	... Musquito	... 9	8	(Guffoor)	2
Mr. Buckingham's b. e. b. h.	... Boxer	... 8	11	(Kaloo Khan)	3
Mr. Williamson's b. e. b. h.	... Mercury	... 8	3	(Mr. Williamson)	0

Fairy from the first went ahead and won the 1st and 2nd heats easily.

JOEHAUT WELTER.—2 miles.

		st.	lbs.		
Messrs. White and Riddell's b. w. g.	... Goldfinder	... 11	11	(Mr. Hatton)	1
Mr. Macdonald's g. w. m.	... Countess	... 11	4	(Mr. Begg)	2
Mr. Begg's g. s. h.	... Mayfly	... 10	7	(Mr. Rabau)	3

Goldfinder took his own time in this race, allowing *Countess* and *Mayfly* to follow a safe distance in the rear.

Time—4m. 37s.

FACTORY HACK RACE.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. McLeod's g. e. b. h.	... Joseph	... (Mr. Cruikshank)	1		
Mr. Pringle's c. e. b. m.	... Colleen	... (Mr. Hatton)	2		
Mr. Devon's g. e. l. m.	... Violet	... (Mr. Begg)	3		
Mr. Hazell's g. e. b. h.	... Artaseress	... (Mr. Williamson)	0		

Joseph soon came to the front and won by a couple of lengths.

THIRD DAY, 9TH JANUARY.

NOSEGAY CUP.—Distance 1½ mile.

		st.	lbs.	
Major Davies' ns. b. w. m.	... <i>Ma Cherie</i>	10	9	(Gu'floor) 1
Mr. Devon's ns. c. w. g.	... <i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	9	12	(Kaloo Khan) 2
Mr. McLeod's b. w. g.	... <i>Yonathan</i>	10	1	(Mr. Cruikshank) 0

A good start was made, and *Ma Cherie* took the lead, followed by *Yonathan*. At the 1 mile post *Yonathan* bolted off the course, and left the race in *Ma Cherie's* hands, who came in three lengths ahead of *Shan Van Vocht*.

Time—3m. 14s.

C. BS. AND CABOOL RACE.—1 mile.

		st.	lbs.	
Mr. Pringle's c. c. b. m.	... <i>Colleen</i>	10	10	(Mr. Hatton) 1
Dr. White's g. c. b. h.	... <i>Tipperary Pet</i>	10	6	(Kaloo Khan) 2
Mr. McLeod's g. c. b. h.	... <i>Joseph</i>	9	10	(Mr. Cruikshank) 0

This was the best contested race of the meeting, the *Colleen* and *Tipperary Pet* running neck and neck, and ending with *all but* a dead heat.

FORCED HANDICAP FOR ALL WINNERS.—Distance 1½ mile.

		st.	lbs.	
Messrs. White and Riddell's b. w. g.	... <i>Goldfinder</i>	10	11	(Kaloo Khan) 1
Major Davies' ns. b. w. m.	... <i>Ma Cherie</i>	11	5	(Mr. Hatton) 2
Mr. McLeod's b. w. g.	... <i>Yonathan</i>	10	3	(Mr. Cruikshank) 0

An excellent start being made, *Goldfinder* jumped off with the lead and maintained it throughout, winning easily by three lengths; the other horses were hard pressed, but made no answer to the call.

CONSOLATION RACE.—1½ mile.

Mr. Devon's b. w. g.	... <i>Ravenshoe</i>	...	(Owner) 1
Dr. White's c. w. g.	... <i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	...	(Kaloo Khan) 2
Mr. Begg's g. a. h. a.	... <i>Maggy</i>	...	(Mr. Begg) 0

According to instructions, the jockey riding *Shan Van Vocht* waited on *Ravenshoe*; this he did a little too long, for at the ¾ mile post *Ravenshoe* crept ahead and won easily.

PONIES 12 HANDS AND UNDER.—1½ mile heats.

Mr. Cruikshank's	<i>Charlie</i>	...	(Owner) 1
Mr. Hatton's	<i>Quicksilver</i>	...	(Mr. Bartlett) 2
Mr. Raban's	<i>Whisker</i>	...	(Owner) 3
Mr. Screwdriver's	<i>Samson</i>	...	(Gu'floor) 0
Mr. Williamson's	<i>Pluto</i>	...	(Owner) 0

Charlie won easily.

CO. ACTION PONIES.

Mr. Screwdriver's	<i>Musquito</i>	...	1
Mr. Macdonald's	<i>Deroga</i>	...	2
Capt. Hume's	<i>Acrobat</i>	...	3

Musquito won in a canter.

FOURTH DAY, 10TH JANUARY.

HURDLE RACE.

Dr. White's	... <i>Bryan O'Lynn</i>	...	(Mr. Tucker) 1
Mr. Hatton's	... <i>L. L.</i>	...	(Owner) 2
Mr. Macdonald's	... <i>Countess</i>	...	(Mr. Begg) 3

At the word "off," the three horses started at a walk, riders looking at each other to lead; at last *Countess* could be held no longer; she darted forward,

dashed through the hurdle, smashing the top bar. This made a way for the other horses, who at once seized the opportunity of putting out. *Countess* kept her lead to the third hurdle, where she again attempted to break through, but came down, horse and rider falling heavily. *Bryan* now took the lead, *L. J.* waiting on him hard pulled and close behind. At the fifth hurdle *L. J.* came to grief, throwing his rider, who, however, quickly picked himself up, but not in sufficient time to make up to *Bryan O'Lynn*, who came in at a canter, thus winning the sixth hurdle race in Assam.

HURDLE RACE FOR PONIES.

Mr. Screwdriver's	... <i>Musquito</i>	...	(Guffoor)	1
Mr. French's	... <i>Fairy</i>	...	(Owner)	2
Mr. Buckingham's	... <i>Bullfinch</i>	...	(Kuloo Khan)	3

Bullfinch went off with the lead, jumping the hurdles in fine style; but at the third jump, horse and rider came to the ground. It now lay between *Musquito* and *Fairy*. The latter, however, was soon out of the race, as she and her rider fell at the fifth hurdle. *Musquito* then galloped quietly in.

STEEPLE CHASE.

Dr. White's	... <i>Bryan O'Lynn</i>	...	(Mr. Tucker)	1
Mr. Macdonald's	... <i>Countess</i>	...		0
Mr. McLeod's	... <i>Joseph</i>	...		0

This race was a great disappointment to all, as it was literally a walk over for *Bryan*, his stable companion *Shan Van Vocht* being scratched at the last moment on account of illness.

Thus ends the fifth anniversary of the Jorehaut Race Meeting. In comparison with previous meetings, the present one far surpasses all others, both as regards the number and quality of horses running. The attendance was good; and considering the inconvenience many gentlemen must have been put to in making up their minds to attend the meeting, it speaks only too well of the general inclination of men in Assam to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the society of their friends *once in the year*. The wants of the inner man were assiduously attended to by the Assam Trading Company, Limited, and we must speak most highly of the way in which their arrangements were carried out. The racecourse, which is an entirely new one, was very heavy, thereby giving a better share to Indian horses against their smaller and lighter opponents. This will account for the time being long in all the races.

LAHORE SPRING MEETING, 1868.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the inclemency of the weather, which caused a postponement of the second day's sport, and rendered the course very heavy-going on the last two days' racing, we are glad to be able to chronicle a very successful meeting at what the local press is proud of denominating the "Capital of the Punjab."

In these days, when the lives of Stewards and Honorary Secretaries of Race Meetings are rendered temporary burthens to them by reason of parsimonious subscribers, non-subscribers, and the paucity of stables, it is a matter of no small congratulation when a moiety of good fields and a return of added money,

not actually ridiculous in its proportions, can be recorded with any degree of fairness. "The Capital"—we grieve to confess it—is indeed a very non-sporting Capital! It cares not for the glories of the Turf, save with reference to the enervating Croquet, and, for the most part, bounds its recreatory ambition by semi-somnolent Picnics and envy-hatred-and-malice-begetting Archery Prize Meetings. Those that sit in high places also have but little sympathy with the "Great National Pastime;" and although, almost daily, they must view from their adjacent "towers and terraces" the dishevelled and heart-broken looking stand, the mouldering and ant-eaten posts and rails, and the ruined and roofless stables of the Racecourse, they apparently feel no stings of conscience at the pitiable sight, and with levitical hearts and fast-buttoned pockets pass by on the other side! We will not digress on things local, however, but proceed to the business of the week, which commenced on Tuesday, the 4th February, with a *Sweepstakes* for all Horses value at Rs. 400. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

	<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Mowbray's bk.c.b.m. ... <i>Butterfly</i>	... 11 0	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Mr. Lepel Griffin's ... <i>Blue Light</i>	... 11 10	Kwaggoo	... 2
Mr. Chichester's ... <i>Brigadier</i>	... 11 10	Mr. Hargreaves	... 3
Mr. Stopford's ... <i>Euphrosine</i>	... 11 0	Owner	... 0
Mr. Gyll's ... <i>Outcast</i>	... 10 0	Newman	... 0
Mr. Melville's ... <i>Custor</i>	... 11 0	Mr. Clifford	... 0

The running was made at a great pace by *Outcast*; *Blue Light* lying second, and *Brigadier* third. At the distance *Butterfly* began to draw through her horses, and, taking advantage of the sound ground on the right hand side of the course, won easily at last by a length.

The Punjab Derby. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

	<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Gyll's h.w.g. ... <i>Remenham by Middleton</i>	... 10 0	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Mr. Melville's ... <i>Lesbia</i>	... 9 11	Mr. Clifford	... 2
Captain Warren's ... <i>Grahamstown</i>	... 9 11	Newman	... 3

Lesbia jumped off with the lead closely attended by *Remenham*, who drew away from the mare at the half-mile post, and won with great ease by a couple of lengths. *Grahamstown* a bad third.

A Sweepstakes. For all Galloways. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

	<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Captain Coate's b.c.b.m. ... <i>Ruby</i>	... 9 11	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Captain Wood's ... <i>Qui-vive</i>	... 9 4	Mr. Stopford	... 2
Captain Powell's ... <i>Folly</i>	... 9 4	Native	... 0
Mr. Beville's ... <i>Split the Wind</i>	... 9 0	Native	... 0

Ruby won, hard held, by a couple of lengths.

The Railway Purse of Rs. 300. For all Arabs. R. C.

	<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Captain Wood's g.s.h. ... <i>Jhansie</i>	... 10 2	Kwaggoo	... 1
Captain Warren's ... <i>Red Gauntlet</i>	... 10 2	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 2
Mr. St. Paul's ... <i>Cymbeline</i>	... 10 5	Owner	... 3

Jhansie and *Red Gauntlet* raced together to the bottom of the hill, where the former drew away and won as he liked; *Cymbeline* being defeated for 3rd place by a head.

FRIDAY, 7TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

The Merchant's Purse. A Handicap. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

	<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Gyll's h.w.g. ... <i>Remenham by Middleton</i>	... 11 0	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Colonel Caulfield's ... <i>Countess</i>	... 10 11	Mr. Hargreaves	... 2
Captain Wood's ... <i>Jhansie</i>	... 9 3	Kwaggoo	... 0

Remenham won rather easily by a length and a half after a good race with *Countess* to the distance. *Jhansie* pulled up.

Sweepstakes. For all Ponies. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Dr. Tippet's g.a.p.	... <i>Minuet</i>	... 10 0	Owner	... 1
Captain Wood's	... <i>Leanhoe</i>	... 9 4	Native	... 2
Captain H.'s	... <i>Nutmeg</i>	... 9 11	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 0

Nutmeg got off in front, but was soon outpaced, and the issue was left to *Minuet* and *Leanhoe*, the former winning by a length. *Nutmeg* walked in.

The Stand Plate. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Torkington's d.c.b.m.	... <i>Vivandiere</i>	... 9 10	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Mr. Mowbray's	... <i>Butterfly</i>	... 9 10	Mr. Stopford	... 2
Captain Coate's	... <i>Monologue</i>	... 11 7	Dr. Tippet's	... 3
Mr. Lepel Griffin's	... <i>Blue Light</i>	... 9 0	Kwaggoo	... 0
Mr. Melville's	... <i>Lesbia</i>	... 11 7	Mr. Clifford	... 0
Mr. Chichester's	... <i>Brigadier</i>	... 9 5	Mr. Hargreaves	... 0
Mr. Stopford's	... <i>Eglantine</i>	... 8 8	Newman	... 0

Monologue, *Lesbia*, and *Butterfly* made play, closely followed by *Brigadier* and *Vivandiere*. On rounding the turn for home, the latter drew into third place, and quitting her horses opposite the stand, won rather easily by a length and a half, a head between second and third.

The Charger Stakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Hunt's b.w.g	... <i>Thunderbomb</i>	10 11	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Captain Markham's	... <i>Placid Joe</i>	10 11	Dr. Tippet's	... 2
Mr. Beville's	... <i>Rokeby</i>	10 4	Mr. Stopford	... 3

Rokeby and *Placid Joe* raced together into the straight, where *Thunderbomb* drew in front, and won cleverly by a length. *Rokeby* a good third.

The Kuppurthullu Cup. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Gyll's b.w.g.	... <i>Remenham</i> , by Middleton	10 7	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... 1
Colonel Oxenden's	... <i>Vidette</i>	11 10	Mr. Stopford	... 2
Captain Wood's	... <i>Jhansie</i>	9 7	Kwaggoo	... 3
Colonel Caulfield's	... <i>Countess</i>	10 4	Mr. Hargreaves	... 0

The flag dropped to an excellent start, the running being immediately taken up by *Jhansie*, *Countess* lying second, *Remenham* third, and *Vidette* fourth. After ascending the hill, *Vidette* drew up to *Jhansie*, but was soon after pulled back, and *Remenham* took second place. When fairly in the straight, *Vidette* again went up to the leaders, and for a hundred yards it looked like a race, but opposite the grand stand *Remenham* was brought to the front, and won, hands down, by three parts of a length. Two lengths between second and third.

SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

The Grand Annual Hurdle Race. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Colonel Caulfield's b.w.m.	... <i>Countess</i>	... 10 7	Mr. Hargreaves	... 1
Captain Markham's	... <i>Placid Joe</i>	... 10 7	Dr. Tippet's	... 2
Mr. Best's	... <i>Lottery</i>	... 9 11	Mr. Wilson	... 0

The pace was made a cracker by *Placid Joe* and the mare until the first hurdle, which both took rather clumsily, and at which *Lottery* refused. The mare then took up the running, and, fencing admirably as she travelled, won easily by a length and a half.

The Hunter's Plate. 1½ miles. 11st. 7lbs. each.

			<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Chichester's ch.w.g.	... <i>Brigadier</i>	Owner	... 1
Major Le Pelly's	... <i>Bucky Sharp</i>	Mr. St. Paul	... 2
Captain Legge's	... <i>The Gunner</i>	Mr. Hargreaves	... 0

Won easily. *The Gunner* bolted.

The Galloway Hurdle Plate. 1 mile.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Captain Wood's b.w.m.	... <i>Highland Lassie</i>	... 10 4	Mr. Stopford	... 1
Mr. Chichester's	... <i>Bono Johnny</i>	... 9 11	Mr. Hargreaves	... 2
Mr. Beville's	... <i>Claribel</i>	... 9 3	Newman	... 3
Dr. Tippet's	... <i>Jerry</i>	... 10 7	Owner	... 0

Bono Johnny carried on the running into the straight and over the last hurdle but one from home, where the waler mare went to the front, and won easily at last by a length and a half. *Claribel* a good third. *Jerry* ran out.

A *Sweepstakes* of 1 G. M. each (not in the programme) was won by Captain Wood's ch. c. g. *Ploughboy* (Mr. Stopford,) beating *Maritana* and two others.

The Winner's Handicap. R. C.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Gyll's b.w.g.	... <i>Remenham by Middleton</i> —Victorine	... 10 10	Mr. Dudley Sampson	... w. 0

The Loser's Handicap. 1½ miles.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Colonel Oxendon's b.e.g.	... <i>Vidette</i>	... 11 0	Mr. Stopford	... 1
Captain Coote's	... <i>Monologus</i>	... 10 3	Dr. Tippetts	... 2
Mr. Stopford's	... <i>Eglantine</i>	... 8 8	Newman	... 3

The old mare (whom we cannot but observe it is a pity to keep on racing, after her long and formerly brilliant career) cut out the work at a great pace to the half-mile post, but tired to nothing after entering the straight, and *Monologue* not caring to try, *Vidette* won easily by a length.

BOMBAY RACES, 1868.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY.

THESE races commenced yesterday, and, as far as an opinion can be formed from the first day's sport, are likely to be fairly successful, notwithstanding that the position of Bombay at the present time, in a pecuniary sense, is not in the most flourishing state. The attendance, the best test of the popularity of the meeting, was numerous. The verandah of the Byculla Club was graced by the presence of many of Bombay's fairest (adopted) daughters, and there was also a goodly muster of the sterner sex. The Stewards' Stand accommodated those gentlemen who have taken so much trouble to make the Bombay meeting a successful one, as well as the owners of horses; and other gentlemen visitors, who had not the entrée of the Byculla Club or the Stewards' Stand, patronised the substantial Grand Stand erected, as usual, by Jaffer Sulliman on a place commanding an excellent view of the whole course, while the *oi polloi*, who assembled in force, crowded the boundary fence of the course, or located themselves in those places where they thought they could see most of what was going on. The card contained a programme of six events, of which, unfortunately, two were walks over, and only two others produced four runners each, notwithstanding that the added money was liberal. It cannot be said that there was any well-contested race, for on each the *cognoscenti* could spot the winner at the distance, and consequently there was no opportunity for any

display of jockeyship; but it may be mentioned that the natives rode in good form, and some of them would be able to hold their own upon the English turf. The particulars of the several races are fully detailed below, and therefore it is unnecessary here to make any mention of them. The following is the programme and result of the several events:—

FIRST RACE.—The Dealers' Plate.—(About Rs. 1,200.) Given by the Dealers for all Arabs landed after the 1st September, 1866. Weight for age. 2 miles. Entrance 20 G. Ms., H. F., and 5 G. Ms. forfeit, if declared by 1st January, 1868. To close and name on the 1st June, 1867.

H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. c.	... <i>Khusroo</i>	... Cassum.
Mr. Field's g. a. h.	... <i>Kohinoor</i>	... Mr. Ali Abdoolah.

When the flag fell, *Khusroo* got away with a slight lead, but in the next few strides the horses were level, and ran nearly neck and neck for the first half mile, which was got over in 56½ seconds. Each alternately had a slight lead, but at the lower turn *Khusroo* came to the front, and at the mile was a length and a half in advance. Coming round into the straight, *Kohinoor* was in difficulties, and his jockey hard at work; he struggled on pluckily, however, until a few strides from the post, when Cassum let out *Khusroo*, and won by two lengths.

SECOND RACE.—The Forbes' Stakes.—Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 30 G. Ms. each, H. F. For all horses. Weight for age. 2 miles. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. To close and name on 1st June, 1867, but horses may be allowed to enter until 1st December at 50 G. Ms. stakes, and 25 G. Ms. forfeit.

Capt. Joy's n. a. c. a. h.	... <i>Cœur-de-Lion</i>	... W. O.
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THIRD RACE.—The Galloway Plate.—For all Galloways 14 hands and under. Weight for age and inches. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 10 G. Ms., with Rs. 200 from the Fund. Maidens allowed 5 lbs.

Mr. Williams' b. a. g.	... <i>Lottery</i>	Calton	... 1
Ally Asker's g. a. h.	... <i>Teheran</i>	Brewley	... 2
Mr. Walford's b. a. g.	... <i>Upas</i>	Capt. Ahmed	... 3
H. H. Aga Khan's b. e. g.	... <i>Jairam</i>	Cassum	... 0

After a couple of false starts, occasioned by *Teheran* breaking away, and at the second attempt *Jairam* refusing to go, the four got off on pretty even terms. *Teheran* cut out the work at a good pace with *Lottery*, and *Upas* in attendance, *Jairam*, through swerving across the course, being three lengths behind. Passing the Stewards' Stand, *Teheran* held the lead, with *Lottery* second and *Upas* third, which order was maintained round the lower turn. At the mile *Upas* drew up to *Lottery*; *Teheran* still in front. On coming into the straight, *Lottery* challenged *Teheran*, and a good race ensued, but *Teheran* was in difficulties at the half-distance, and *Lottery* won, hands down, by a length and a half. *Upas* was third, three lengths from *Teheran*, the same distance separating the third and fourth. Time—3m. 55s.

FOURTH RACE.—The Maiden Galloway.—Rs. 300 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. Weight for age and inches. 4 G. Ms. if entered on 1st June, 1867. 1½ mile. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr. Walford's b. a. g.	... <i>Upas</i>	... W. O.
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FIFTH RACE.—The Stewards' Plate.—For all Arabs. Weight 9 stone. 1 mile. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. Entrance 10 G. Ms., with Rs. 200 from the Fund.

The Hajeer's c. a. h.	... <i>Ruby</i>	Calton	... 1
Mr. Field's g. a. h.	... <i>Chance</i>	Brewley	... 2
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. h.	... <i>Mauvee</i>	Cassum	... 3
The Stranger's g. a. h.	... <i>Kohinoor</i>	Mr. Ali Abdoolah	... 4

Some delay was occasioned at the post by the fractiousness of *Chance*, but at last they got away well together. *Chance* then took a short lead, the other three in a cluster. When near the Haystacks, the hindermost horses drew up to the leader, and when they again came in *Raby* was leading. Rounding the corner into the straight, *Raby* had increased his lead, the other three tailing off. At the half-distance the race was over, *Chance*, *Maneghee*, and *Kohinoor* having had enough of it, their respective jockeys being hard at work. *Raby* won in a canter by a dozen lengths; and the struggle home for second place resulted in favor of *Chance* by two lengths, *Kohinoor* being well up. The first half-mile was done in 55½s., and the whole distance in 1m. 55s.

SIXTH RACE.—*A Sweepstakes* of 40 G. Ms., H. F. For Arab Maidens. Weight for age. ¼ mile. Winner of the 'Dealers' Plate' or 'Forbes' Stakes' 7lbs. extra, or both of them 10 lbs. Nominations to be taken on the 1st June, 1867, and horses to be named on the 1st January, 1868.

Ally Asker's g. a. h.	... <i>Grandmaster</i>	... <i>Brewtey</i>	... 1
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. h.	... <i>Sultan</i>	... Capt. Ahmed	... 2

Grandmaster on the inside jumped off with the lead, but in a few strides *Sultan* came to the front and took up the running, which he carried on at a good pace to the Haystacks, where *Grandmaster* drew up, and on entering the straight they were neck and neck. At the distance, *Grandmaster*, full of running and pulling double, waited on *Sultan* till a few lengths from home, when they let him out, and he cantered past the post an easy winner. Time—2m. 26s.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY.

FIRST RACE.—*The Derby*. Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for horses named on 1st September, when the race will close. For all Maiden Arabs. 1½ miles. Weight for age. Entrance 20 G. Ms. The winner of the 'Forbes' Stakes' 7lbs. extra.

THE FORTS SUNKS, 1858, &c.		st. lbs.			
H. Abdool Wahab's g. a. c.	... <i>Hadjee</i>	... 7 12	Mr. Rizzac	... 1	
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. c.	... <i>Khusroo</i>	... 7 11	Cassum	... 2	
Ally Asker's g. a. h.	... <i>Grandmaster</i>	... 9 0	Brewtey	... 3	

Hadjee had much the best of the start, and cut out the running at a strong pace, and was leading by half a dozen lengths after rounding the lower turn, *Khusroo*, two lengths in front of *Grandmaster*, being second. At the half-mile *Khusroo* gave place to *Grandmaster*, who, however, only maintained his position for a few strides. *Hadjee*, making the pace hot, was still increasing his lead, and the gap between him and his horses was gradually widened. Coming along the back of the course, *Khusroo* drew up to second place, and at the Haystacks made an effort, but could not get up to *Hadjee*. At the distance he was in difficulties, and shortly after compounded, and *Hadjee* cantered in an easy winner. *Grandmaster* was beaten off.

Time—2m. 56s.

SECOND RACE.—*The Criterion Stakes*. For horses that have started during the meeting, and have been beaten. 1¼ miles. Rs. 200 from the Fund. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. 10 G. Ms. entrance.

		st. lbs.			
The Stranger's g. a. b.	... <i>Kohinoor</i>	... 9 0	Brewtey	... 1	
Mr. Field's b. a. h.	... <i>Chance</i>	... 8 7	Capt. Amd. Abdoola	... 2	
Aga Khan's g. a. h.	... <i>Maneghee</i>	... 8 5	Cassum	... 3	

The flag fell to a good start. *Maneghee* shortly after came to the front with *Kohinoor* second, and this order was maintained to the lower side of the course, when the pace became better, and rounding into the straight, *Chance* held a

slight lead. At the distance, *Kohinoor* challenged *Chance*, and a magnificent race home ensued, *Maneghee* drawing up at the same time. *Kohinoor*, when called upon by Brewtey, wished to cut it, but by determined riding his jockey kept him to his work, and at the Stewards' Stand they were level. An exciting struggle ensued to the post, when *Kohinoor* obtained the judge's fiat by a head,—a result entirely due to the magnificent riding of Brewtey. Two lengths separated the second and third.

Time—2m. 26s.

THIRD RACE.—*The Welter*. Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms., H. F. For all horses. Weight for age. Byculla standard raised 2st. Gentlemen riders 1½ miles. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. To close and name on 1st January, 1868, but horses may be entered and named upon double stakes and forfeits until the day before the race.

Captain Joy's b.a.c. ... *Blackthorn*.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Byculla Stakes*. For all Arabs. Rs. 300 from the Fund. 20 G. Ms., H. F. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winner of the *Derby* to carry 7lbs. extra, R. C. Nominations to be taken on the 1st June, 1867, and horses to be named the day before the race.

		st. lbs.		
H. Abdool Wahab's c. a. h.	... <i>Ruby</i>	... 9 0	Mr. Rizzack	... 1
The Stranger's g. a. h.	... <i>Grey Leg</i>	... 9 0	Brewtey	... 2
Mr. Walford's nas, Mr. Field's g. a. h.	... <i>Kohinoor</i>	... 7 12	Captain A. Abdool's	3

Kohinoor got off with the lead, which he held to the half-mile post, when *Grey Leg* came to the front, and carried on the running to the lowermost turn, the others being neck and neck. As the horses rounded into the straight, *Ruby* drew up, and coming down from the distance, a good race ensued between him and *Grey Leg*. At the half-distance Brewtey made an effort, but could never get up to *Ruby*, and Mr. Rizzack landed his horse the winner by two lengths, *Kohinoor* a good third.

Time—2m. 55s.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Surplus Stakes*. For all Galloways, 14 hands and under. Weight for age and inches. 1½ miles. Entrance 5 G. Ms., with Rs. 300 from the Fund. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. Winner of the Galloway Plate 7lbs. extra.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Walford's b.a.g.	... <i>Upas</i>	... 8 9	Mr. Rizzack	... 1
Mr. Williams' b.a.g.	... <i>Lottery</i>	... 9 5½	Calton	... 2
Ally Asker's c.a.h.	... <i>Teheran</i>	... 9 0	Brewtey	... 3
H. H. Aga Khan's b.a.g.	... <i>Jairam</i>	... 8 13½	Cassum	... 4

Upas was first away, and held a slight lead for a few strides with *Teheran*; *Jairam* and *Lottery* in close attendance. The running was carried on in that order to the mile, when *Jairam* came to the front, *Teheran* lying second, and *Lottery* third. A quarter of a mile from home, *Lottery*, apparently full of running, looked all over the winner; but coming down the straight, he was challenged by *Upas*, who came up on the inside with a rush, and in the next half dozen strides was two lengths in advance, which advantage he maintained to the finish. *Teheran* was third, and *Jairam* fourth.

Time—2m. 56s.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH.

FIRST RACE.—*The Bombay Merchants' Purse*. Rs. 500 subscribed for by the resident merchants of Bombay. A Handicap for all Arabs.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Field's g.a.h.	... <i>Kohinoor</i>	... 8 0	Captain A. Abdoola	... 1
The Stranger's g.a.h.	... <i>Grey Leg</i>	... 9 4	Brewtey	... 2
Capt. Joy's b.a.h.	... <i>Dervish</i>	... 8 12	Calton	... 3

Dervish was first off, and made the running at a wretchedly slow pace with *Grey Leg* second, but just before reaching the mile *Grey Leg* came to the front, the other two neck and neck; going round by the Haystacks, *Dervish* and *Kohinoor* drew up, and rounding into the straight, the horses were in a cluster. Coming down from the distance *Dervish* was in difficulties, and in a few strides Brewtey on *Grey Leg* was at work. At the half-distance *Kohinoor*, a length in advance, had to be roused by Capt. Ahmed; he, however, answered the call, and making an effort, increased his lead, and came in the winner by two lengths. Time—first half-mile 1m. 4s.; mile 2-4; whole distance 3-59.

SECOND RACE.—*The Colts' Plate*. Rs. 300 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms., H. F., and an additional 10 G. Ms. for each Colt declared to start. Weight for age. 1½ miles. For all Colts and Fillies 4 years old and under, imported after the 1st September, 1866. Winners once to carry 4 lbs. extra, oftener 7 lbs. To close and name on the 1st June, 1867.

H. H. Agá Khan's g.a.c. ... *Khurroo*.

THIRD RACE.—*The Malet Stakes*. Rs. 400 from the Fund. A Handicap open to all Horses that have started during the meeting. 2½ miles. 20 G. Ms. Entrance. 5 G. Ms. F. for not standing the Handicap. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the race. Weights to be announced by 12 o'clock, and declarations as to standing or not to be made with the other nominations of the day.

Capt. Joy's b.a.h. ... *Dervish*.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Lottery Stakes*. A Handicap. 1½ miles. Rs. 300 from the Fund. 5 G. Ms. Entrance.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Ally Asker's c.a.h.	... <i>Teheran</i>	... 8 0	Brewtey	... 1
H. H. Aga Khan's	... <i>Maneghee</i>	... 8 7	Syed	... 2
Mr. Walford's b.a.h.	... <i>Upas</i>	... 8 2	Captain Ahmed	... 3

When the flag fell, *Upas*, who was first away and two lengths ahead of his horses, cut out the work at a fair pace. At the mile post *Teheran*, who had been lying third, drew up to second place, and decreased the gap between himself and *Upas*. At the Haystacks *Maneghee* got on better terms with his horses, and in another few strides the three were pretty well neck and neck. On coming into the straight, *Teheran* went to the front, and a good race followed to the half-distance, when *Upas* tired, and *Maneghee* made an effort, but required to be hard ridden to be kept at his work. Opposite the Stewards' Stand the race was over, Syed on *Maneghee* being at work, and *Upas* three lengths behind, and on Brewtey letting out *Teheran* he passed the post the winner by two lengths. Time—2m. 59s.

EXTRA RACE.

A Hock Race. Rs. 200 from the Fund. Half a mile. Catch Weights over 11st. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Entrances to be addressed to the Secretary, Western India Turf Club, Byculla Club, and to be sent in before 5 P. M. to-day. Four horses from different stables to start, or the public money will be withheld.

[The Stranger's g. a. h. *Kohinoor*, which won the Criterion Stakes on Saturday, was not the same g. a. h. *Kohinoor* as that nominated by Mr. Walford in the Byculla Stakes, and which ran third for that race. If, in addition to the

other descriptions of the horses, the ages were given, no misunderstanding as to the horses would occur.]—*Times of India*, February 12th.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY 13TH.

FIRST RACE.—*His Highness Aga Khan's Purse*. Rs. 1,200 for all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winners of the "Dealers' Plate" and "Derby" 5 lbs. extra. Winner of both 7 lbs. 2 miles. Entrance 20 G. Ms., H. F. To close and name on the 1st June, 1867. Three horses from different stables to start, or the purse will be withheld.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Aga Khan's g. a. c.	... <i>Khusroo</i>	... 8	3	Mr. Rizzack	... 1
Abdool Wahab's g. a. c.	... <i>Hadjee</i>	... 8	3	Syed	... 2
Mr. Field's g. a. h.	... <i>Kohinoor</i>	... 8	5	Capt. A. Abdoola	0

After considerable delay at the post, and a false start occasioned by *Hadjee* breaking away, the horses were despatched on pretty even terms. *Hadjee* made the running at a strong pace with *Khusroo* second. This order was maintained past the Stand, and at the lower side of the course the horses were still in Indian file. Shortly after passing the mile post, *Khusroo* drew up to *Hadjee*, and *Kohinoor* fell back, the pace which had been hot throughout beginning to tell upon him. When the horses came in sight again, after passing the Haystacks, *Khusroo*, who was leading and coming into the straight, was a length ahead. At the half-distance Mr. Rizzack was at work on *Hadjee*, and *Khusroo* won easily by five lengths. *Kohinoor* did not pass the post. Time—3m. 5-ks.

SECOND RACE.—*The Steward's Handicap*. For all horses that have started during the meeting. 1½ miles. Rs. 300 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. Ms.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Aga Khan, g. a. h.	... <i>Maneghee</i>	... 8	6	Syed	... 1
Capt. Joy's l. a. k.	... <i>Dervish</i>	... 8	10	Culton	... 2
Mr. Walford's b. a. h.	... <i>Upas</i>	... 8	2	Mr. Rizzack	... 3
Ally Asker's c. a. h.	... <i>Teheran</i>	... 8	4	Brewtrey	... 4
Mr. Field's b. a. h.	... <i>Chance</i>	... 8	10	Capt. A. Abdoola	0

After two false starts, the horses got ready well together. *Upas* made the running with *Chance* and *Maneghee* in attendance, and *Dervish* and *Teheran* bringing up the rear. Rounding the lower turn, there was no change in the positions, but going along the lower side of the course the horses were in a string, *Upas* still leading. Before reaching the Haystacks, *Chance* gave way to *Maneghee*, and *Dervish* took second place. When the horses re-appeared, *Chance*, *Dervish*, *Upas*, and *Maneghee* were in a cluster, and *Teheran* two lengths behind. On coming into the straight there was a good race home between the first three, but at the half-distance *Upas* fell back, and the struggle between *Maneghee*, *Dervish*, and *Upas* resulted in favor of the former by a length,—a dead heat between *Dervish* and *Upas* for second; *Teheran* was fourth, and *Chance* last. Time—2m. 55s.

THIRD RACE.—*The Great Bombay Sweepstakes*. 100 G. Ms. each. H. F. 2½ miles. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. Winners once during the season to carry 4 lbs. extra, twice 7 lbs., and oftener 10 lbs. To close on the 15th November, 1867, and horses to be named the day before the race.

Captain Joy's na. c. a. h.	... <i>Cour-de-Lion</i>	... 1
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FOURTH RACE.—*The Whim*. Rs. 200 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 15 G. Ms. For all horses. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. 1½ miles. To close and name the day before the race.

Ally Asker's c. a. h.	...	<i>Teheran</i> .
Mr. Walford's b. a. g.	...	<i>Upas</i> .
Capt. Joy's na. c. a. h.	...	<i>Cœur-de-Lion</i> .

The other horses would not meet *Cœur-de-Lion*, and therefore there was no race.

FIFTH RACE.—A Hack Race. Rs. 200 from the Fund. Half a mile. Catch Weights over 11st. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Four horses from different stables to start, or the public money will be withheld.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Capt. Stack's na. g. a. h.	...	<i>Shamrock</i>	11 0	Owner. ... 1
Mr. Sinclair's a. h.	...	<i>Shetlander</i>	11 0	Owner. ... 2
Capt. A. Abdoola's g. a. c.	...	<i>Banker</i>	11 0	Owner. ... 3
Mr. Walker's c. a. h.	...	<i>Locket</i>	11 0	Mr. G. ... 4
Mr. M.'s c. a. h.	...	<i>Australia</i>	11 0	Mr. B. ... 0
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. h.	...	<i>Abdool Wahab</i>	11 0	... 0
Mr. H.'s b. a. h.	...	<i>Braham</i>	11 0	Mr. D. ... 0

Australia was quickest off, with *Braham* second, and *Shamrock*, *Banker*, and *Locket* in attendance. In a few strides *Braham* took second place, and *Shetlander* drew up. Coming round into the straight, *Braham* took a wide turn, and *Shamrock* on the side entered the distance a length in rear of *Australia*, who, however, shortly afterwards fell back. Nearing the half-distance, the race was left to the three placed, and *Locket*. About 200 yards from home, Capt. Stack on *Shamrock*, who had been waiting on the leader, came with a rush, and landed his horse the winner by three-quarters of a length,—a result due mainly to jockeyship. *Banker* was a good third, and *Locket* fourth. Time—59 sec.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH.

FIRST RACE.—His Highness Ally Shah's Challenge Cup.—50 G. Ms. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winners of the "Dealers' Plate" and "Derby," and "H. H. Aga Khan's Purse," 5lbs. extra. Winner of two of them 8lbs., and winner of the three 10lbs. 1½ miles. Entrance 30 G. Ms., H. F. To close and name on the 1st June, 1867. Three horses from different stables to start, or the Cup will be withheld.

		<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
H. H. Aga Khan's g. a. c.	...	<i>Khusroo</i>	8 6	Syed ... 1
Mr. Field's g. a. h.	...	<i>Kohinoor</i>	8 6	Captain Ahmed Abdoola... 2

Kohinoor made the running at a slow pace, but at half a mile gave way to *Khusroo*, who carried it on to the Haystacks, where *Kohinoor* drew up, and the two came down from the distance neck and neck. At the half-distance Captain Ahmed on *Kohinoor* made his effort, but could not quite reach *Khusroo*, who was leading by half a length, which advantage he had increased to a length at the finish. In accordance with the conditions of the race, which provided that three horses must start, the cup was not given, but the winner took the forfeits, and a liberal amount added. Time—1st half-mile 53 sec., whole distance 3m. 7s.

SECOND RACE.—The Drawing Room-Stacks.—Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. 1 mile. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr. Williams' b. a. g.	...	<i>Lottery</i> .
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THIRD RACE.—The Galloway Plate. Rs. 300 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. Ms. 1½ miles. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 9st. To close and name the day before the race.

		<i>st. lbs. os.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Williams' b. a. g.	...	<i>Lottery</i>	8 13 2	Calton ... 1
H. Abdool Wahab's b. a. g.	...	<i>Upas</i>	8 11 6	Mr. Rizzack ... 2
Ally Asker's c. a. h.	...	<i>Teheran</i>	9 0 0	Captain Ahmed Abdoola ... 3

The flag fell to an indifferent start. *Upas* cut out the work at a strong pace with *Teheran* second, but shortly after the lower turn *Teheran* gave way to *Lottery*. Along the lower part of the course *Upas* fell back, and *Lottery* came to the front, and at the Haystacks was a length in advance. On the horses coming in sight again, *Lottery* was still leading, but *Teheran* had had enough of it. Before rounding into the straight, *Upas* drew up to *Lottery*, and challenged him at the distance, but was unable to maintain his position for more than a few strides, and *Lottery* cantered in an easy winner. *Teheran* was beaten off. Time—1st half-mile 1m. 2s., mile in 1m. 57s., whole distance 2m. 58s.

FOURTH RACE.—*A Sweepstakes* of 50 G. M. each, H. F. With Rs. 300 from the Fund. For all Horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and a distance.

Captain Joy's n.a.c.a.h. ... *Cœur-de-Lion*.

FIFTH RACE.—*A Handicap*. Rs. 200 from H. H. Aga Khan, and Rs. 100 from the Fund. For all Arabs. Entrance 5 G. Ms. 1 mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
H. H. Aga Khan's g.a.h.	<i>Maneghee</i>	9 5	Syed	1
Captain Joy's b.a.h.	<i>Derrish</i>	9 0	Calton	2
Mr. Field's b.a.h.	<i>Chance</i>	8 8	Captain Ahmed Abdoola	3
Ally Asker's g.a.h.	<i>Grandmaster</i>	8 10	Mr. Rizzack	4

Grandmaster was first off, and Mr. Rizzack, as usual, showed his horses the way at a rattling pace, with *Chance* and *Maneghee* second and third, and *Derrish* lying off. Before reaching the half-mile, *Chance* headed *Grandmaster*, and *Derrish* took third place. After passing the Haystacks, *Chance*, *Grandmaster*, and *Derrish* were in a cluster, while *Maneghee*, full of running, waiting on his horses, and in this order they rounded into the straight. Coming down from the distance, *Chance* was in difficulties, and at the half-distance *Grandmaster* compounded. Calton then called upon *Derrish*, who answered gamely, but could not get up to *Maneghee*, who won, hands down, by three lengths. The handicappers were fairly successful in their apportionment of the weights, and showed their judgment to be superior to that of the knowing ones who spotted *Chance* as a good thing, thinking he held *Derrish* safe at a difference of six pounds, and could concede three pounds to *Maneghee*. There did not seem to be any enquiries as to *Grandmaster's* price.

SIXTH DAY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH.

FIRST RACE.—*A Hurdle Race*. 1 mile for all horses. Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs.; over 5 hurdles 3 ft. 6 in. high. Rs. 200 from the Fund, with an entrance of 2 G. Ms. The winner to pay Rs. 25 towards expenses. Four horses from different stables to start, or the public money will be withheld.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Capt Stack's b.a.m.	<i>Lady Don</i>	11 7	Owner	1
Mr. Sinclair's g.a.h.	<i>Prince Alfred</i>	10 7	Owner	2
Mr. H.'s a.h.	<i>Deerfoot</i>	10 7	Imam	3
Mr. Douglas' n.a.g.h.	<i>Silver Grey</i>	10 7	Abou	0
Mr. G.'s b.a.h.	<i>Mephistophiles</i>	10 7	Mr. O.	0
H. Abdool Wahab's	<i>Cassumbhoy</i> , into <i>Chacsecuke</i>	10 7	Feroze	2

Mephistophiles and *Prince Alfred* were first off, with *Lady Don* third, *Silver Grey* fourth, and *Cassumbhoy* last. At the first hurdle *Mephistophiles* came down a purler severely shaking his rider, who, however, fortunately was not hurt, and *Silver Grey* refusing, *Lady Don* took the lead, and carried on the running, with *Deerfoot* lying second. *Lady Don* took her second hurdle in good form, and on the horses emerging from behind the stacks, she had a strong lead, *Deerfoot* lying second and *Prince Alfred* third. *Lady Don*

came round the turn at the distance with all her horses held safe, and cantered down an easy winner. Capitally ridden over her hurdles by Captain Stack. A good race home ensued between *Prince Alfred* and *Deerfoot*; the latter was leading at the last hurdle but one, but *Prince Alfred* came up with a rush, and, collaring *Deerfoot*, won second honor by two lengths. *Cassumbhoy* was fourth, and *Silver Grey*, who could never make up the distance lost by his first mistake, and who did not face his hurdles kindly, last. Time—2m. 18s.

SECOND RACE.—*The Western India Turf Club Handicap.* 50 G. Ms. 2 miles. Forced for winners at 3 G. Ms. for each race won. Optional to losers at an entrance of 10 G. Ms. 5 G. Ms. F. for not standing the handicap. Nominations of losers to be sent in by 8 A. M. and the handicap to be declared by noon the day before the race.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
H. H. Aga Khan's g.a.c.	... <i>Khusroo</i>	... 9 0	Syed	... 1
Capt. Joy's na., Capt. Kirwan's c.a.h.	... <i>Cœur-de-Lion</i>	... 12 7	Calton	... 2
H. Abdool Wahab's c.a.h.	... <i>Raby</i>	... 9 12	Mr. Rizzack	... 3

The flag fell to a bad start, *Cœur-de-Lion* having at least a dozen lengths the worst of it. *Raby* was first away, with *Khusroo* second, but in a few strides *Khusroo* took the lead, and made the running at a fair pace, with *Raby* second, and *Cœur-de-Lion* lying off. The horses ran in this order to the mile, when *Raby* drew up to *Khusroo* and at the Haystacks was lying at his girths. On re-appearing, however, *Khusroo* was still leading, with *Raby* second. Rounding into the straight, *Cœur-de-Lion* passed *Raby*, and challenged *Khusroo*, and a good race home ensued, but at the half-distance *Cœur-de-Lion*, in his severe impost, fell back, and *Khusroo*, who was receiving no less than 3st. 7lbs., was landed the winner by two lengths. The handicappers were by no means successful in their handicap, for, from the preceding day's running, no one would suppose that *Raby* could concede 12lbs. to *Khusroo*; and *Cœur-de-Lion*, good horse as he unquestionably is, could not be expected to give away such lumps of weight as he was asked. Time—3m. 58s.

THIRD RACE.—*The Galloway Plate.* Rs. 150 from Mr. Rizzack, and Rs. 150 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. Ms. 1½ miles.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Williams' b.a.g.	... <i>Lottery</i>	... 9 3	Calton	... 1
Mr. Walford's b.a.g.	... <i>Upas</i>	... 8 9	Mr. Rizzack	... 2
H. H. Aga Khan's b.a.g.	... <i>Jairam</i>	... 8 9	Syed	... 3

Mr. Rizzack on *Upas*, as usual, was first away, and made the running at a strong race, with *Lottery* second, and *Jairam* third. At the lower turn *Jairam* came up second, *Upas* still with a strong lead, which he carried on to the lower side of the course. At the mile, *Lottery* came up second to *Jairam*, and at the Haystacks he was drawing up the leaders. When they came in sight again, *Lottery* and *Upas* were neck and neck, *Jairam*, beaten, a long way in the rear. Coming down from the straight, *Lottery* challenged *Upas*, and at the half-distance was leading by a length. Mr. Rizzack made an effort, but *Upas* could not answer, and *Lottery* came in an easy winner; *Teheran* was beaten off. Time—2m. 57s.

FOURTH RACE.—*A Hack Handicap.* Rs. 200 from the Fund. Half-mile. Entrance 2 G. Ms.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Ali Abdoolah's na.g.a.h.	... <i>Braham</i>	... 11 0	Hackney	... 1
Capt. A. Abdoolah's b.a.h.	... <i>Bunker</i>	... 10 7	Owner	... 2
Capt. Stack's g.a.h.	... <i>Shawrock</i>	... 11 0	Owner	... 3
Mr. Sinclair's b.a.h.	... <i>Highlander</i>	... 10 7	Owner	... 4
Mr. Douglas's na.b.s.	... <i>Tiger</i>	... 10 7	Aboo	... 0
Mr. H.'s a.m.	... <i>Mary</i>	... 11 7	Imam	... 0

Braham had the best of the start, with *Shamrock* and *Banker* in attendance. These positions were maintained with slight variations, until, on rounding into the distance, the horses were all pretty well in a cluster. Coming into the straight, *Braham*, who had been waiting on his horses, came away, and had it all his own way, and the race for second place was between *Banker* and *Shamrock*, all the jockeys at this time being at work. At the half-distance Captain Ahmed came to the front and maintained his position to the finish. *Tiger* made a struggle for third place, but Captain Stack was successful in his struggle for third honours. *Tiger* was fourth.

BAREILLY RACES, 1868.

STEWARDS.—Lieut.-Colonel Pennycuik, R. A.; Lieut.-Col. Dickens, Staff Corps; Dr. Corlyn, Civil Surgeon; Capt. Simpson, 4th B. C.; Capt. Farwell, H. M.'s 37th Regiment.

HONORARY SECRETARY.—Captain G. B. Dobson, H. M.'s 37th Regiment.

FIRST DAY.

The Chargers' Race. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Calcutta weight for age—class raised 2st.

Lieut.-Col. Pennycuik's (R. A.) b.w.m.	<i>Indiana</i>	...	Capt. Farwell	...	1
Mr. H. Stewart's (H. M.'s 37th Regt.) g.a.h.	<i>Pantomime</i>	...	Major Lyster	...	2
Mr. Elwyn's (R. H. A.) g. c. b. m.	<i>Belle</i>	...	Mr. Roberts	...	0

Won easily by two lengths. *Belle* was left at the post.

The Lilliputian Stakes.—9st. 7lb. each. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

Capt. Simpson's (4th B. C.) g.c.b.	<i>Lady Clare</i>	...	Major Lyster	...	1
Mr. Elwyn's (R. H. A.) b.p.	<i>Fairy King</i>	...	Owner	...	2
Capt. Rawdon's g.c.b.	<i>The Dean</i>	...	Capt. Dobson	...	3

A good race. 1st heat won by a neck, 2nd heat by the same. *The Dean* a bad third in both heats.

Bareilly Derby. For Maidens. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Major Worswick's b.c.b.h.	...	<i>Challenger</i>	...	11	0	Capt. Dobson	...	1
Mr. Swetenham's (37th Regt.) b.c.b.h.	...	<i>Murdock</i>	...	11	9	Mr. Neville	...	2
Dr. Guinness' (R. A.) b.w.h.	...	<i>The Outcast</i>	...	11	7	Mr. Roberts	...	0

All the horses bolted; the *Outcast*, at the commencement, not even giving his sporting owner a run for his money. The other two at the straight ran in, but eventually both were induced to come up, and *Challenger* won easily by three lengths.

The Give and Take.— $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr. Roberts' (R. H. A.) c.h.w.g.	...	<i>Colloby</i>	...	11	6	Owner	...	1
Lieut.-Col. Pennycuik's (R. A.)	...	<i>Indiana</i>	...	11	6	Capt. Farwell	...	2
Mr. Stewart's (37th Regt.) g.a.h.	...	<i>Pantomime</i>	...	11	1	Major Lyster	...	3

Won in a canter. A very bad third.

SECOND DAY.

The Bedouin Stakes. 10 stone. 1 mile for Arabs.

Mr. Biddulph's (19th Hussars) <i>Glenorchy</i> ...	Mr. Elwyn ...	1
Mr. James' g.a.h. ... <i>Synd Pacha</i> ...	Mr. Taylor ...	2
Mr. Harvey's (R. A.) g.a.h. ... <i>Crunder</i> (late <i>Tomato</i>),	Captain Farwell ...	3

A good race between the two first to the distance, when *Glenorchy* came away and won as he liked.

The Pony Stakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. Hazlerigg's (R. H. A.) g.a.p. ... <i>Peishwa</i> ...	10 7	Mr. Elwyn ...	1
Mr. Biddulph's (19th Hussars) g.a.p. <i>Guicowar</i> (late <i>Grey Dawn</i>)	10 2	Mr. Taylor ...	2
Captain Simpson's (4th B. C.) g.e.b.p. <i>Lady Clare</i> ...	9 6	Major Lyster ...	3

Peishwa's race the whole way, *Lady Clare* running well up.

The Rampore Cup, presented by the Nawab of Rampore. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Mr. Robert's (R. H. A.) c.w.g. ... <i>Collohy</i> ...	10 12	Owner ...	1
Mr. H. Stewart's (31st Regt.) g.a.h. ... <i>Pantomime</i> ...	8 12	Native ...	3
Mr. Elwyn's (R. H. A.) g.e.b.h. ... <i>Belle</i> ...	9 6	Owner ...	0

Collohy won very easily. *Belle* was left at the post as usual.

The Hack Stakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Captain Dobson's (37th Regt.) c.e.b.m. ... <i>Coral</i> ...	Owner ...	1
Mr. Forrest's (37th Regt.) c.e.b.m. ... <i>Marion</i> ...	Capt. Farwell ...	2
Mr. P. R. Begbie's (37th Regt.) c.e.b.m. ... <i>Diana</i> ...	Mr. Deunish ...	3

Coral won easily by three lengths.

The Galloway Stakes. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr. James' g.a.h. ... <i>Synd Pacha</i> ...	10 9	Mr. Taylor ...	1
Major Lyster's g.a.h. ... <i>Fagan</i> ...	10 2	Owner ...	2
Capt. Cochrane's g.e.b.p. ... <i>Gay Lad</i> ...	9 0	Mr. Neville ...	3
Capt. Farwell's g.e.b.p. ... <i>The Friar</i> ...	9 2	Owner ...	0
Mr. Forrest's g.e.b.m. ... <i>Firefly</i> ...	9 7	Capt. Dobson ...	0
Capt. Rawdon's b.a.h. ... <i>Victor</i> ...	10 2	Mr. Beamish ...	0

A very bad start was effected when it was nearly dark; a good race between the first three, the others got off badly.

THIRD DAY.

The Winners' Handicap. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Lieut.-Col. Pennyquick's (R. A.) b.w.m. ... <i>Indiana</i> ...	Capt. Farwell ...	1
Mr. Biddulph's (19th Hussars) ch. a. h. ... <i>Glenorchy</i> ...	Mr. Elwyn ...	2
Major Worswick's (37th Regt.) b.e.b.h. ... <i>Challenger</i> ...	Capt. Dobson ...	3

The Arab made the running as hard as he could to little past the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, where *Indiana* passed him, and was never again caught. A bad third.

The Pony Handicap. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. Biddulph's (19th Hussars) g.a.p. ... <i>Guicowar</i> (late <i>Grey Dawn</i>)	9 9	Capt. Dobson ...	1
Mr. Hazlerigg's (R. H. A.) g.a.p. ... <i>Peishwa</i> ...	10 4	Mr. Elwyn ...	2
Capt. Cochrane's (37th Regt.) g.e.b.p. ... <i>Gay Lad</i> ...	9 4	Capt. Farwell ...	3

Guicowar's race the whole way. *Peishwa* not getting a good start, spoilt his chance, although he was a good second.

C. B. Pony Handicap. ½ mile.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. Elwyn's (R. H. A.) b. p.	... <i>Fairy King</i>	... 9 0	Owner	... 1
Capt. Simpson's (4th B. C.) g.p.	... <i>Lady Clare</i>	... 9 6	Major Lyster	... 2
Mr. James' b.p.	... <i>The Durling</i>	... 10 6	Mr. Taylor	... 3
Capt. Dobson's (37th Regt.) g.p.	... <i>Sultan</i>	... 10 0	Owner	... 4
Mr. Roberts' (R. H. A.) c.h.p.	... <i>The Old Shikarry</i>	... 9 1	Capt. Farwell	... 5

Fairy king jumped off with a good lead, and soon spread-eagled the field.

The Consolation Handicap. 1 mile.

		st. lbs.		
Mr. H. Stewart's (37th Regt.) g.a.h	... <i>Pantomime</i>	... 10 10	Capt. Farwell	... 1
Major Lyster's g.a.h.	... <i>Fagan</i>	... 9 4	Owner	... 2

Pantomime won as he liked, and evidently thought the distance too short, as he went round an extra time and a half.

There was a Native Gentlemen's race, also one for camels and elephants, both of which afforded a good deal of amusement.

LUCKNOW RACES, 1868.

MR. EDITOR.—That venerable individual "the oldest inhabitant" was furnished with another item to add to the long list of remarkable occurrences, which are without a parallel in his recollection, by the festive appearance presented by the usually quiet station of Lucknow during the race-meeting of 1868. Races on the 18th, 20th, 22nd, and 25th; a ball given by the Officers of the Garrison on the 20th; at the Chutter Munzil a concert and dance given by the Officers of the 5th Lancers at their Mess on the 25th; theatricals on the 22nd; cricket on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, Lucknow and Awnpore, and Lucknow and All-comers; to say nothing of lotteries on the evenings preceding the races, and the unlimited hospitality dispensed at the Messes of the 5th Lancers and 55th Regiment,—gave every one ample employment until the abrupt announcement "Settling will take place at the Mahomethbagh at 10 A. M. on Wednesday" brought us up with a "round turn," and reminded us that this sort of thing can't last for ever. Not that the settling day was one of terror to your correspondent, as he happened to "make his humble pile," nor was it apparently to any one else, as he never remembers to have assisted at a settling in which "tightness in the money market" was less apparent, as every one, even the heaviest losers, met their engagements with the promptest punctuality. The mania for "plunging," which has been the theme of reprobation in the sporting papers at home, seemed to have infected us here, as, apart from the lotteries, the speculation was very heavy, and on the result of one race—the selling race—in which only three horses were engaged, at least Rupees 4,000 depended in bets alone, as the respective supporters of *Colloby* and *May Fly* seemed never tired of backing one, and laying against the other; and the fact of there being over Rupees 25,000 in the lotteries speaks for itself. The influx of visitors was very great, and, as the *Morning Post* observes, amongst the distinguished visitors present we observed the Marquis of Huntly, Sir Samuel Hayes, Monsieur André, a gentleman not unknown on the French Turf, Captain Cuninghame, and Messrs. Cheape, Delacour, Currey, Shuttleworth, and Smith of the 11th Hussars from Muttra; Messrs. Roberts, M. F. H., and Hazlerigg, of Tallyho Hall, Meerut; Captain Harbord, Messrs. Campbell, Gore, Ousely, and Smith, formerly of Oude, now of Central India; together with a

host of others from Fyzabad, Cawnpore, and other adjacent stations. Much admiration was excited by the team of four greys of the 11th Hussars, and the artistic manner in which they were put together and handled by Captain Cuninghame of that regiment. Your correspondent, however, regrets that the representatives of the Regimental Stable failed to realize the anticipations of their friends, and he sincerely trusts that they may meet with better luck on their next visit to Lucknow.

Before proceeding to an account of that sport which comes within the province of a sporting correspondent, I must be permitted to say one word about the theatricals. The pieces selected were "*To Oblige Benson*" and "*A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*." The whole of the characters were admirably sustained; but, inasmuch as the rôle of dramatic critic is hardly compatible with that of sporting correspondent, I may be pardoned if I pass their individual merits over in silence. I merely wish to add my tribute of admiration to the lady who sustained the part of "*Anne Carew*" in the second piece. We were led to expect something good; but to describe the impersonation by that word were indeed to "damn with faint praise." When I say that Anne Carew took the audience by storm from the moment she appeared on the stage until the fall of the curtain, and excited their sympathies for the gallant wife of the unfortunate Cavalier, I but feebly express my meaning; and when I declare that, in my play-going experience, I never witnessed anything finer upon the professional stage, I trust you will take the opinion of any impartial member of the audience at the Chutter Munzil on the evening of the 22nd of February last, before you consign this communication to the waste-paper basket as the production of a harmless lunatic. Lest I indulge in any more rhapsodies on this subject, let me hasten on to the legitimate business of the meetings. The first day only produced three races, as the Moosabagh Stakes was a walk over, and the big race, the *Derby*, was won very easily by *Tomboy* from the Tallyhoe's Stable. On the 2nd day, the great *Vanderdecken* put in an appearance, but found no one with sufficient temerity to oppose him in the Visitor's Plate, and was therefore indulged with a walk over, and the Meerut Stable scored two wins,—one with *Tomboy*, and the other with *Collohy*. The Welter, which was by far the best race of the meeting, was won by *Tomboy*, beautifully ridden by Mr. Roberts, beating *Erlking* by a neck. Next day *Tomboy* was found to be lame, and was unable to start again during the meeting,—a most unfortunate contretemps both for his owners and for the meeting, as the sporting representative of the firm had declared his intention of meeting *Vanderdecken*, and we were thus deprived of a sight of the great horse galloping; and from this point the fortunes of the Meerut Division declined, and the Stewards were obliged to devote their attention to handicapping.

Brigand, whose experience of parade must be rather slight, opened the ball on the third day by spread-eagling his field in the chargers. *Vanderdecken* walked over for the forfeits of the Native Gentlemen's Purse; *Highlander* performed the same office for the 20 G. M. Sweepstakes; and after a good race between *Caliph* and *The Baron*, of whom we expect to hear again for the Galloway Handicap, *Erlking* wound up the day by winning the Martiniere Handicap (a new race with Rupees 500 added), *Red Lancer*, who was backed for a hatful of money, being unfortunately left at the post. The fourth day was chiefly remarkable for the success of the Stewards in their handicap of the horses for the Welter (another new race with Rupees 500 added), as, notwithstanding the yells of suspense which greeted the appearance of the weights, the race was won by *Brigand*, 12st. 8lbs., unanimously declared to be the worst, and yet curiously enough backed for more money than anything in the race, with

Amsterdam, 10st. 4lbs., second, *Highlander*, 10st., close up. The Mile Handicap, which created, if possible, more clamour than the Welter, was won by the top weight, which the stable stoutly maintained was handicapped clean out of it, and the meeting wound up with a match in which *Highlander* received 7lbs. from the *Mutra Crack*, and accommodated her with a beating over a mile. The success of the meeting is mainly due to the exertions of Colonel Slade, 5th Lancers, and the Stewards, and I am in a position to state that the balance at the Bank of Bengal to the credit of the Race Fund is such that there is every prospect of a large increase in the amount of added money for next year. Appended is a return of the racing.

Yours,

A FOLLOWER OF THE BIRD'S-EYE BLUE.

TUESDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY.

The Dilkoocha Stakes.—For Galloways. 14 hands to carry 10st. 10lbs. 4lbs. allowed for every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch under. 20 Rupees each, with 100 Rupees added. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Vincent's g. a. h.	... <i>Caliph</i>	... 10	2	Joseph	... 1
Mr. Gore's nas g. a. h.	... <i>The Baron</i>	... 9	4	Dawson	... 2
Mr. Andrew's g. a. h.	... <i>Snowdrop</i>	... 9	8	Williams	... 3

Won by two lengths. Time—56s.

The Lucknow Derby. For Maidens. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 21 lbs. Penalties and allowances. 50 Rupees each, 20 lis. extra for every horse declared to start. 500 Rupees added. 2 miles.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
The Tallyhoe's b. aus. g.	... <i>Tomboy</i> , 6 years	... 11	4	Mr. Roberts	... 1
Mr. Walter's b. aus. m.	... <i>Milliner</i> , a.	... 11	4	Joseph	... 2
Mr. McCully's ch. aus. b.	... <i>Red Lancer</i> , a.	... 11	7	Dawson	... 3

Red Lancer and *Milliner* led alternately until reaching the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile post, when Mr. Roberts, who had been lying off about six lengths, gradually drew upon the pair, and, on entering the straight, took *Tomboy* to the front, and won easily by two lengths.

Time—3m. 59s.

Moosabagh Stakes. For Hacks. Winner to be sold for 400 Rupees. Entrance 1 G. M., with 100 Rupees added. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 4 Subscriptions.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Capt. Dobson's ch. c. b. m.	... <i>Coral</i>	... 11	0	Mr. Gubbins, W. O.	

The Sahara Stakes. For Arabs, 10 st. each. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Maiden of the day 10lbs. 5 G. Ms. With 300 Rupees added. 3 Subscriptions. 1 mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Walter's b. a. h.	... <i>Highlander</i>	... 10	0	Joseph	... 1
Mr. Vincent's g. a. h.	... <i>Caliph</i>	... 10	0	Kyrou	... 2
Mr. Andrews' g. a. h.	... <i>Snowdrop</i>	... 10	0	Williams	... 3

The pair cantered together into the straight, where *Caliph* came along, and Joseph kindly indulged the public with a show of a race, *Highlander* winning, hard held, by half a length. *Snowdrop* nearly went to the post to secure the added money.

THURSDAY, 20TH FEBRUARY.

The Visitors' Plate. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 7lbs. Certain penalties. 5 G. Ms. With 400 Rupees added. 3 Subscriptions. 1½ miles.

Mr. Collins' b. aus. g.	...	Vanderdecken	...	11 4	st. lbs. Rider.	Auckland	W. O.
						for the forfeits.	

Tom Thumb Stakes for Ponies. 13 hands to carry 10st. 7lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every inch under. 20 Rupees each, with 50 Rupees added. 4 Subscriptions. ½ mile.

Mr. Martin's g. p.	...	Don Juan	...	10 7	st. lbs. Rider.	Mr. Gubbins	...	1
Capt. Dobson's g. p.	...	The Dean	...	10 2		Mr. Kay	...	2
Mr. Curry's ch. p.	...	Gay Deceiver	...	10 7		Mr. Cheape	...	3

A dead heat; bad third. Time—1m. 3s. Deciding heat, won by a neck. Time not taken.

Selling Race. Horses entered for 1,000 Rupees to carry 10st. 5lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every 100 Rupees less, and 5lbs. extra for every 100 Rupees over. 5 G. Ms., with 200 Rupees added. 3 Subscriptions. 1 mile.

Mr. Roberts' ch. aus. g.	...	Coltoby	Aged	...	Rs. 1,500	st. lbs. Rider	Owner	...	1
Mr. Bletsoe's br. aus. m.	...	Tara	Aged	...	(900)	9 11	Mr. Cheape	...	2
Mr. Gore's b. aus. m.	...	May Fly	Aged	...	(800)	8 10	Dawson	...	3

Won in a canter by two lengths. *May Fly* beaten off. Time—2m.

The Welter Stakes. Calcutta weight for age and class raised 2st. Gentle-men riders. 5 G. Ms. each, with 200 Rupees added. 7 Subscriptions. 1½ miles.

The Tallyhoe's b. aus. g.	...	Tomboy	6 years	...	11 1	st. lbs. Rider.	Mr. Roberts	...	1
Mr. Milford's b. aus. g.	...	Erking	Aged	...	11 1		Mr. Kay	...	2
Mr. McCully's ch. aus. b.	...	Red Lancer	Aged	...	11 7		Mr. Gubbins	...	3
Mr. Walters' b. aus. m.	...	Milliner	Aged	...	11 4		Major Lambert	...	0
Mr. Fletcher's br. aus. g.	...	Enfield	Aged	...	11 4		Mr. Barnett	...	0
Mr. Smith's ch. c. b. m.	...	Country Lass	Aged	...	10 11		Mr. Cheape	...	0

An excellent start. *Red Lancer* rushed to the front, and made the pace a cracker. *Erking*, *Tomboy*, and *Enfield* in a cluster close up. *Country Lass* whipping in. At the ¾ mile post *Enfield* dropped back beaten, and *Milliner* and *Tomboy* began to go up to the leader. At the ½ mile post *Red Lancer* had shot his belt, and *Erking* was left in command; *Tomboy* and *Milliner* three lengths in his rear. *Tomboy*, gradually creeping up, was nearly level with *Erking* opposite the stand, and, beautifully ridden by Mr. Roberts, won a fine race by a neck. Time—2m. 58s.

SATURDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY.

Charger Stakes. 2 G. Ms. each, with 100 Rupees added. 5 Subscriptions. ½ mile.

Mr. Walters' b. aus. g.	...	Brigand	4 years	...	10 4	st. lbs. Rider.	Mr. Cheape	...	1
Colonel Pennvenick's b. aus. m.	...	Indiana	Aged	...	11 7		Mr. Burnett	...	2
Lt.-Col. Gough's ch. aus. g.	...	Amsterdam	Aged	...	11 7		Owner	...	3
Mr. Blake's br. aus. g.	...	Flying Arrow	Aged	...	11 7		Mr. Kay	...	0
Major Boiaragon's b. c. b. g.	...	Viking	Aged	...	11 0		Mr. Gubbins	...	0

Won in a canter by two lengths. *Amsterdam* beaten a length for second place. Time—5¼m.

Native Gentlemen's Purse. 10 G. Ms. each. Half forfeit. 500 Rupees added. 2 miles and a distance. 8 Subscriptions.

			st. lbs.		
Mr. Collins' b. aus. g.	... Vanderdecken	Aged	10 11	Auckland.	W. O.
					for the forfeit.

Galloway Handicap. 3 G. Ms. each, with 200 Rupees added. 4 Subscriptions. 1 mile.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Vincent's g. a. h.	... Caliph	...	9 12	Joseph	... 1
Mr. Gore's aa. g. a. h.	... The Baron	...	8 2	Jaffer	... 2

A good race, won by half a length. Time—1m. 58s.

The Martiniere Handicap. 2 G. Ms. each. 10 G. Ms. for acceptance. 500 Rupees added. 1½ miles. 6 Subscriptions.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Milford's b. aus. g.	... Erlking	...	9 11	Joseph	... 1
Mr. Walters' b. aus. m.	... Milliner	...	8 10	Kyroc	... 2
The Gone-away's br. aus. g.	... Flying Arrow	...	7 11	Jaffer	... 3
Mr. Roberts' ch. aus. g.	... Colloby	8st. 11lb., carried	9 7	Mr. Cheape	... 0
Mr. McCully's ch. aus. b.	... Red Lancer	...	9 0	Auckland	... 0

As the flag dropped, *Red Lancer* whipped round, and was out of the hunt. On settling into their places, *Flying Arrow* and *Milliner* rushed to the front, and carried on the running for the first half-mile, when *Erlking* drew up to *Flying Arrow*, and deprived him of the lead. On turning into the straight, *Erlking* headed *Milliner*, and won easily by two lengths. *Flying Arrow* beaten half length for third. Time—2m. 28s.

TUESDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY.

Walter Handicap. 10 Rupees each. 3 G. Ms. for acceptance, with 500 Rupees added. Gentlemen riders. ¾ mile.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Walters' b. aus. g.	... Brigand	4 years	12 8	Major Lambert	... 1
Lt.-Col. Gough's ch. aus. g.	... Amsterdam	Aged	10 4	Owner	... 2
Mr. Walters' b. a. h.	... Highlander	Aged	10 0	Mr. Gubbins	... 3
Mr. Roberts' ch. aus. g.	... Colloby	Aged	11 2	Owner	... 0
Mr. McCully's ch. aus. b.	... Red Lancer	Aged	12 13	Mr. Cheape	... 0
The Gone-away's br. aus. g.	... Flying Arrow	Aged	10 3	Mr. Kay	... 0

Flying Arrow, making use of the weight, cut out the work for the first quarter of a mile, when *Brigand* was left with the lead, which he maintained to the end, winning at last by a length, *Amsterdam* beating *Highlander* half a length for second honors.

Pony Handicap. 20 Rs. each, with 100 Rupees added. ½ mile.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Gore's ch. p.	... Orion	...	10 0	Mr. Gubbins	... 1
Mr. Biddulph's g. p.	... Guineaw	...	10 0	Mr. Cheape	... 2
Col. Blad's b. p.	... Little Bill	...	9 4	Mr. Joseph	... 3

Won very easily; bad third.

Winner's Handicap. Round course and a distance. 5 Subscriptions.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Collins' b. aus. g.	... Vanderdecken	...	12 0	Auckland	... W.O.

Consolation Handicap. 2 G. Ms. each, with 150 Rupees added. 1 mile.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. McCully's ch. aus. b.	... Red Lancer	...	12 0	Mr. Auckland	... 1
Mr. Blet-oe's br. aus. m.	... Tara	...	7 0	Native	... 2
Mr. Walters' b. aus. m.	... Milliner	...	12 0	Joseph	... 3

Won very easily by a length; some distance between second and third.

Match. 100 Rupees. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats without dismounting.

			<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Martin's w. p.	...	<i>Don Juan</i>	10	0	Mr. Gubbins ... 1
Mr. Curry's ch. p.	...	<i>Gay Deceiver</i>	10	0	Mr. Cheape ... 2

Both heats won easily.

Mile Handicap. For all horses. 3 G. Ms. each, with 150 Rupees added.

			<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Milford's b. aus. g.	...	<i>Erking</i>	13	7	Joseph ... 1
Mr. Roberts' ch. aus. g.	...	<i>Colloby</i>	8	7	Bux ... 2
Mr. Andrews' b. aus. m.	...	<i>Blink Bonny</i>	9	7	Williams ... 3

Won easily by a length.

Match. Rs. 300. 1 mile.

			<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Walters' b. a. h.	...	<i>Highlander</i>	9	7	Joseph ... 1
Mr. Smith's ch. c. b. m.	...	<i>Country Lass</i>	10	0	Mr. Cheape ... 2

Won very easily ; run in the dark.

RACES TO COME.

MYSORE RACES, 1868.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 4TH JULY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—"Rajah's Plate." 50 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Arabs that have never started. Weight for ages 2 miles. Entrance 5 G. Ms. April, 10 G. Ms. 1st May, and 20 G. Ms. 1st June, when the race will close with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for horses declared to start.

SECOND RACE.—"Colonial Maiden Stakes." 50 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Colonial Maidens. Weight for age, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 5 G. Ms. 1st April, 10 G. Ms. 1st May, and 20 G. Ms. 1st June, when the race will close with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for each horse declared to start.

THIRD RACE.—"The Selling Stakes." 20 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for Maiden Arabs. Weight 8-7— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 10 G. M., 3 G. M. forfeit. To close and name on 1st June. The winner to be sold for 1,200 Rupees, if demanded.

FOURTH RACE.—"Hack Stakes for Natives." 50 Rupees from H. H. the Rajah. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, catch weights.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 7TH JULY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—"The Mysore Derby." 60 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Maiden Arabs imported after the 1st September, 1867. Weight for age. The winner of the "Rajah's Plate" to carry 7 lbs. extra. Entrance 20 G. Ms. H. F., and 5 G. Ms. if declared by the 1st June. To close and name on 1st April, 1868.

SECOND RACE.—"The Mysore Stakes." 60 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 10 lbs.—2 miles. Entrance 20 G. Ms., H. F., and 5 G. Ms. if declared by the 1st June. To close and name on 1st April, 1868.

THIRD RACE.—"The Auction Stakes." 20 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Arabs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 5 G. Ms.

	st.	lbs.
If to be sold for Rupees 1,200, to carry.....	9	0
" " 1,000 "	8	7
" " 800 "	8	0
" " 600 "	7	7

The winner to be put up to auction immediately after the race. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—"Hack Stakes." 10 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all horses. Arabs 10 st. Maidens allowed 7 lbs.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 1 G. M. To close and name the day before the race. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for 800 Rupees, if demanded.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, 9TH JULY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—"The Palace Stakes." 50 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. The winner of the "Rajah's Plate," "Colonial Maiden," "Mysore Derby," or "Mysore Stakes," 5 lbs. extra; of two, 10 lbs.—2 miles. Entrance 20 G. Ms. H. F., and 5 G. Ms. if declared before the 1st June 1868. To close and name on 1st April, 1868.

SECOND RACE.—"The Mysore Challenge Stakes." 50 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winner once, 7 lbs.; oftener, 10 lbs. extra—2 miles. Entrance 20 G. Ms. H. F., and 5 G. Ms. if declared before the 1st June 1868. To close and name on 1st April 1868.

THIRD RACE.—"The Mysore Handicap." 40 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah for all horses to be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. Entrance 10 G. Ms., 3 G. Ms. forfeit. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

FOURTH RACE.—"Amateur Stakes." 10 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Arabs. Maidens allowed 7 lbs.—1 mile. Gentlemen Riders. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the race. Winner to be sold for Rupees 1,000, if demanded.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, 11TH JULY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—"The Rajah's Gold Cup," value 3,000 Rupees. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 10 lbs., oftener 12 lbs. extra—2 miles. Entrance 20 G. M. P. P. To close 1st April, and name the day before the race. The 2nd horse to save his stakes. If six nominations, the 2nd horse to receive 40 G. Ms., and the 3rd to save his stake.

SECOND RACE.—"The Winning Handicap." 20 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Arabs that have started during the meeting. 5 G. Ms. for each race won, forced for winners. R. G. To close and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—"Winning Handicap," 20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah for all English and Colonial horses that have started during the meeting. Forced for winners. 5 G. Ms. for each race won. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—"Consolation Stakes." 20 G. Ms. from H. H. the Rajah for all Arabs that have not won during the meeting. To be handicapped by the Stewards. $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Entrance 5 G. Ms. P. P. To close and name the day before the race.

RULES.

- 1.—The decision of the Stewards is final.
- 2.—Western India Turf Club Rules (as in force at present), local Rules excepted.
- 3.—Winners of the Selling Stakes, Amateur Stakes, and Hacks not forced for Winners' Handicap.
- 4.—Three per cent. to be deducted from the winners of all Lotteries.
- 5.—Declarations to be made to the Secretary in writing by 12 o'clock the day before each race.
- 6.—Two Horses *bonâ fide* the property of different owners to start, or the public money will be withheld.
- 7.—In the event of any races not filling, others will be made up during the Meeting by the Stewards.
- 8.—All communications to be addressed to Major R. RENTON, Mysore.

R. RENTON,
Secretary.

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- II.—The Committee will consist of a President and three Members, not including the Secretary, to be elected at the commencement of each season, or whenever vacancies occur.
- III.—It is the province of the Committee to arrange for Meets, each to consist of not less than four Members, as often as sport can be procured.
- IV.—Four days' notice of each Meet will be given, and posted at the Wheeler Club and the Regimental Messes, accompanied by a notification as to proposed plans for supply of provisions, tents, &c.

V.—Any Member desirous of joining a Meet, to send his name to the Secretary *at least two days* before the Meet; for his share in the expenses of which he is thenceforth responsible.

VI.—For each Meet the Committee will appoint a Member to transact the business of the day, and his arrangements as regards placing the spears, the number to ride each pig, the coolies, the beating, &c., must be adhered to.

VII.—Any references will be settled by the Committee, who are responsible for the general management of the Club, and will submit the accounts before an Annual General Meeting to be held at the commencement of each season.

VIII.—Honorary Members may be elected, and will pay Rupees 10 per annum. Ordinary Members are exempted from the current subscription of any month during the whole of which they have been absent from the station. In all other cases, Members in arrears for the current subscription are not expected to make use of the Club.

MEERUT, }
January 1, 1868. }

W. A. ROBERTS, R. H. A.,
Honorary Secretary.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

APRIL 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.—*Juvenal.*

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We have received numerous applications for the first and second numbers of the "Oriental Sporting Magazine" (New Series), which, we regret to say, we have been unable to comply with, these numbers being out of print. Being uncertain of the success of our undertaking, but a small edition was struck off. Applicants' names, however, have been registered; and if a sufficient number of applications are received, these numbers will be re-printed.

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THE



Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. I.]

APRIL 15, 1868.

[No. 4.

HIPPOPHAGY.

HIPPOPHAGY; how queer the word sounds in English ears! Twelve months ago it would have been Hebrew even to the Corinthians. The word, however, as a word, is a good one; etymologically there can be no objection to it, though it looks as if it came to us rather fresh from the Athenian Mint. But how about its signification? What does HIPPOPHAGY mean? HIPPOPHAGY means, in plain English, HORSE-EATING, Ugh! Is there not something unpleasant, something nasty about the idea; something that incites a feeling of abhorrence, if not disgust, in the minds of all thorough-bred Englishmen? Admitting everything that can be advanced against the probability of our judgment being impartial, we unhesitatingly condemn the new idea as being, in our opinion, remotely allied to cannibalism. We have very carefully considered whatever arguments have been advanced in favor of HORSE-EATING, but they have failed to convince us that the introduction of the practice amongst Englishmen is either desirable or a necessity. We are told, it is true, that it was common amongst the ancients; Herodotus at least says so. But we could give older authority for the practice than the father of history; or, as he has been irreverently called by a brother Historian, the father of lies. We could give accounts from ancient Sanskrit works of grand banquets attended not by a hundred or a hundred and fifty nobodies, but by mighty Kings and Princes, and thousands of their followers, when the celebrated *Ashumed* or horse-sacrifice was performed. Probably, by the aid of the *Zend Avesta*, and a little research, we might even be able to present the British public with a tableau of Abraham and Zoroaster sitting down to a horse-steak under the grateful shade of some ancient palm tree on the banks of the Oxus. But such a discovery, however interesting as a historical fact, would go but a very short way towards persuading Englishmen in the nineteenth century that Abraham and Zoroaster were better judges than they themselves as to what they should eat, drink, and avoid. We are told again that the horse was naturalized as an article of food in Sweden a hundred and fifty years ago; in Germany a hundred years ago; and in France fifty years ago, or thereabouts; and though we do not believe the custom to be general in any of these countries, we are willing to give the advocates of HORSE-EATING any advantage they can derive from the

acknowledgment of the fact. But that, we fear, is very little. Our European neighbours eat frogs, snails, raw bacon, goose-breasts, and many other things; the Chinese and others eat rats, mice, birds' nests, &c.; Cossacks, we believe, eat tallow candles; some of the lower classes in India eat dogs, cats, and jackalls, others eat beetles, snakes, and lizards, and we have heard of a tribe, the *Aghor-punts*, whose "fancy" it is to eat offal, and drink out of human skulls. In short, there is "no accounting for tastes." It is either the good taste or the bad taste of the English not to eat horse-flesh, or any of the things above enumerated, some of which are esteemed great delicacies by the people of other nationalities. Horse-flesh never could become a favorite dish with the rich, because it is inferior to beef and mutton; nor yet could it be extensively used by the poor, because it never would *pay* to feed horses for slaughter. All that can be said for it is that the horses which now go to the Knackers-yard *might* be utilized as food for the poor. But, under the circumstances, were we a street Arab, we should look with suspicion on the horse-flesh-steak at "tuppence" per lb.; and we are certain that those for whose benefit the movement is set on foot would do the same. And we confess that it is agreeable to us to think so, for there are associations in connection with the Horse dear to the minds of most well-brought-up Englishmen which should render it repugnant to them to dine off this noble animal. What would the verdict of history have been upon the character of Alexander the Great if, instead of building a mausoleum over the remains of *Bucephalus*, he had roasted and eaten his dumb companion in arms? Or, to take an illustration from a different walk in life, can the public conceive Dick Turpin, after his celebrated ride to York, dining on a steak cut from the hind quarters of *Black Bess*? We can readily sympathize with the feelings of Tom Noddy, as expressed in the following lament, which we extract from a better, though not quite so old a historian as Herodotus:—

"I cannot eat the old horse
I rode long years ago;
I'm sure my teeth would fail me,
And foolish tears might flow."

Mr. Bicknell has no such fears or scruples; he *can* eat the old horse; and we are told that he not only furnished a horse for the late banquet that had served him for many years, but that he rode it twenty miles on the day of the feast. All we would wish to remark upon this painful topic is that we trust it will never be our misfortune to meet this gentleman. We do not like Mr. Bicknell; we should not feel comfortable if we were in the same room with him; we should strongly object to dine at the same table with him; and we should positively refuse to go to sea in the same vessel with him. A more cold, a more heartless and unfeeling act than that which is mentioned by some of the home papers as a commendable feat, we never in our lives heard of. It strongly reminds us of the customs of a certain tribe of savages who fatten their wives first, and then eat them.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HAND.

"Yes, a fine pair of tusks enough," said the Old Hand, "eight inches round the curve. I suppose you will say some day it was a spear."

The Old Hand's contemptuous tone made me colour up to the ears, and young Vert struck in to the rescue:—"Why should you look so diabolically black, old 'un, because Venison has shot a boar amongst the hills, at least twenty miles from anything except the Grand Trunk Road, which could, in any sense of the word, be called riding ground? I believe you would have shot him yourself if he had come near your *machán*; that is to say, shot at him, as you did at the *sográ* deer you missed to-day."

The Old Hand looked more wrathful than before, and the rings he tried to blow were broken and twisted,—a sure sign of a troubled mind with him; so I tried to put him in a good temper by asking for a yarn.

"Come, old 'un, I only did it because it was perfectly clear that nothing else was coming out, and the Sonthals were making such a row up the hill that I went to see what was exciting them, and when I went and saw this magnificent boar standing there, refusing in the most decided way to run for all their noise, I really could not help doing as they all expected me to do, and plugged him. He made a gallant charge when he felt the ball, and I had to give him the second barrel."

"Poor murdered brute," said the Old Hand pathetically.

"Tell us how you got your first spear, old 'un, and try to forget him."

The Old Hand looked rather red as he replied:—"There is nothing to tell about it."

Mr. Vert, noticing his change of color, leaned forward till he could look well into his face, and said quietly:—"Was it a sow, old 'un?"

The Old Hand tried hard to blow rings, but at last he said with a short laugh:—"Well, yes, it was the first sow, and the last I ever rode. Drop it. That *machán* work we had to-day is very poor fun. I always feel in a *machán* as the scarecrow with the bell, that the pick-pockets practise on, must feel. You cannot move without making such a creaking and rustling as to scare every beast within a mile of you. I never was in a *machán* for ten minutes yet without swearing; I would never get into another."

"It is rather ticklish work waiting for *janwars* on foot," said Mr. Vert with the air of a man who had considered the subject in all its bearings.

"Well, if there is a tiger on foot," said the Old Hand, "I confess I like to be up a tree; but for bears, which was all we expected to-day, I feel more master of my weapon when on my own legs."

"True," said I; "but from a *machán* you command more *gháts* than you do on foot, from being able to look over the trees."

"Yes, and always have your rifle pushed out on the wrong side when you see a beast, as I had when that deer came by to-day. Why, half the trouble those fellows had taken in rigging those rickety affairs would have cleared two or three rides from each of our posts."

"Have you ever shot a bear on foot, old 'un?" said Mr. Vert, with a wink at me.

"Yes, I have, and more than one," said the Old Hand, sitting up and filling his pipe; "and I think it rather better fun than sitting up in a pigeon-house to shoot the pigs that they drive up to you."

The pipe was now fairly under weigh, and after emitting five perfect rings of smoke, the Old Hand began with a smile of pleased remembrance:—"I recollect as if it were yesterday I had finished hearing reports, and was taking a turn in the verandah before going down to Cutcherry, when I saw two Sonthals coming up the hill towards the bungalow. They told me in a few words that they had come from Máchá Mahul, a village some three miles off; that two full-grown bears, with one or two cubs, had come down into a sugarcane field in the night, and were there still. One of my informants had seen one of them in the morning. The story appeared to be true enough, and I sent off a couple of guns, and ordered a horse round, while I went down to Cutcherry for half an hour. I polished off some work, postponed the rest, caught up a spear, and cantered off, followed by Duchess, a cross by my old bull-terrier Marquis, out of a Rampore bitch. She was then some ten months old. On reaching Máchá Mahul, I found about two dozen natives, including a few Sonthals, surrounding a couple of acres of sugarcane enclosed in a light thorn fence. They assured me that the bears were still in the cane. 'Very good,' I said, 'am I to go in, or will you drive them out.' I always ask a Sonthal's opinion in a sporting matter, whether I mean to follow his advice or not. A Sonthal grinned and said that I had better go in; so I took hold of 'Simon' and went in with half a dozen of them. They peered about in the cane, which was very dense, and nine or ten feet high, and in about two minutes a fellow on my left said quietly—'Here is the bear.' I got up to him, not without some crashing through the cane, and he pointed to a little heap of black fur lying some three yards in front of me. It was all to no purpose that I tried through the cane to tell one end of him from the other as he lay, and he took no notice whatever of several noises I made to get him to lift his head up; so I let drive into the middle of him, and dropped on one knee for the charge I expected. Such a kicking up of dust followed my shot that I could not tell what had happened, and could see nothing at which to deliver the second barrel, but the row outside soon made it clear that it was a bolt, and I made my way, as well as I could, to the open, shouting hastily for my horse and spear. He had broken in a capital line through the village, but I was a long time getting out of the sugarcane; and when my horse came up, I found that the intelligent syce had handed the spear to a man who was not forthcoming. I galloped ahead, however, but the bear had got to the jungle, which

lay very heavy half a mile to the north. Those who had seen him break, described him of course as of enormous size, and said that he was making the pace very hot. They showed me a little blood on the trail; but seeing the rocky nature of the jungle in which he had disappeared, I gave him up, and went back to look for his mate. I entered the cane the second time with much more comfortable feelings than I did at the first, for I had never before had an interview with a bear, except from what was more or less a post of safety, and had felt a little shy of going in at him on foot. The second bear was found, and my shot delivered in the same unsatisfactory manner as the first; and as soon as I had fired I ran straight ahead, so as to be out of the jungle as quickly as I could, but I could hear the bear gaining on me, and pushing for the eastern side of the field, where the jungle was nearest, and feared I should be too late again; but, to my delight, as I came out I saw the bear, not thirty yards ahead, with Duchess attacking him vigorously in the rear, and dodging him cleverly as often as he turned round. Their movements in and out among the bushes were so rapid and shifting, that I dared not risk my last barrel; for though I was shouting for my second gun, no second gun was brought me, and I went on running till I came to the edge of a narrow strip of rice land in the middle of the jungle, just as the bear was rising the bank on the other side of it. I was fairly blown, but managed to plant a ball in his back, and he reeled over against a bush. I took the opportunity to load, and got one bullet down, but the bear had recovered himself, and was again out of sight among the bushes, the Sonthals running and bawling, and I running too, as I never ran since I ran the Barby Hill run, and my chest feeling as though a sand chur were rapidly silting up inside it."

"How long is it since you ran the Barby Hill run, old 'un? Who were the hares?" said Mr. Vert with his usual desire to bring the Old Hand to book.

"Hold your row," said I, kicking him violently on the shins; "shove along, old 'un."

"Well, I was getting so blown by the time I had ran the best part of two miles, that I stopped on the bank of the Kudiya river, and slipped in my second bullet. A Sonthal came back and said the bear had not crossed, but had stopped some way lower down the stream, and I must go and shoot him. I went on to where the Sonthals were, all shouting round a bush under a rock, and they showed me the bear again. It was a very dark hole, and he was lying down. I thought he was dead, and said so; but they begged me to give him one more ball, assuring me that he was not dead; and though I was loath to do so, being unable to see more of him than when I first shot him, I let drive, and the cap snapped. He threw up his head, and I put a bullet into the back of his neck; he turned round, staggered up on to his hindlegs, and made at me, but was so sick that I was able to stop him with my knife in his chest, and he went over backward, and howled his life out at last. He took a deal of killing. The first shot was only

through the foreleg or hind, I forget which; and if it had not been for Duchess keeping him till I got up, I should have lost him."

"Bravo, Duchess; let's drink her health," was Mr. Vert's comment." "How came such a steady sportsman as you to have a misfire, though?"

"I found afterwards that the cap had got a bit of stuff into it in my pouch or pocket. I generally look into a cap; but this was one without any shiny stuff at the bottom, and indeed, loading in a hurry as I did, I may not have looked into it at all. The bear I bagged was a female. I went back to the sugarcane, but could not find any more."

VENISON.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND ASSAM, 1862.

CHARLIE HILL having written to me a very flourishing account of sport in the Pong-Loung Mountains, near a place called Thayet-Pin-Kin-dât, I persuaded Captain Tongue, of the 60th Rifles, and Ireland, Assistant Commissioner, to accompany me there. We started in a boat on the night of the 9th April, 1862, and got to Galay, distant about 65 miles, at 1 p. m. Found the elephants and Bunlong shikaries there, had tiffin, and then started for *Kyankee*. The jungles were burning all round us; so in many places we had to run for our lives. The elephants have a great dread of fire, and they will not face it. We got to *Kyankee* at dark, had a bathe in the river, and afterwards a good dinner, and early to bed.

April 10th.—I was busy all day inspecting works; but we bathed both morning and evening in the river, and very refreshing it is too.

April 11th.—Started for *Kapahlang* en route to Thayet-Pin-Kin-dât. We got off at 7 a. m., the road exceeding pretty, though it is uphill and down-dale, intersected with numerous mountain streams with nasty rocky beds. Betel-nut and orango groves very numerous, and the mode of irrigation wonderful. We pushed on and got to our destination at 10 a. m.,—good going, considering we could not go out of a walk, and the distance a good thirteen miles.

The elephants did not arrive till 12 a. m., so our breakfast was a late one. These mountain streams have deliciously cold water in them, very convenient both for bathing and cooling here. We slept on the ground in a wretched shed, and had a false alarm of a tiger during the night. This part of the country is infested with man-eating tigers; so we had to be very careful in seeing how our camp-followers disposed of themselves at nighttime.

April 12th.—Started at 6½ a. m. up such a hill! It took us an hour and a half to get up to the top of it, and it was so steep that we

could barely crawl up it, resting every five minutes; as for the elephants they could scarcely get up it at all. The hills here are very steep, and the water-shed is not reached. So it is a case of no sooner having arrived at the top of one range, than you have to descend again to re-ascend a higher range. This was our fate all day. We got to the banks of the Permah-ben Creek at 10 A. M., and breakfasted. Near the stream we found a resting-place or *teh*; but it was so full of fleas and gad flies, that there was no remaining inside it. It was also stockaded with pointed, spear-like bamboos to keep out man-eating tigers. We remained in the vicinity of this creek till three, hoping to see something of the elephants; but as they did not appear, we went on to our destination, where we got about 5 P. M. This is a stockaded post, and has a strong force of Police in it. It is the only pass in these parts from the red Karen country into the plains, and is therefore of some importance. We put up in the hut inside the stockade, but found it anything but a desirable residence, being full of bugs, flies, and gad flies. The elephants did not arrive till after dark. One of the mahouts had helped himself freely to our brandy, had got drunk and by inducing his elephant to charge those in front of it, had sent them all flying down a narrow pathway, upsetting their loads, and making a sad havoc amongst our stores. Made a holy example of him by giving him a good thrashing.

April 13th.—Directly I saw the nature of the country, I came to the conclusion that no shooting was to be had off the elephants, whatever might be the case, could we afford time to remain and attempt to stalk. Abused Hill like a pick-pocket for sending us there. We got out the elephants and tried a beat in the valley, but as it was a quaking bog, had to desist very soon. Undoubtedly there were bison, rhinoceros, and tigers about; indeed we put up two of the last during the short time we were out, but shooting them was out of the question; the grass was fifteen to twenty feet high, and the soil so bad that no elephant could or would venture upon it. We determined to move back and try some of my old haunts.

April 14th.—Sent the elephants on ahead, and overtook them at the Permah-ben stream. Got to Kapahlam quay at three; bathed in the river on our arrival; elephants turned up in the evening.

April 15th.—Started early; got to Kyankce at nine, but the elephants did not arrive till twelve.

April 16th.—We started for Ananbo at 6 A. M., and got there at 2½, distance twelve miles, not counting the crossing of the river, which took some time. We shot some pigeons *en route*. After breakfast moved on to Thaban. Road at this season very good, but woefully dusty. Found that the villagers had built me a good house near a stream; got all the shikaries together, but the jungles had not been properly burnt, so did not anticipate much sport.

April 17th.—Started our camp, went across country ourselves. We put up a lot of deer, but the grass was so dense that we could not get fair shots at any of them. By a fluke I shot one sambar,

and missed a hogdeer. Ireland got two snap shots, but missed both. Ordered the jungle to be re-burnt. Paid for the teh, and gave also Rs. 15 for burning jungle.

April 18th.—We went to Chandly-ah to-day, and saw a lot of deer *en route*, but made very bad shooting, and failed to bag a single one, though we did hit one or two. Marks of game abundant.

April 19th.—We saw a lot of game to-day, but all shot badly, and, moreover, my elephant, which was usually as staunch as one could wish a beast to be, was very unsteady to-day, running away several times, even from a pig, and thus losing me many fair shots. Ireland bagged a sambur, and he and I wounded a fine buck sambur, after which some Burman shikaries, who wore out on an elephant on their own hook, went. They eventually got him, and they also come across a herd of bison, and wounded one badly, but lost it, as they funk'd to follow it up.

April 20th.—We moved camp to Ragboo, shooting *en route*. I bagged two samburs and one hogdeer to-day, and lost two others. Ireland lost one. Tongue got nothing. Near the village up jumped a very fine buck thamine. Ireland and I fired at it; it ran about one hundred yards, and then died. On examination, it was found only one bullet had hit it, and that behind the shoulder; so Ireland and I tossed for it, and it became mine. It was impossible to say who shot it.

April 21st.—To-day we went after bison, and got into grass, where shooting was out of the question; but there is no doubt big game, judging by the footmarks, must be very plentiful. Two or three years after this Colonel Blake came across bison in this very place, and wounded one or two of them, but lost them in the heavy grass. For a wonder, I shot a peafowl on the wing with the Purdey's rifle to-day. We then went on to a Karen village, where we breakfasted. In this village was an old man, seventy years of age, who had never washed in his life; he said if any Karen ever washed, he was sure to be eaten by a tiger; so his tribe never used water for washing purposes. He made a point of being drunk three times every week, and he was altogether about as disreputable an old man as I have ever seen. They never change their clothes until they are forced to do so by the suits in use having worn away, no end being left to cover their nakedness. We tasted some of their arrack; it was beautifully clear, white, and smelt and tasted like whiskey. They make it out of the rice. After breakfast a man took us to a bheel, where he said he would show us wild buffaloes. Tongue remained with me, whilst Ireland went off a considerable way to the right. He came upon a tame herd, and fired into them, wounding two badly. We also came upon tame ones, but fortunately did not fire.

To-day we separated (April 22), Ireland and Tongue going back towards Tongho, and I on to Shoayghine. Ireland shot a peafowl with ball, and then sambur going back. Tongue got two samburs, whilst I did not fire a shot, but rode in at once to Shoayghine, where I remained a week, and then rode into Tongho in two days.

Our third regular trip into the jungles did not begin till very late in the season. Both Lloyd and I had a lot of work to get through, so could not start as soon as we ought to have done. However, on the 11th May, Lloyd went out to Nank Sedank, and I followed on the 13th. I could not get away till late, and the road was so bad from the recent rains, that at one time I was on the point of turning back. However, I plodded on; got caught in heavy rain, lost my way, and after innumerable difficulties got to my camp at 6 P. M. Found Lloyd had bagged a sambur and had seen about twenty others.

May 14th.—We came upon a herd of elephants to-day, and had them beaten towards us. We wounded four,—one very badly,—but failed to bag. We then came upon fresh tracks of bison. These I followed into the heavy pass, whilst Lloyd remained outside. He came upon two bison, and wounded them both. One came up to me, and I polished it off; the other one got away. I got one sambur to-day.

May 15th.—Both Lloyd and I wounded bison to-day, but lost them in the infernal high grass. We each got one sambur to-day.

May 16th.—Moved camp from Monk Sedank to Zaosegam on the Pue River, distant about twelve miles; *en route* came upon quite fresh marks of bison, and our men who came behind us saw two cross over the road. In the afternoon we went after them, but failed to find them.

May 17th.—Went across country on elephants to Myetchin. *En route* Lloyd made very good shooting, and bagged one barking deer and two hogdeer. I got one sambur. In the afternoon Lloyd went out again and shot a thaminie. Heard Colonel Blake had arrived at Kyankee.

May 18th.—Rode into Kyankee. Found Colonel Blake had gone on to Banlong, instead of following my instructions. Found Watson in a *zayat* very seedy, and persuaded him to return with us to Myetchin. Sent elephant to Banlong for Blake.

May 19th.—Blake joined us at daylight, after *chota hazree*. We got on the elephants and went towards the Nga-Eein. We came across a herd of elephants, but again we failed to bag, though we hit several very hard. Blake and I had an exciting chase after a tigress; but though I sighted her, I could not get a shot at her, and she got away. I got a snap shot at her young one, but missed it. Colonel Blake got during the day three samburs, Lloyd four samburs, Watson one sambur, whilst got three samburs and one dalael or hogdeer. One sambur I came upon suddenly; it stood looking at me within fifteen yards. It was raining hard at the time; both barrels of my smooth bore missed fire; still he never moved. I had just time to get the long rifle, and take a snap shot as he turned to bolt, and hit hard; he ran down a nullah, and fell back in attempting to run up the other side; but he picked himself up again, got across the nullah, staggered up against a tree, and fell dead. One of Lloyd's samburs was the largest I ever saw, but it had no horns to speak of.

May 20th.—We are out very late this season; the grass has grown up very heavy and high, and the rain is incessant. We came across bison tracks and followed them up, but did not come up to them. Very foolishly I was tempted to fire at a huge boar that stood and looked at me; it fell down to the shot, but picked itself up and disappeared. Blake got a buck sambur and a buck thamine. I shot a buck sambur, but it run 200 yards before showing signs of being hit; it then lay down, and was dead before we got to it. It had been shot well behind the shoulder, and the bullet had passed through the upper part of the heart. Lloyd got a sambur. Watson nothing.

May 21st.—We again followed up bison, but they were too alert for us; so we left them and took to shooting at sambur. Unfortunately in doing so disturbed a herd of buffaloes, who scampered away unhurt. I at last shot a pig, and Colonel Blake hit a doe just under the root of her tail, the bullet sticking in her throat; she of course fell dead. Near home a sambur took a nullah in a flying jump; but it fell dead on the other side, as, whilst in the air, I shot it well behind the shoulder. Blake shot two more samburs; Lloyd two samburs and a dalael; Watson got nothing.

May 22nd.—Soon after leaving camp, I shot a sambur through the head. We then followed bison, and in doing so, saw a buffalo, who, ignorant of our presence, came up to us here, were in echelon, and all fired together and doubled it up at once, before she had a chance of escape. Blake got one sambur, so did Lloyd.

May 23rd.—It is wonderful how the bison manage to keep clear of us. Several times to-day we were close upon them, but they would not allow us to get within shot.

I shot during the day two samburs. Blake got one sambur, and Lloyd a pig and sambur.

May 24th.—We followed up buffalo tracks to-day, and came upon them, lying down in a mudhole. Colonel Blake killed his outright with one ball, Lloyd and Watson wounded three or four, whilst I, who happened to be some way off to the left, only got long shots at two big bulls as they ran away; and though I hit both hard, yet they soon got away. I then went after those Lloyd, Watson, and Blake had wounded, and we killed two of them very soon,—one a large cow with fanhorns. We had good luck to-day, killing no less than 3 buffaloes, 3 pigs, 3 buck thamine, and six samburs. We got home at dark.

May 25th.—A great pity Colonel Blake has to leave us, as he is the best of companions, and a capital shikaroe and shot. He went off to Kyankee, and Lloyd and I moved to Banlong.

May 26th.—Lloyd and I went out alone to-day. We each bagged five samburs; and when going home saw a lot of thamine. We got off the elephants and stalked them, and unfortunately both fired at a magnificent buck lying down. My ball hit it in the head, and Lloyd with the small Burdey in the rump. We tossed for the head, and I lost. Close to home I got a pig.

May 27th.—To-day we rode into Tongho; this being the end of our third organized trip into the jungles.

Whilst copying this out of my old journals yesterday about three o'clock, the villagers, at a place called Kamblepoor, fifteen miles north of Gowhatty, Assam, came and begged me to shoot some buffaloes which had taken up their abode in the midst of their villages in a canebrake, and had taken to gore the ryots. I was most disinclined to go out, as I really do not care to shoot buffa, and as I had cut my centre finger a few days previously in shooting rhinoceros with very heavy charges, (the recoil of the first barrel had caused the damage,) and I was afraid to fire at all with the right barrel for fear of re-opening the wound, but the people prayed so hard to be rid of their enemies, that I went out. The first buffalo, a bull, was lying in an open bheel, and let me get within sixty yards of him, and then walked towards me shaking his head. I brought him down with a shot in the chest from the left barrel of the breechloader No. 10 bore, but he picked himself up and ran about forty yards further. I then got a good shot at the shoulder and brought him down. A fine bull. They then took me to the centre almost of a village, where there was a marsh and horrible cane jungle. In this I soon put up two more buffaloes, and after a chase came upon them; they were inclined to show fight, but I killed the bull with a ball in the throat as he stood looking at me, and the cow I knocked over with a ball in the shoulder; but she managed to crawl into such horrible jungle on three legs that I could not follow her. She is sure to die, as I fired 3-oz. conical, driven with five drachms of powder, into her. On another occasion I will relate how in three days' shooting, ten days back, Captain Bowie and I shot and bagged six rhinoceros and wounded another. I have now shot six of these animals since June last, and they seem to me to be more easy to kill than buffaloes; they are more plucky, as a rule, and allow one to get nearer, which, perhaps, is the secret of their being so easily killed after all.

PUNJAB, }
30th January, 1868. }

THE GENUS, "BORE."

THE pages of the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine* used always to be open to the discussion of subjects of natural history, and at times much novel information was elicited for its readers. I am glad therefore to see that the Editors of the new *Oriental Sporting Magazine* have again invited attention to the subject. These descriptions in the old Magazine were generally confined to accounts of the habits of the lower orders of the animal world. It is my intention to fly my kite a little higher; and though I purpose to describe the habits of the

genus bore, I shall confine myself entirely to the bores which infest the higher circles of the animal kingdom, with which we lords of the creation, and those belonging to us, are more constantly brought into contact—a class of beast which requires no night watches in the primeval forests, as a preparatory step to leaving their habits and modes of life.

The genus bore does not confine itself to any particular latitude, nor is its natural habitat limited to any degree of longitude. In that limited circle called society, it is found at home and at ease as often and as much as, without its pale, in the outside world. It not only infests the circles of the "bonton," but also the lower strata of human society; and it seems to be made, as a choleric skipper once described his consigne and agent, like the musquito, for the sole purpose of annoying people.

There are many sub-divisions of the genus bore. The bore official, the bore legal, the bore clerical, the business bore, the pompous bore, the military bore, the naval bore, the serious bore, the funny bore, and many others.

There are certain striking attributes which all these different sub-divisions possess in common. Extreme confidence in their own powers; a total want of it in respect to all others of their class; a prevailing idea that the world would come to an end if things were allowed to go on as usual without reference to themselves; and an utter ignorance of, and seeming indifference to, the fact of the great, very great, bores they really are.

First, the bore official (*Sus-publicanus* of Cuvier). This is a considerable family in this country as well as in Europe. Habitat public offices, which it generally infests to that degree, that people cannot enter them on account of its offensive habits. It is a bold animal, not given to attack those in search of it, but is very obstructive when found; and, as a rule, when met with, it has been found to be the best method to get rid of it as quickly as possible; for, like the beaver which dams up the stream of a whole river, just leaving quite a quiet silent pool for itself to desport in, it will dam up the stream of public progress and improvement, just keeping a few quiet back waters in the shape of snug berths for itself and its kind to flourish in. Latterly the world has so set its face against this portion of the bore family, that it is being slowly eradicated from this country. Whether it will ever be as scarce as the Dodo, remains yet to be seen. There is no doubt that the country which is free from the presence of this animal at once shows to the eye of the traveller the blessings of its absence by the surprisingly thriving appearance of everything around.

The legal bore (*Sus-forensis* of Buffon) is also an obstructive as well as destructive animal, and in its power of destruction far surpasses its congener, of which I have just treated. It is a restless, dissatisfied animal, gluttonous, as a rule; and if it once breaks into a thriving pasture, the devastation it will commit is beyond belief. It is very discriminating in its attacks; for instance, it rarely, if ever,

attacks a variety of its own species (*sus forensis* var. *judea*); the latter is generally a grave, stolid animal of some weight, and to fall foul of it, generally ensures defeat for the common *sus-forensis*. Added to this, it never commits its ravages on poor soils, which do not give good crops. These are avoided by it; but rich lands are its delight. Its chief food is a peculiar sort of grain, called *pecunia*, a golden grain to the eye; it will go any distance, or do anything to harry this crop. Like, as the lion has its jackals to hunt up prey, so the *sus-forensis* makes use of a lower order of its own family, *sus-forensis minor*, (*Pette foggerus* of Buffon) to hunt up whatever plunder is to be had. These latter generally hunt in couples, sometimes in a leash at a time, and very rarely singly. Though the *sus-forensis* is generally supposed to be a higher order of the family, yet it is surprising how often it has happened that it has pined and faded away altogether, when, from aversion or other causes, the *sus-minor* will not hunt for it, or bring it any plunder. The *sus-forensis* is entirely dependent on the *sus-minor* for discovering the sowings of the *pecunia* crop. It is only fair to it to say, however, that the *sus-minor* has not the same power of appropriation and digestion. The stomach of the *sus-forensis* is so strong, however, that, even when gorged to the full, it has never been known to return its food. As a rule, it is shy and wary, very dangerous and treacherous to meddle with.

The *sus-clericus* is in appearance a good deal like the *sus-forensis*, and doubtless if it got the same chance, it would make good use of its opportunities. There is almost more variety in the individuals of this class than of any other. There is the *sus-various* of Buffon; its chief food consists of stoles, chasubles, and other such weak food; stands over a good deal at the knee, and probably, owing to weak food in which it delights, it is afflicted with that constant nodding of the head so generally observed in all of this variety. There is another subdivision which is called the *sus-niger*, the real true black bore of the old original type. The habits of this class are much alike, but the difference in individuals is most striking. They chiefly prowl about cloisters. They are very easily domesticated, and in Europe almost every parish keeps one for a pet. Some ladies even go so far as to talk of their pet *sus-clericus*. When once the *sus-clericus* has been petted by ladies, it becomes utterly useless; it grows fat and oily, snappish and uncertain to friend and foe alike. The best way of treating it is to let it alone.

The business-bore (*sus-mercator*.) There is a pretty good type of this animal to be found everywhere. It is so well known, that it appears to be a work of supererogation to describe it closely. It has a most wonderful digestion. It feeds on all known grains produced in the world; on most fibres; on some dyes, oils and oilseeds, and at a particular time of year, some of the genus enjoy a gorge of cotton. Although, as I have before said, a great variety of food is not desirable, a mixture of two or three kinds, mingled with the pecuniary crop is, what it thrives best on. Those that are of a restless disposi-

tion, and that delight in a variety of food, never thrive, but generally fail by degrees, and get lower and lower in condition. *Pecunia* is to the *sus-mercator*, what the opium pipe is to the opium smoker, what groundsel and hemp is to the canary. Its habits are generally restless and uneasy from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; but at the latter hour it seems to get composed and settles down for its wonted rest. As a rule, it is a good-tempered animal, and the majority of the class can be thoroughly trusted.

The pompous bore (*sus-egotisticus*) is the most offensive of the whole genus. This class is made up of outcasts from all the other divisions of the bore family. There is no well-defined individual type to guide the eye. It has been known to be lean and lanky, with stilty gait and outstretched head, as if in pain at being out of its element. It has been also known as bullet-headed, twinkling eyed, deep in the chest, and large in the paunch. The pompous bore is not so rare as it has been. It would not repay its cost for the Acclimatisation Society to introduce it here. In fact, when it obtains a footing, it becomes a nuisance, and requires extermination. The chief food of the *sus-egotisticus* is a species of soft food called I, which it devours ravenously, and makes a great deal of noise when devouring it, as if desirous of letting people know what it is about. It is a curious fact that, if taken back to its birth-place, the *sus-egotisticus* begins to pine, for it cannot then indulge in its usual and favorite food, I.

The *sus-miles* is so called from its pugnacious; habits. It is a reasonable and tractable animal, if properly handled. It thrives in any climate with ordinary care; its chief food is pegs, weeds, and other food of that kind.

The *sus-nauticus* is so called from being amphibious; it is a difficult animal to handle. It requires strong food; night-caps are indispensable to it. It also thrives on belaying pins, mainbraces, anchors, weatherbows, and other such like strong food. Confinement to the land, and change of food, such as its congeners thrive upon, generally serves to give it a disease commonly called podagra.

The serious bore and the funny bore are so common that they need no description. The one or the other infests all countries and places. They are as well known as the sparrow at home, or the *mynah* in this country. Both of them are generally rapacious, and the only difference I can find between them is, that the effect of food on one is to make it surly, on the other to make it sociable, the difference being attributable to the better digestion of the one as compared with the other.

BHOWNREE.

THE above heading will be incomprehensible to most readers; but as it often happens that native gentlemen write to friends from distant stations where horses are not procurable, to make purchases for them, with certain restrictions as a *sine qua non*, as regards auspicious and unauspicious marks known as "bhowndree," I will partially explain to the uninitiated its meaning, and what I have picked up may be useful to others when making such purchases. To give a perfect definition of the term according to native idea would be impossible, and to find an impossible horse would be to find one without some mark, which they might, if so inclined, turn to account to suit their views as purchaser or seller.

To proceed, "Bhowndree" means literally a feather; but it applies generally to the lucky or unlucky marks on a horse, good or bad, with the prefix of "nék" or "bud," the former meaning good, the latter bad, and to be avoided.

The favorable signs are few, and as described to me by an up-country "salootree," or native veterinary surgeon are thus:—

1. *Deo-Mun* ... Meaning spiritual pedigree, shown by a twisted feather of the hair in under centre of the neck, above the chest.
2. *Do-Bágha* Two reins, or a corresponding feather on each side of the neck.
3. *Mutluck Ameon* Faithful always, shown by three feet white the fourth being the same color as the horse.
4. *Panch Kulceen* Five lines, or all four white and blaise.
5. *Kushka* Full blaise.

The unfavorable are much more numerous, and are indeed fantastic:—

1. *Sanpun* Snakey, or with feather on one side of the neck, and none on the other to respond.
2. *Ansoo Dhal* Tear-drooping feather towards the eyes.
3. *Hurdawul* Bad hearted, shown by a feather in the centre of the chest
4. *Gome* Long snakey feather under the belly.
5. *Chuttur Bhung* Demolisher of dignity. The same long snakey feather above from withers to croup.
6. *Thunnee* Prominent teats.
7. *Tágeo* Wall-eyed.

8. *Ek Undeca* ... A "rig."
9. *Urjul* ... One white foot.
10. *Kullah phâr* ... The feather on either cheek.
11. *U'dikk denthia* ... Extra or superfluous number of teeth.
11. *Gunga Bugul* ... The feather on the flank.
13. *Mendha Singhee* ... Horn marks, or feathers on either side of forehead.
14. *Sitara Peshanee* ... Very small star.

I trust the above will be some guide to purchasers, situated as I have often times been, and will prevent their coming to grief by purchasing a horse with the unfavorable signs for their native friends, so I shall be satisfied.

POOR ALI'S LANE, }
Calcutta.

DUMB JOCKEY.

THE DEATH OF TWO TIGRESSES.

DURING the rains last year, we had a number of *shikar* parties in this district, accounts of a few of which appeared in some of the numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*. As nothing has been said about the following excursion, I am induced to write a description of the death of two tigresses.

M—factory is well known as a "sure find" for two or three tigers every year, when the Ganges is high enough to drive game towards the more northern and higher parts of the district. It is at this time of the year that the southern shikarees assemble to intercept tigers leaving their old haunts, and, immediately after the inundation, returning to them. Thus, during August and October, we have a good deal of tiger shooting. The inundation last year was late; so it was not until the end of August that we formed a party for the destruction of our royal enemies.

Report said that two tigers had taken up their quarters on the banks of a tank which stood in the midst of an extensive *baree*, well known as the resort of tigers. Our host, C. S., said he had known the ground many years, and invariably, in the month of August, it held a tiger. We accordingly agreed to beat those jungles the following day. Our party consisted of C. S., H. C., J. S., F. S., and G. S., never-say-die sportsmen, and we started with fifteen well-trying elephants for the renowned tank of L—g. No sooner were we on the ground, than some *gowalas* told us of three tigers in the neighbourhood.

The tank was an oblong one, with hills all round made by the

excavations being piled along its banks. Upon these hills were huge trees, towering aloft with monkeys springing from branch to branch; beneath, brushwood and brake of every description, just the haunt a tiger seeks in very hot weather. Round this tank we beat once, and came upon the half-eaten body of a bullock, evidently belonging to a traveller, as the saddle made of hemp lay alongside, which I supposed the tiger found too tough for his teeth. All the elephants here gave signs, and became very uneasy, which told us the game was afoot. Tom was too wary, and allowed us to pass by without any demonstrations. For a moment we felt puzzled, but soon decided on leaving G. S. posted at one of the gaps between two hills, through which stretched an arm of the tank, while the rest of the line again beat round. When they reached the "kill," the elephants kicked and trumpeted as before; but this time with more reason, for out bounded a beautiful tigress in front of C. S., who fired a little too late, just as she disappeared behind the trunks of a tree, and consequently missed. The line kept on advancing towards G. S., when F. S. (behind J. S.) saw the tigress sneaking away; he pulled his trigger, but unfortunately his cap missed fire. Then J. S. and F. S. levelled their guns at the tigress together, and fired two bullets, both of which hit her severely. She bolted into a bush where the line closed round and hemmed her in on the banks of the tank right in front of G. S. Here she made an attempt to charge; but, receiving a volley from J. S., F. S., and H. C., she tumbled into the water, and disappeared for a time. That she did not cross G. S. could imperfectly see through the brushwood. Still some maintained she had crossed, while others said she must have fallen dead into the water, and sunk. To satisfy ourselves, we beat round the tank once more, and at the same time despatched an elephant to fetch some divers from an adjoining village. As we found no tigress on our way round, we concluded she must have been drowned, our conviction being strengthened when we observed that the water was muddy where she fell, while the water near the other bank of the gap was clear. Presently the divers arrived, and one fellow, on being offered a reward, dived. He did not remain long under water, but soon came up to the surface in a great fright to say the tigress was at the bottom. What put the fellow into a fright, I know not. I dare say he had an idea that the tigress was still alive. We made him dive again, and another man went with him. Between the two they fastened one end of a string to the leg of the tigress, by which we hauled her out. She was prettily marked, though not a large creature. We returned home that day without further sport, as the day was closing, and we were a great distance from home. On the next day we set out in quest of the rest of the family. Our first beat was the tank again, where people said a large tiger had been seen the previous evening soon after our quitting the jungle, but we were disappointed. We now commenced a persevering search through the adjoining *barees*. At length we came to an isolated clump of trees undergrown by *rattan* and other heavy

jungle. Our host told us to beat carefully, as this *tope* was very likely cover for a tiger. We were all in expectation, and J. S. even went so far as to imagine he saw a tiger creeping under a tree, and fired. He found, however, that some dried cane leaves drooping across the dark stump of a tree looked very like the body of a tiger. The elephants frequently gave signs in this *barce*; so we were convinced a tiger must be somewhere in it. We beat and rebeat with no success. We now began to search in the outskirts as the only other likely place. G. S., as pivot's man of the line, halted, and was looking at some water below his elephant on which there was a slight ripple. Fancying that a rat had caused the ripples, he had the curiosity to watch them. Conceive his surprise, when instead of a rat, he saw the well-known "striped jacket" emerge from the water, and creep up the bank under cover of fern leaves. He lost no time in shouldering his gun and planting a bullet into a handsome tigress. She seemed for a moment bewildered, and ran round and round, on one spot, roaring. G. S. attempted to fire, but his elephant being unsteady, backed, till G. S.'s head got among the branches of a tree. However, he got another shot at her as she bolted into the *barce*. We all followed her up closely, and beat up the jungle. Somehow or another we managed to leave her behind in one of the bushes, and so were obliged to rebeat. In doing so, J. S.'s *mahout*, seeing the tigress, exclaimed?—"There she is, sir." J. S. could not see the brute from the howdah; but on getting on to the neck of the elephant, he saw the tigress crouched under a cane bush. He fired, which made her bolt for the outskirts. We gave chase, and marked her down under a tree. Here she stood at bay, and growled savagely. When one of the elephants came near enough, she charged; but being impeded by some creepers, which stood in her way, she tried to grab at the elephant's head, by putting her arm through the jungle, and working it like a windmill. The elephant retreated, and took good care to keep out of reach. By this time J. S. came behind the tigress, and broke her spine with a bullet. Everybody now came up and fired a volley by way of settling her. We were all assembled around watching her breathe her last, and thinking of getting down to measure her, when she raised her head, and appeared as if she meant to do mischief. Another shot or two killed her outright. After duly padding her, we became solicitous for the comforts of the inner-man. Oh, reader! have you ever blessed those far-famed brewers, Bass & Co.? If not, you should join us out hunting some hot day in August. Our friend who put the first bullet into the tigress, elated with his luck, did ample justice to the tiffin and to the invigorating beverage (in which performance the rest of the party were not behind-hand), much to the delight of the niggers standing round, who took no little interest in grubbing for the empty beer and claret bottles we pitched to them. We made a few enquiries after more tigers; and being well satisfied we had still left one or two behind to be accounted for, we began to retrace our steps homeward. On our way we were hailed by the waive of a *sola topee* from a small *dinghee*, which, as we

approached, we found proceeded from our sporting friend, J. G., who had come to join our party. Imagine his disgust when we pointed to him a pad bearing home a fine tigress.

Purneah, 15th March, 1868.

PIPE.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PANGOLIA, OR MANIS.

I WAS glad to see it stated, in the last number of the *Sporting Magazine*, that a portion of it would be devoted to writers on Natural History. All true sportsmen, as opposed to sporting men, or those who only look to the head of game brought to bag after a day's hard cannonading in a battue, are something of naturalists, and have facilities of observing rarities in Nature which do not happen to others, and which, if not recorded and made public, through some such medium as this Magazine, are too often lost and forgotten. Let me then introduce a stranger, at any rate to myself, and indeed to most of the inhabitants of this region, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make the other day, in the hope that others may be induced to do likewise, should any noticeable worthy, feathered, finned, or footed, come in their way. My protégé, now under review, caused considerable sensation among the soldiers and natives when first brought in from the district by a villager, and wide and various were the guesses at its identity. Some of the soldiers pronounced it at once to be an otter; but it was soon clear, "it was nae an otter."

From the manner in which it was rolled up, its head enfolded in its tail, a species of hedgehog was then hazarded as a solution of the mysterious stranger's name, while the more scientific declared it to be an armadillo. To induce him to disclose something more of his outward characteristics, a pan of cold water was brought, and this mystical ball was forthwith dropped into it. It was soon apparent that water was not its element, for it at once uncoiled itself, and made some feeble and rather ludicrous attempts to stand up and scramble out of the pan. It was then, for the first time, revealed in all its plated majesty a scaly ant-eater, Pangolia or Manis, as I believe it is scientifically styled. It was two feet six inches in length, of which the tail was twelve inches. The whole of the body, upper as well as under, was covered with horny plates, the largest about an inch in diameter, from some of which a few hairs grew. Its head was small and narrow, without scales underneath on the neck, which the skin fitted loosely; the eye narrow and mild in expression; no teeth, but a tongue seven inches long; feet padded, and furnished with three long claws and two elementary ones on the forefeet, and

five short ones on the hind feet. Its general appearance, as it stood, balancing itself on the edge of the pan of water, was that of bland innocence, with a tinge of stupidity.

Every possible suggestion was tried to induce it to eat. All kinds of delicacies were proffered in vain, from a lot of cooked mutton chops to a raw potatoe. Ants were of course the most delicious food, but a slice of an ant-hill is an awkward thing to carry; and it was not thought advisable to trust our prize to forage for itself on so short an acquaintance. A box was procured for it, and plenty of dried grass, in which it was soon comfortably coiled up, with a wisp of the latter firmly tucked under its neck as a comforter.

It was soon clear that the confinement it had undergone or the dip in the cold water had shaken its constitution and destroyed its appetite. Nothing would induce it to relax for a moment from the position of stern reserve it had at first assumed, or to eat or drink anything. It shrank daily in size under its armour plates, until the latter fitted it much like a coat; and on the third evening after its capture, it breathed its last, gasping away its few last moments in a perfectly human manner. Its skin, or rather shell, has been preserved, and I should feel much obliged if any of your correspondents would furnish me with some account of its habits in a wild state, or would suggest any method of inducing it to take some nourishment, in case another one of the species be found and brought in. I could only learn from the natives, that it burrowed in holes, and lived on ants, both of which facts were abundantly clear from the formation of its tongue and claws. They also added, that it made use of its scaly tail to assist in excavating its dwelling. It was caught near Caubul river, in a young wheat-field. Apologizing for occupying so much of your space.

Yours, &c., &c.,
KUNOS.

[The animal described by Kunos is undoubtedly what he himself calls a *Pangolia* or *Manis*, the scaly ant-eater, a description of which with sketch, will be found in *Maudslayi's Treasury of Natural History*.—*Eds*]

THE TSAÏTSAL, OR ABYSSINIAN SPEAR-FLY.

In all sciences we are much interested in avoiding a variety of names for the same object, and in acting upon the rule, that the name by which it is first known, shall not, without good reason, be put aside for a new name. The above-mentioned fly, the dreadful scourge of Abyssinia, was first brought to this country by the traveller Bruce, who called it, as he had there heard it called, the Tzaltzala fly. It has since been brought here by Dr. Livingstone from South Africa, and it is called in his book the Tsetsé fly. Bruce had very properly conjectured it was the fly mentioned, but without its name, in Isaiah

vii. 18. "The Lord shall hiss, (or whistle) for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt." But it is to Dr. Margo-liouth that we are indebted for the remark that it is twice mentioned by name in the Hebrew Scriptures. In Deut. xxviii. 42, we read, "All thy trees and fruit of thy land shall the Tsaltsal consume:" or, in the Authorized Versions, 'the locust.' But it would seem that the writer was not well acquainted with its habits, as it does not destroy vegetables. The next passage is yet more important, because it has hitherto baffled the commentators: Isaiah, in chap. xviii. 1, addresses Abyssinia as "The land of the winged Tsaltsal, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." Here, then, we have Bruce's name for this fly supported by the Hebrew writers, and the two together should make the naturalists give up the new name lately introduced by Dr. Livingstone. In Job xli. 7, "Tsaltsal" is a spear or harpoon with which fish are killed, and hence the formidable little spikes attached to the fly's mouth may have given to it its name. In order to distinguish the insect from the piece of metal, Isaiah calls it "the winged Tsaltsal," or the spear-fly.

February, 5, 1868.

SAMUEL SHARPE.

THE MONTH.

At home the chase has fared a little better since our last remarks were penned, and steeple chases have of course followed suit; indeed we see that at Birmingham the attendance was greater than ever. But perhaps this may be owing to its being the last year of steeple chases on the old ground at Sutton-Coldfield, as builders have "seen and marked it for their own."

A good deal has appeared in the home newspapers anent an important decision on a fishery case in the Court of Queen's Bench. The question was, whether a certain weir and trap on a non-navigable river was legal, and the decision, reversing that of the Fishery Commissioners was, that the old prohibitory statutes only apply to navigable rivers. This is against the interests of the poor Salmon and of the public, but in favor of a large class of proprietors. However, this can be remedied partially, and without any real loss to proprietors by an enlargement of Queen's gaps, and an extension of the weekly close time, if found necessary.

There have been a few sales of blood-stock lately, but none of any great importance, excepting the sale of *Rosa Bonheur* for no less than 2,000 guineas to the enterprising Mr. Bleukiron. The mare is own sister to *Typee*, and is by *Tuchstone* out of *Boarding School Miss* by *Plenipo*. If horse breeders in India would spend a tenth of the above sum on an English mare now and then, including expenses to India, we think we should soon see an improvement in country-breds. We read that "the large sum of 6,000 guineas has

been refused for *Lord Clifden*, whose stock are reported to be of surpassing excellence." We are glad of this, for we confess to having always fancied him, notwithstanding his bad performance at Ascot, ever since he lost the Derby by a head, and won the most extraordinary St. Leger on record.

A proposal for a boat-race between Harvard University and Oxford has been made by the former, but the conditions that have hitherto been insisted on by "our American cousins" do not facilitate the prospect of a match. They require a straight course, and wish to row without a coxswain, and in the month of September. Oxford say there is a difficulty in getting a long, straight course in England, and more in getting together a decent crew in the long vacation, while, as regards the coxswain, each University wishes its own practice to be followed by both.

In our last issue we gave the entrances for the great spring handicaps, and we now give the acceptances, which are satisfactory to the handicappers. *Achievement* was entered for one of them, but promptly extinguished with the weight of a good second class six year old.

The great race meetings are fixed for the following dates:—Newmarket, first Spring, April 27th; Epsom, Summer, May 26th; Ascot, June 9th; Goodwood, July 28th; Doncaster, September 28th.

The first of the Spring Handicaps, viz., that of the Lincoln, was won by *Indigestion* by *Plum Pudding* out of *Sweetmeat*.

Lady Elizabeth keeps her place at the top of the quotations for both Derby and the One Thousand. And, according to Harkaway, *Rosicrucian* came next for the Derby, and first for the Two Thousand.

The course for the great Waterloo Cup is an event of the past, and has been won by Lord Lurgan's Master, Mr Grath.

An account of the proceedings at the Annual General Meeting of the Calcutta Turf Club will be found in our present number. It will be seen that some novel propositions were laid before the meeting. We cordially endorse Lieutenant-Colonel Brown's suggestion about an Indian Stud-Book, which should of course be kept by the Club. The idea of the same gentleman that horses who have rarely to run more than two miles improve in the matter of weight for age improvement between the ages of six and nine is startling, and will not perhaps find many supporters; but, as the matter has been referred to a Committee, it is to be hoped that they will consider the subject generally, and not merely as regards this particular suggestion. We insert a letter from Pegasus on this subject, to which we request attention, expressing a wish that his friend had sent us a contribution. The proposals about altering the dates of the Calcutta races, and running in the afternoon instead of the morning, as also of farming the stand, are likewise novelties; and we see the afternoon is to be tried as an experiment next season. The sun and the dust will be formidable adversaries, but we have no doubt as to the attendance being increased. We would, in conclusion, suggest to the Stewards of the Club that the exact terms on which the stand is to be let,

if this is done at all, should be very carefully stated in writing, lest the company should not be as select as the regular patrons of the stand have a right to expect, and lest self-interest should lead the *Enterprising Impressario* to turn the place into a pot-house.

In India we wind up the racing of the season with the Mooltan races, and commence another by publishing the Hyderabad, the Poonah, and Calcutta Prospectuses, which promise well. The Mysore Prospectus was in our last number. At Meerut, we hear of a few friends, as they called themselves, including a few of the sportsmen of the C. S. and station, giving the H. A. Brigade a dinner to thank them for the sport they had enjoyed with their hounds, and having presented their huntsman, young Roberts, with a cup, who well deserved the acknowledgment he has received. He is a good rider, and a rare sportsman in every way. May he continue to give them the same sport next season.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REMOUNTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—Some of your correspondents have of late done some service in keeping up the discussion on the subject of Breeding Horses in India. With regard to the Government Studs, it is pretty clear that there is a screw loose somewhere. This has been, I presume, admitted at last, for there are rumours afloat as to the probable appointment of a Commission to inspect and report on the several Government Studs.

It is not my intention to go into the question of whence the defects and failures arise, for I have not sufficient knowledge of the studs and their internal economy to do so. All I would do, is to suggest certain points for enquiry.

The Commission should request to be furnished with exact and precise information as to the mode adopted by the Council of India for purchasing stallions and mares for the stud in this country. This information is necessary to do justice to the stud officers; for, depend upon it, the Home Government will endeavour to save itself in this question by throwing any blame it can on local officers. The system is, I believe, for the Council of India to contract with a single horse-dealer in London for the supply, at a fixed price, of such entire horses and mares as the Council may require. The price for mares I do not know, but I have been told that the price for entire horses is £200. When the contractor has got a sufficient number of horses together, notice is given to the Council, and a Committee of the Council proceed with a Veterinary Surgeon to the contractor's stables or

paddocks, and inspect the horses. All up to the required number which take the eyes of the Committee, and are passed sound by the Veterinary Surgeon, are accepted at the contract price.

Horses so purchased may be, and probably are, all that is requisite in blood; but are they as a lot the sort of horses wanted out in this country? There can be no doubt that if, say, one-third on an average of the horses purchased during the last eight years had been kept at home, the stud would have benefited by their absence.

It appears to me that if the Council were to fix a place and date of show, with the price that would be given for every horse that was passed, and have these particulars advertised, they would get a better show of horses to select from, as well as a larger number, than from a single contractor.

The Agricultural Hall at Islington would be an excellent place for show, and capable of holding many times more than the Council would have submitted, and it would be convenient to all persons wishing to dispose of entire horses at the Council's price, as it would be open to all. The Agricultural Hall Authorities would make all the necessary arrangements on a small entrance fee from each intending seller.

2ndly.—What is the system of allotment of horses to mares—is there any or is there not?—is as yet left to the fancy of the officer in charge. Is there any record kept of the particular strains of blood which have nicked most successfully, and against those which have proved failures? Is care taken to continue breeding in the one case, and to desist in the other?

3rdly.—The system adopted with regard to the mares. The balance of evidence—is it in favor of home breeding, or of the Assurance system?

4thly.—The system of rearing the young stock bred and bought by the stud, is it calculated to develop all mere qualities which are required in good serviceable remounts? If not, why not?

5thly.—What are the natural capabilities of the different sites occupied by the different studs, viewed in regard to their suitability for breeding horses? Is it desirable to remove or do away with any of the existing studs? If so, what localities would be better suited, and what would be the probable expense of such removals?

6thly.—What is the real cost of the establishment? What is the cost per head of the remounts admitted into the army? Is the stud administered with proper economy? Are all its resources availed of, and made the most of? Are the lands worked as profitably as they might be?

Enquiries pushed in this direction cannot fail to elicit much information, in regard to which probably the Government is as much in the dark as the outside world.

There can be no question that the horses now bred by Government in spite of a large expenditure of money, are not what they once were. What is the cause of this? With the same establishments, in the same

localities, the same results are not arrived at. There must be some solution of this question, and the sooner it is arrived at, the better will it be for the Government and the country.

BOB.

REMOUNTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I notice in a recent number of the Magazine, an article on horses, and am glad to find the subject taken up. The writer, however, touches only generally, and omits to mention the great difficulties officers commanding Bengal Cavalry regiments labor under in mounting their men. This question being one of military importance, I am somewhat dissident in intruding professional matter in your pages. The horse, however, is my theme, and I crave your indulgence on behalf of a branch of the service which has already done the State some service, considerable service I may say, and which *must* fail in efficiency unless Her Majesty's Indian Government bestir themselves to ameliorate the present wretched state of the equine world. Your contributor above alluded to, refers to some few Bengal Cavalry Officers to testify to the difficulties which exist in regard to the purchase of horses, and the prices which now have to be paid. The complaint is a just one, and to it the energies of our legislators should be turned ere it is too late. The plain state of affairs is this—

A Cavalry Force is considered necessary, and for it to be useful (I do not mean for show, but for the arduous duties of a campaign, when it is pretty well known what share of harassing work falls to the Native Light Cavalry soldier, or Irregular as he used to be called), it must be PROPERLY mounted; or what was intended to be the *eyes and hands* of an army in the field, inevitably becomes a clog and burden to the general who has, in an enemy's country, to provide for the rations of an effete force. The Irregular of old had not so much to pay for as his successor, the Bengal Cavalry Sowar has, nor was so much expected of him, either in the shape of drill or appointments. The latter soldier has now to fall in for Brigade exercise alongside of his British comrade, and woe betide the luckless Commandant if his regiment is not up to the mark; and to enable him to do his duty to his Royal Mistress, he must have a horse under him, as an Irish friend would say, *fit*. To supply this animal is the present overwhelming difficulty, and I positively assert that it cannot be done, at least at a price *compatible with the means of the man who has to pay*. In days gone by, the Kadir Dhun and annual fairs of Hurdwar, Batisur, Muckunpore, Pokur, and Hurree Chutter, were the sources from which the rank of Irregular Cavalry regiments were recruited, and I agree with your contributor in his statement, that what could

formerly be got for about one hundred and forty rupees cannot now be procured for *two hundred*, which is, I believe, the sum the Bengal Cavalry soldier is supposed to pay.

Myself I do not believe in the existence of the good old style of country-bred; at any rate, it has not been my lot to see one of the old stamp for many a long day, and I have seen about a few. Possibly I may be in error in making this statement, but the distinguished officer alluded to in your correspondent's article previously alluded to, will doubtless correct me if I am so.

The fairs in the North-West are overrun with Calcutta dealers, (one of the blessings of the rail) and they can well afford to outbid the Bengal Cavalry man, considering what profits they are sure of in the ditch mart. What is to be done then? How is the difficulty to be met? PENDING it off is a temporary measure; more than that is required; who then is to do it? who to lend the helping hand? In plain words, I reply, THE STATE WHO WANT A CAVALRY FORCE. The Government Stud Officers are, I hear, disinclined to the introduction of *Waler* mares; but if this is the case, I fear their unfavorable judgment must be based on the mares they see in Calcutta. Let them go down to the Colony and see there what fine roomy mares are to be had for money, *no cheap averages*, but fine serviceable animals, with good antecedents! Blood we have lots of; give us some field to foster it in; at any rate, if *Walers* are not approved of, what fault is to be found with the Cape horse? To my thinking, the horses from this Colony, such as used to be imported, were about the best going. Certes, the Cape horse is inclined to fall off somewhat, very considerably behind; but take him all in all as he stood, with all credit for his *bone, blood, good feet, and hardiness* (for he is as hardy as an Arab), my word for it, a long time will, I fear, elapse before his equal is found in this country. Pray, do not suppose that I am advocating Colonials as mounts for Native Cavalry Corps; *pas de tout*, inasmuch as I do not think these large horses are suitable for the native soldier, who, in addition to thinking the animal may be a little too much for him, has an idea that he requires more grain.

An experiment is being made in some three of our Cavalry regiments in horse-breeding, and with care and watchfulness, it will, I think, succeed; at any rate, so far as that, a superior animal to the fair screw will be put into the ranks at a cheaper rate than that now prevailing. Now, would it not be worth the while of the Government who sanction this experiment, and aid it by the reported loan of a stallion, to import and give over to such regiments as are experimentalising, a few good mares, such as would be suited to the service? New stock would, at any rate, be introduced, and thereby benefit would accrue. The only cost to the State would be the first outlay in purchasing the mares, for, from the day of their being made over to any regiment, the Government should be released from any further expense in regard to keep, &c. The young stock should of course go both regiment breeding, *which, as a sine qua non, should not be inter-*

ferred with in any way by the stud officers, who should devote their attention to breeding horses fit for British regiments and Royal Artillery. If they will do that properly, their work is cut out for them. Show a return my friend in which it is fairly stated the number of horses *actually wanting to complete*, and in another column *the number cast, but still in the ranks*, and you will be astonished. Economy is all very proper; but when the efficiency of a Battery or Corps, to say nothing of its prestige, is at stake, nothing should stand in the way. I could show you a regiment of dragoons that would cut but a sorry figure after a *two month's* campaign. Horses may be fit for the routine of a cantonment, but that is the minimum of requirements. Give me a regiment fit to march consecutively for a month, and do their share of foraging and outpost duties, and I'll say matters have improved. At present, things are as bad as they well can be, and few know it better than yourselves. Of course you have heard of, and doubtless seen, the stock, or rather some of the stock of a well-known horse in the old Hissar Stud—*Brown Stout*. When shall we see the like again? But why should we not? Surely we are not retrograding in horse-breeding. Performances on the turf at home don't look like it. For that matter home reference is hardly wanted with work like that of *Vanderdecken* and *Rocket*. What we want is the right sort, and the right men to work it. Pay the money and put the right man at the helm *unfettered*; scout the idea of the homely phrase—"a twopenny tart for a halfpenny," and I'll be bound we shall see something like our old friend *Brown Stout* under our dragoons, and our Bengal Cavalry mounted on something better than the weeds they now have to appear in.

PAUL PRY.

A TURF CLUB FOR BENGAL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I notice in your issue for February a letter from a Behar Turfite, proposing that the N. N. I. Turf Club and the Calcutta Turf Club be made one. There is no N. N. I. Turf Club now in existence, nor has there been one for a long time past. A proposal was made by a member of the N. N. I. Turf Club as far back as 1863, that the Stewards of the N. N. I. Turf Club should communicate with the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club with a view to amalgamation. This was opposed by several members, on the ground that the N. N. I. Turf Club had nearly or quite double the members that the Calcutta Turf Club had. On the other hand, the members who put the proposition drew attention to the important fact, that not many more than one-third were *paying* members; whereas the Calcutta Turf Club had nearly all *paying* members. It was then proposed to write to all the non-paying members, calling upon them

to pay, and warning them that if their subscriptions were not paid within a certain time, their names would be struck out of the list of subscribers. This was carried out, and then, I believe, a proposal was made to the Calcutta Turf Club to admit the members of the N. N. I. Turf Club without a fresh donation. This was, I believe, negatived by the Calcutta Turf Club.

There are many members of the N. N. I. Turf Club who have regularly paid their subscriptions to the Club, but who feel that they can hardly afford to pay a second donation, particularly as they are not racing-men. At the same time, they would be glad to belong to the Calcutta Club if they only had to pay their subscriptions, and no fresh donation.

I feel certain that if the Calcutta Club generously opened their doors to all the members of the N. N. I. Turf Club who had paid up their donation to the N. N. I. Turf Club, and regularly paid their subscriptions, very many would join, who now in these hard times could not well afford to stump up a fresh donation.

A NORTH-WEST TURFITE.

CALCUTTA TURF CLUB RULES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—I shall be obliged by your allowing me to bring to notice in the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* one or two alterations which were made at the Annual General Meeting of the Calcutta Turf Club, on the 6th March, 1867, on the rules of racing in force under the Club. Although notified by advertisement at the time, yet, as these alterations have been made since the publication of the last edition of the Calcutta Turf Club Rules, it may not be amiss to repeat them here.

Rule 44, Cl. 2.—The fee has been lowered from five to one gold mohur. Rule 68.—This rule now runs:—"When a plate, purse, or sum of public money is added to a race, the terms of which contain no special provision regarding the second horse, if there are seven [subscriptions], and a start of three or more horses on *bond fide* separate interests, the second horse shall [receive the lowest amount of entrance money and his starting stake]; and if there are ten or more [subscriptions], and a start as above, he shall receive [double the lowest amount of entrance money, and double his starting stake].

The alterations in the above rule are noted in brackets.

The percentage payable on lotteries under Rule 3 of the Rules on lotteries has been fixed at 5 per cent. on the gross proceeds.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
J. A. CRAWFORD,
Secy., Calcutta Turf Club.

23rd March, 1868.

THE WEIGHTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I have latterly received several letters from sportsmen who take an interest in the question of revising the scale of weight for class, and especially from horse-breeders, some of whom are under the impression that I have strongly opposed in the Turf Club any change in the scale, and that the fact of no change having yet been made is in some measure attributable to that opposition.

I shall be glad if you will allow me to state in the Magazine, that this is a mistake. Proposals for different changes were made in the Magazine more than two years ago on certain specified grounds. The subject was an interesting one to sportsmen, and to those who wish to improve the breed of horses; and as (besides thinking the proposal premature at that time) it appeared to me that the particular grounds advanced were insufficient and unsound, I endeavoured to show this, and to encourage discussion on a better basis than any that had been advanced; but I have done nothing else; and, on the contrary, about two months ago, I rather tried to draw the attention of the Secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club to the subject, saying, that if any members of the Club who are disinterested in the question, and whose opinions are entitled to weight, were in favor of a change, I should not oppose it, but that I had not then heard of any of that class of sportsmen being in favor of a change.

For the rest, I can assure the breeders of horses, that there has never been a more steady advocate of justice to English horses or C. Bs., and of the encouragement of horse-breeding, than myself, and the racing public will not have failed to notice how many more races have been latterly thrown open to C. Bs. I am in hopes, too, that a further step will be taken in the next Calcutta Prospectus, and something done to encourage the importation of English horses.

But I have also received a letter from an advocate of change, which is, in my opinion, worth a good deal more than all the others that have appeared put together; for it bases the proposal on sound ground, which, to my mind, at once places the question in a different position to that which it has hitherto occupied in the Magazine. I have obtained the permission of the writer to give the purport of his letter to your readers, and I now proceed to do so.

The writer entirely agrees with me as regards every ground that has been discussed. He fully admits that there could not be a worse time than the last two years for boldly preferring the assertion that English horses cannot give Colonials a stone, when not one of the whole number of Colonials has been able to beat the only* fair specimen of an English race-horse that has been running during the period, while only the best of them all (*Vanderdecken*), when receiving a stone, has been able to run evenly with her. He also admits

* Of course a horse that can neither stay nor carry weight, such as *Silver Star*, is not a specimen of the ordinary average English race-horse that runs in India.

that the C. Bs. of the present day are inferior, and goes so far as to say that most of them should not be run at all. He further admits that Colonials, as a whole class, have not made any decided improvement, as there are as many bad and indifferent ones as ever. But he bases his proposal for a change on the ground—for the last three or four years some two or three new Colonials of a superior stamp have appeared every year; and that though these do not make a class, still they affect the racing considerably, and, besides that, discourage breeders of C. Bs.; so that altogether these performances, *taken with our present prospects*, warrant a moderate change in the scale. He finally asks me whether I do not think the question has advanced a step since I began to discuss the grounds of proposals advanced in the Magazine two years ago, and whether, with the additional performances of the season just over, I do not think there is good reason to assume that the improvement is not a temporary one, as has so often occurred before in the annals of the Indian Turf, but an improvement that is progressing, and is likely to ultimately affect nearly, if not quite, the whole class of Colonials sent to India for racing purposes.

Here the question has been properly raised on grounds that will stand a thorough investigation, whatever differences of opinion there may be, and I venture to say, that it is the only shape in which it should be considered by those who take an interest in the subject.

Certainly the question *has* advanced during these two years very considerably. Indeed, it may be said that it does not follow that a change that appears precipitate on almost any ground at one time, may not appear desirable after the further experience of two years. Though I wrote against a change which was proposed two years ago, on grounds, most of which appeared to me to have no existence in fact, I have for some time been observing, not only what has taken place in this country, but in Australia also, and the numbers of first-class English stallions and mares that have been imported into Australia during the last three or four years lead me to think, that the improvement in the breed of horses in that colony will not only be permanent, but, as my friend thinks, will progress. I have all along thought that, though a change was not called for in the end of 1865, still, if Australian breeders continued their efforts at improvement, one would in all probability be required, say in five years' time, or 1870.

To that opinion I am inclined to adhere still, and that it would be advisable to try the experience of another season to see if three or four more new good Colonials come out, we should also in that case have a chance of seeing these good Colonials run against some three or four fair specimens of English race-horses, as I hear that no less than seven new ones (this includes *May Fair* by the way, if she is not utterly done for by being run during the last season when quite unfit) are to be entered for next year. Still a year's difference

will not much matter, and the performances of *Favorite*, *Nancy*, and *Bellona*, have strengthened the Colonials. If, therefore, any of the leading men in the 'Turf Club propose a change for next season, there will be no opposition from me, and I shall be glad to assist in considering what it ought to be, if my assistance is wanted.

There is one point, by the way, in which I cannot agree with my friend. I think that the superiority of a few Colonials each year, at the present weights, have, so far from discouraging breeders of C. Bs., had a directly contrary effect; for it has brought seven thorough bred English mares to Bengal and Behar during 1867 for breeding purposes.

Yours faithfully,
PEGASUS.

THE WEIGHTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—B. B., in his letter on Class Weights, in the March number of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, states that *Adversary*, in a private trial on the Sonepore Course in 1860, did the race-course in 2m. 59s. with 7st. up. Such was not the case. *Adversary* never carried so light a weight as 7st. in his work. In the private trial referred, to he carried 8st. 2lbs., and ran the race-course in 3m. 2s. This was on the 17th November, and on the 20th idem, *Adversary*, carrying 9st. 4lbs., and *Adeine* 9st. 1lb. (both country-breds, and from the same stable), did the race-course in 3m. 3s., while *Adversary* could have done it in 10s. less if required. He was never pushed in any of his Sonepore races, not even when he ran the two miles against *Maydew* for the Sonepore Cup, and won it in 3m. 52s., making his own running, and passing the post in the commonest of canters.

Adversary was always considered good enough to do two miles in 3m. 44s. with 9st. up. Indeed the following year, on the Calcutta Course, he ran that distance on three legs in 3m. 47s.; but was beaten by the English mare *Vollige*, who only gave him 10lbs. in the race.

McGiveron, who trained and rode *Adversary* in all his races, was asked, during the Sonepore 1860 Meeting, if he would run the horse against time, undertaking to do the distance under 2m. 59s.; but owing to the horse's numerous engagements, he at once declined the challenge.

Adversary is the best country-bred that has yet appeared in public; if, as I believe, he is for sale, Government might do a worse thing than buy so desirable a horse for stud purposes. He is as thoroughbred as any horse in England. His sire was *Crassus* by *Emilius*, (winner of the Derby) out of *Variation*, (winner of the Oaks) and his dam was *Angatonist* by *Venison*. *Antagonist* was well known on the Turf in India as being unconquerable. It may not perhaps be

generally known, that an offer of Rs. 20,000 in cash was refused for *Adversary* during Sonepore Meeting of 1860.

25th March, 1868.

A. P. M.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—In my account of the last Sonepore Meeting published in your January number, there occurs the following passage relating to the late Dr. Rimmer's nominations and horses:—

"Mr. Freeman was allowed to take up the nominations and run the horses; but the latter all got rheumatism, owing, it is said, to a very curious and novel proceeding in training race-horses, *viz.*, bathing them in cold water after a sweat."

The gentleman who trained the horses has just assured me that the report in question, which was the subject of common conversation at Sonepore, was quite incorrect, and that no such treatment was adopted. He attributes the rheumatism to the dampness of the stables in which the horses were, and gives instances of other horses getting rheumatism in the same stables in past years. He further requests me to have a statement to this effect made public through your pages. I shall therefore feel obliged if you will publish this letter in your next number.

Yours faithfully,
PEGASUS.

CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB was held at the Race Stand, Calcutta, at 7 A. M. on Saturday, the 14th March, 1868.

PRESENT :

J. BECKWITH, Esq.		LIEUT.-COLONEL M. J. TURNBULL.
C. MARTEN, Esq.		LIEUT.-COLONEL B. WALTON.
LIEUT.-COLONEL SEYMOUR BLANE.		LIEUT.-COLONEL R. N. RAIKES.
MAJOR THE HON'BLE W. HARBORD.		J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq.

LIEUT.-COLONEL M. J. TURNBULL, *in the Chair.*

The accounts for 1867 were laid on the table, showing a balance in favor of the Club on the 1st January, 1868, of Rs. 1,242-7-10, and were passed.

The Secretary was authorized to draw a Cheque for Rs. 56-2 to reimburse himself for petty charges defrayed by him.

Sanction was also given to a monthly charge of Rs. 10 for a writer.

The election of Stewards for the current year then took place, and the following gentlemen were elected:—

Lord Ulick Browne, c. s.	Lieut.-Colonel T. James.
Lieut.-Colonel M. J. Turnbull.	Lieut.-Colonel Seymour Blane.
J. A. Crawford, c. s., <i>Secretary</i> .	

The Meeting then proceeded to elect the Stewards of the Calcutta Races for the Season 1868-69, and the following gentlemen were elected:—

Lord Ulick Browne, c. s.	Major W. R. C. Mylne.
J. Beckwith, Esq.	C. Marten, Esq., <i>Secretary</i> .
Lieut.-Colonel S. Blane.	W. Pritchard, Esq., <i>Clerk of the Course</i> .
J. A. Crawford, c. s.	J. A. Crawford, Esq., c. s., <i>Judge</i> .

The undermentioned gentlemen were proposed as Members of the Club, the Ballot to close on the 21st March at 6-30 A.M.

G. B. Lewis, Esq.,—

Proposed by Lieut.-Colonel S. Blane,
Seconded by J. A. Crawford, Esq.

Major W. R. C. Mylne, Staff Corps,—

Proposed by J. A. Crawford, Esq.
Seconded by J. Beckwith, Esq.

Read a letter from Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Browne on the subject of forming a Stud Book for India.

Resolved, that the subject be referred to the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club for report.

Read a letter from Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Brown on the subject of altering the weights for age and class.

Resolved, that the subject be referred for report to a Committee composed of Lord Ulick Browne, c. s., J. Beckwith, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel Seymour Blane, and J. A. Crawford, Esq.

Read a letter from Lieut.-Colonel S. Blane on the following subjects:—

1.—Running in the afternoon instead of the morning.

Resolved, that the Races for 1868-69 be run in the afternoon as an experiment.

2.—Alteration of the usual date of the 1st and 2nd Meetings.

Resolved, that the question be left to the Stewards of the Calcutta Races for disposal.

3.—Farming the Stand during the two Meetings.

Resolved, that the subject be referred to Colonel Turnbull, Colonel Blane, Colonel Walton, and Major Mylne for report.

4.—Altering the course to $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile exactly.

Referred to the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club to take evidence if necessary.

5.—Fees to Jockies.

Resolved, that when not otherwise settled by private agreement, the fees to Jockies shall be as below—

European Jockies	Winning Mounts	...	Rs. 80
	Loosing	„	40
Native Jockies	Winning	„	50
	Loosing	„	25

The Meeting broke up with a vote of thanks to the Chair.

M. J. TURNBULL, LIEUT.-COLONEL,

J. A. CRAWFORD,

Chairman.

Secy., Calcutta Turf Club.

THE SECRETARY,

Calcutta Turf Club.

DEAR SIR,—A Stud Book for India, issued under official authority, is a desideratum. I propose therefore that a book of the sort be commenced; that all breeders in any of the Presidencies be invited to send in the names of their mares, and from time to time to send in the date of birth of their foals. An advertisement to this effect might be inserted with great advantage in the papers in this Presidency, and in those of the sister Presidencies. I will undertake to set such a book going, but I ought not to be the keeper of it, as I am myself a breeder.

I further propose that no horse be allowed to run for the Produce Stakes whose dam's name is not entered in the Stud Book.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,
E. L. BROWN.

To

THE SECRETARY,

Calcutta Turf Club.

DEAR SIR,—My propositions to add 21lbs. to the weight all round in purely Arab and C. B. races, and that when the lowest weight in a race exceeds 8 stone, that it be reduced to 8 stone, and the rest in proportion, are, I believe, under consideration.

I now make another proposition, which I trust, may be deemed worthy of putting before the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club.

It has struck me forcibly that Walers are not at the height of their excellence when they attain the age of six. It was anticipated by the framers of the present weight for age and class weights, that English

horses were as good at six as they are subsequently; but I think that all will concede that riper years added much to *Morning Star's* excellence; and if the growth of English horses, which is preternaturally forced, does not prevent improvement after arriving at the mature age of six, surely it may be opined that the Waler must keep on improving till he is nine or ten, and any Arab merchant will tell you that the Arab is not in his proper form till he is nine. I have therefore drawn up the following scale in which I make room for the English horse improving up to seven, and the Waler and Arab up to nine:—

		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
English	...	8-7	9-4	9-9	9-12	10-0	10-0	10-0
Colonial	..	7-0	8-4	9-0	9-3	9-9	9-12	10-0
Country-bred	...	7-0	8-0	8-5	8-7	8-7	8-7	8-7
Arab	...	6-0	7-0	7-5	7-7	7-9	7-12	8-0

I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,
C. L. BROWN.

MEMORANDUM on various points connected with Racing on the Calcutta Course next Season.

I have always thought, and I now hold the opinion more strongly than ever, that our races would be more popular and much better attended if they took place in the afternoon.

Times are changed, and it appears to me that we must change with them. There were formerly no amusements to occupy the evenings, and keep people up late at night. There is now an Opera, a Theatre, and there will probably be a circus here every cold weather, and neither ladies nor gentlemen care to get up at 6 A. M., after attending either of the above places of amusement, and it is, I maintain, a very great object to induce ladies to attend the races, for where they are, there will the men be also!

There is a very large majority in favor of running in the afternoon.

In the first meeting the races might commence soon after 3 P.M., and in the second meeting at 4 P.M. Mr. Lewis, the Sporting Proprietor of the Theatre, is prepared, should we decide on running in the afternoon, to hire the Stand from the Turf Club, and to guarantee five cups or purses, none to be of less value than Rs. 500, and two of them probably worth Rs. 800. I am aware of only two objections to

the above proposal. It will be said that horses will not run so well in the afternoon. I am by no means sure of this; but even were it the case, I don't think owners ought to be considered before the public; at any rate, it will affect all the horses equally. Again, it may be urged that the stand is on the wrong side of the course for the evening sun. This is certainly true, but a proper arrangement of shades would obviate much of this; and as ladies go to cricket matches at 3 P. M. in December and January, there is little doubt they would come to races at the same hour.

Now that the railway has rendered it a perfectly easy matter to reach Calcutta from Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Meerut, Allahabad, and Benares in a couple of days, I submit that it evinces a want of consideration towards the officers

quartered in those stations to fix the meeting at a time which renders it possible for any of them to attend without asking for "general" leave, which very few of them care to do. I have heard and received many complaints on this point. I therefore propose that the 1st meeting, next season, be fixed for Saturday, the 19th December.

I earnestly recommend to my colleagues and the Turf Club the adoption of the above two proposals.

The fees payable to Jockies for riding are not fixed by rule, and I think this omission should be rectified. I propose that European Jockies should receive Rs. 80 for winning, and Rs. 40 for losing, and that Native Jockies should receive Rs. 50 for winning, and Rs. 25 for losing.

The turn at the *Stable* corner of the Course should be made much less sharp than at present. This could, I think, be done without any difficulty, making the Course exactly $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile round.

SEYMOUR BLANE.

To the Stewards of the Turf Club.

" " " *Races.*

" " " *General Meeting.*

CALCUTTA: }
25th February, 1868.

SATURDAY, 21st MARCH, 1868.

An ORDINARY MEETING of the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB was held at the Race Stand this day at 6-30, A. M.

PRESENT:

MESSRS. BECKWITH & CRAWFORD.
COLONEL M. J. TURNBULL.

LIEUT.-COLONEL S. BLANE.
LIEUT.-COLONEL B. WALTON.

~ LIEUT.-COLONEL S. BLANE *in the Chair.*

Mr. G. B. Lewis and Major W. R. C. Mylne were elected Members of the Club.

The following gentlemen were proposed as Members of the Club, ballot to close on Saturday, 28th instant, at 6-30 A. M. :—

J. Middleton Scott, Esq.,—

Proposed by Colonel M. J. Turnbull,

Seconded by Lieut.-Colonel B. Walton.

Captain H. P. Peacock,—

Proposed by Lieut.-Colonel S. Blane,

Seconded by Colonel M. J. Turnbull.

Tuesday, the 24th instant, was fixed as the first day for meeting of the Stewards of the Races, to settle the prospectus for the year 1868-69. Time 6-30 A. M.

Mr. Charles Hartly having addressed the Stewards of the Races by letter tendering his resignation of the Secretaryship of the Calcutta Races, the letter was, by order of the Stewards of the Calcutta Races, transferred to the Secretary to the Calcutta Turf Club for submission to the Stewards of the Turf Club.

The Meeting resolved that before taking any definite steps for appointing a successor, the Stewards be requested to ascertain who would be willing to undertake the duties of the Secretaryship, and then to call a General Meeting to appoint a Secretary.

Some discussion ensued as to the propriety of a formal recognition by the Club of the services of Mr. Charles Hartley, and Mr. G. J. Wallace, for so many years past as Secretary of the Calcutta Races and Clerk of the Course respectively.

Resolved, that Colonel M. J. Turnbull be requested to put his views in the form of a substantive proposition for submission to the next Ordinary Meeting on the 28th instant.

SEYMOUR BLANE, LIEUT.-COLONEL,

Secretary.

J. A. CRAWFORD,

Secy., Calcutta Turf Club.

SATURDAY, 4TH APRIL, 1868.

AN ORDINARY MEETING of the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB was held at the Race Stand this day at 6-30 A. M.

PRESENT :

LIEUT.-COLONEL M. J. TURNBULL. J. BECKWITH, Esq.

MAJOR W. R. E. MYLNE.

J. MIDDLETON SCOTT, Esq.

C. MARTEN, Esq.

J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq.

LIEUT.-COLONEL S. BLANE *in the Chair.*

Inspecting Veterinary Surgeon W. Johnson was elected a Member. The report of the Committee appointed to consider the subject of leasing the stand to Mr. Lewis was read.

Resolved unanimously that the Committee's report be adopted.

(Signed) SEYMOUR BLANE,

J. A. CRAWFORD, *Secretary.*

Chairman.

Report of the Committee named at a General Meeting of the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB to consider Mr. G. B. Lewis's proposal to hire the Stand for the two Calcutta Meetings, 1868-1869.

The Committee have considered attentively the returns showing the amount of public money subscribed to the races for the last three years, furnished by the Secretary. From these returns it appears that the amount has steadily decreased, and that the subscriptions for the last season (1867-1868) were less by nearly Rs. 1,800 than the subscriptions in 1865-66.

Under the present system, subscribers of *one* gold mohur are entitled to a ticket for the grand stand for both meetings. The Committee, therefore, in order to arrive at the amount which the sum paid for entrance to the stand brings to the Race Fund, have deducted one gold mohur from the amount given by each subscriber, and allowed a certain sum in addition for cash paid at the gate by gentlemen visiting Calcutta for one or two days during the races.

On the above calculation, the entrance money to the grand stand amounts, taking the average of the last three years, to Rs. 4,700.

Mr. Lewis has offered Rs. 5,000 for the stand and the reserved ground on either side of it, for the two meetings, and engages to charge only Rs. 2 for admittance each day. Considering the falling off in the subscriptions, and the very small charge for entrance, the Committee strongly recommend that Mr. Lewis's offer be accepted, and that the Secretary should pay Mr. Lewis one gold mohur for every subscriber on the Secretary's list. Ladies will be admitted free.

The Committee would recommend that in September or October next, Mr. Lewis be requested to give some formal undertaking to carry out the above engagements, and are unanimous in recommending the Stewards to accede to his proposals.

M. J. TURNBULL.
SEYMOUR BLANE.
B. WALTON.
W. R. G. MYLNE.

Calcutta, 27th March, 1868.
To the Secretary, Calcutta Turf Club.

EXTRACTS.

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

I beg to furnish particulars regarding the panther shot by me, and the injuries caused on the morning of the 9th of January. On my return from the Jail, a native informed me that a panther was in the adjacent fields (back of the Jail,) which had already bitten two natives. On receipt of this information I went home, loaded, and went after the animal. On reaching the spot, I found a vast number of natives surrounding the field in which the animal was, but out of the number, not one would venture into the *cholum* field, which was above six feet high. I directed two constables to follow me into the field, but they withheld on reaching. I entered at once, and was about firing when I gave instructions to the constables to clear the crowd; while doing this the animal made for me; as it was coming, I fired and struck it on the right shoulder; immediately after the animal sprang on me, and caught me by the shoulders. I then threw him full on the ground; he immediately rushed on to me and attempted to fasten on my throat; I however forced my right hand under his jaws, and loosened the hold on my throat; he then fastened on my left shoulder; this time I received a bite on the throat, and he sunk five or six teeth in my left shoulder, one of which was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep; this happened after he had thrown me. The way I got rid of him was by twining my legs around his body to throw him; he then slipped and ran into an adjacent brinjall field. I again loaded, and went after him. On reaching the place I could not get a sight of him. A pensioned Rajpoot Havildar, Doorga Persaud, who had just come, took a sword and entered the bush where the animal was, when it sprang on him unawares and bit him. I ran up and fired at the animal, and put the bullet through his left side. I then brought the Havildar out, and Mr. Gillespie, who was at that time at the spot, dressed the wounds, which, however, caused his death on the 22nd ultimo. I then got tom-toms to try and beat the animal out of the bush, but it was of no avail. I loaded again and went into the bush, searching for the animal, but before I could observe him he sprang at me; and as he was in the act of doing so I fired; he was on me; twice I again threw the animal, and the third time he threw me, and caught me on the left shoulder again and sunk five or more of his teeth. The animal would very likely have killed me, but that he had been wounded and was weak from the loss of blood. On my twining my right leg on him the third time to attempt to throw him off, he left me and made off for the bush. I followed him, but could not sight him. I felt then very weak and went under a tree, when Mr. Gillespie, the Medical Officer in charge of the station, saw me and advised me to return, as I was bleeding profusely, but before doing so, I advised the village authorities not to meddle with the animal, as I would return and kill it after my wounds were dressed; but after half an hour the animal was brought to me dead. On inquiring, I found that during my absence, an inhabitant of Chicacole ventured at the animal with only a sword; it made for him and bit him too; while it was on him, a Constable of the Jail-guard ran up and bayoneted him. The animal was at its last stage when this occurred. The animal is of the panther class, full grown, being in length six cubits. I beg to attach a certificate from the Medical Officer regarding the state of my wounds.

Mr. D. Gillespie, Apothecary in Medical charge of the Civil Station Chicacole, certified as follows:—

This is to certify that Mr. Thomas Reay, Jailor at Chicacole, suffered severely from the bites of a panther; one of the wounds was about an inch or more in depth, and about an inch in length, and several other smaller wounds on the left and right shoulders, and one on the right side of his throat; these wounds were, in my opinion, of a dangerous nature.

In an order dated 13th March, the Governor in Council was pleased to sanction the payment of a reward of Rupees fifty to Mr. Reay for his gallant conduct in attacking, and disabling a very dangerous panther, and also of a reward of Rupees fifteen to Lalamlah for the assistance he afforded on the occasion.—*Mudras Athenæum*.

PIDGIN ENGLISH VERSION OF NORVAL'S ADDRESS.

The following curious composition I accidentally discovered in the wrapper of a paper in which a friend had sent me a cheeroot-case from Japan, which I enclose, if you think fit, for publication for the edification of "Pips," who may be induced, on seeing it, to try his hand to give us something better in a more Sporting style.

M. T.

My name belong Norval, topside that Glampian hillce
 My father, you savee my father, makee pay chow-chow he sheep;
 He swallo heartee man, too muchee take care that dolla, gallo?
 So fashion he wantchee keep my, counta one piecie chilo, stop he own side,
 My no wantchee: Wantchee long that larggee mandoli, go knoekee alla man:
 Littee teem, Joss pay my what thing my father no like pay;
 That moon last nightee get up lounce, alla same my hat,
 No go full up, no got square; that plenty piecie
 That lobbet-man, too muchee qui-si, alla same that tiger.
 Chop-chop come down that hillce, chatchie that sheep long that cow.
 That man, custom take care, too muchee quick lun way.
 My one piecie owne spy eye, look see that laddone man, what side he walkee.
 Hy-yah no good chimcie, findie he, lun catchie my llen:
 Too piecie loon choon lun chatchie that lobbet nrm! he
 No can walkee welly quick, he pocket too much full up
 So fashion knoekee he larggee; he head man no got shutte far
 My knoekee he head. Hi-Yah My No 1 stlong man!
 Catchie he jacket long he tlousa, gallo! You likee look see?
 My go puttee on jut cow. My go home largie heart just now.
 My no like take care that sheep. So fashion my hear you got lightee this Side.
 My takie one servaat, come your country, come helpie you
 He heart, all same cow, too muchie fear lun away,
 Masquie. Joss take care pay my come you house.

BRIGHTON BY EASY STAGES.

"All the world's a stage!"

WHEN people are accustomed to travel at thirty or forty miles an hour, it is rather slow work to go at ten or twelve. But it is quite one thing to travel for pleasure, and another to find pleasure in travelling. When a man is popped into

a railway carriage as a brownpaper parcel, and then hurled through the country like a cyclone, he can have but little notion of the scenery he catches spasmodic glimpses of as he rushes by; nor can he take much pleasure in the act of being rattled along two iron rails drawn like Euclid's parallel lines, and apparently like them, made up of points. Railway travelling, regarded merely as travelling, can hardly be said to be an interesting or agreeable mode of passing a day. Novelty, certainly, has something charming in it, and a coach in these days may be considered at once as a new, and to the elder among us as an old, friend, bringing back to the old thoughts and feelings long since supposed to be dead and buried, and raising ideas of wonder among the young as to the way in which the world could have got along before they were born. After this little "bolt out of the course," we come to the relation of our adventures in the coaching, and not the railway line. Feeling more than ever the penetration and natural shrewdness of the lawyer's clerk, who wished that "every night was Saturday night," and every "day was Sunday," though differing from him in the latter point, as it would have deprived us of our expected jaunt (the coaches not being Sabbath-breakers), we arrived at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, about a quarter before twelve o'clock on Saturday. The morning was unpleasantly damp, but the ardent spirits of a coach traveller are not so easily extinguished. Just glancing at the coach itself and its appointments, we noticed that the vehicle was admirably got up in the regular old coaching style, with guard and horn all complete. The horses appeared a capital team, leaders a shade smaller than the wheelers, and well matched in point of shape and appearance. Precisely at twelve o'clock we started with a horn obligato accompaniment along Piccadilly, and down Waterloo Place, admirably driven through the crowd of things upon wheels by Mr. Angell. The rain was coming down in a way that suggested an overflow of the cisterns, or a bursting of the pipes up above, and a footfaller and a duck would alike have been in their element. But, notwithstanding, on we merrily rattled past crowds of people standing under dripping shop awnings, and apparently waiting for the rain to cease. Vain hope! the further we went the faster it came down. Had not Pratt, the coachman, obligingly shared his waterproof wrapper with us, we fear our earthly course would have been run, our last stage performed, and ourselves, as well as our place, booked. The moisture dripped pleasantly from the brim of our hat and ran down our nose, extinguished our pipe, which it was hopeless to attempt to light again, and forced its way into our mouth, whenever we ventured to say a word, in a manner that was enough to shut any one up. But when we had cleared Kennington, and the long lines of dreary Brixton villas, and were bowling along through Streatham, our spirits once more began to rise, and a glass of excellent 'bitter,' which we took as a corrective to the water at our first stage, enabled us to bear up pretty well. We reached the 'William IV.' at Streatham in fifty minutes from the start, and putting to four fresh horses, off we went again. The beautiful richness of the colour of the fields was very striking as compared with the exquisite pale peargreen of the hedges, just putting forth their delicate leaves, and scenting the air with the delicious fragrance of the 'country.' We soon entered the quaint old street of Croydon, with the signboards of the principal inns across the street, looking as if the inhabitants had an eye to escaping from fire, should it occur, by 'walking the plank,' and stopped for a moment at the 'Greyhound,' where the whole concern reminded the little knot of on-lookers of a large boiling tea-kettle, so completely were we enveloped in clouds of steam. Of course the wags remarked at once that we appeared to have got the 'steam up.' Who would not be a wag? Our next stage was the 'Windsor Castle' on the Brighton Road, about a mile out of Croydon, where we changed again, and then

rolled along that splendid bit of level 'going,' which reminds one of the old Roman roads, so straight and smooth. There were only two outside passengers besides ourselves who faced the pelting shower. One of them had come for pleasure, and was going to return with the other coach from Horley. He dis-coursed pleasantly upon coaches and coaching, and said they were one of the wheels of the glorious British Constitution. It was suggested that when coaching was relinquished it was an 'off wheel.' He smiled faintly, and said it was not bad, and then relapsed into melancholy silence. And now we came to the queer old Merstham church, and pulled up at 'The Cottage of Content' for fresh horse-power. This procured, we started on our 'watery path' once more, passing through Redhill, with the Earlswood Asylum on our left, whose inhabitants probably mistook us for a fresh batch just arrived. Then we proceeded gaily over the wide expanse of common, with what would have been a beautiful prospect before us, had the weather been more favourable. Horley is the point selected for refreshing the inner man; and as we turned round the corner of 'The Chequers,' where we were to lunch, we were charmed with the pretty situation of the inn; the green before the door, the pond, and trees gave an aspect of rural simplicity and freshness to the place. Nearly wet through, we proceeded to attack a capital cold lunch, to which we all did ample justice. Being emboldened by Mr. Pratt's praises to taste the cold leg of mutton at the bottom of the table, we found ourselves so much taken with its merits that we were upon the point of putting the remainder under our arm, and taking it on to Brighton with us. Upon reflection, however, we felt that, however unobjectionable 'sheep's eyes' may be under some circumstances, pocketing sheep's legs would be thought a breach of decorum quite inadmissible. So with a sigh of regret we gave up the idea. The coach from Brighton driven by Tedder, formerly on the Oxford line of road, now arrived, but there was a very meagre show of passengers, either outside or in. When lunch was finished, we found the coach ready to start again, and here Mr. Angell handed us over to the tender mercies of Tedder, after having toolled us in first-rate style thus far. The weather had now picked up a little, and the sun, like strong man in a crowd of boys, had begun to knock the clouds right and left, and show his face. We left the pretty little green, the trees, and pond before the door, and luncheon with regret, and once more were on the road. Many animals are so altered by breeding that it would be quite impossible even for Mr. Darwin to imagine what the original was like from an inspection of the improved copy. It is, nevertheless, a strange freak to breed sheep with white body and black heads. We saw some of this kind in a field shortly after leaving Horley. The day was now fine, and a beautiful breeze blowing already wafted the briny smell of the ocean to us, and thus, in fine style, we rattled into Crawley at 3-10. On going into the bar of the 'George,' where we changed, we were rather astonished to see ourselves surrounded by a number of pigeons coolly walking about; indeed, we were almost inclined to ask them what they were going to stand, but the horn warned us that 'boot and saddle' was the word, and once more we mounted our lofty post. From Crawley to Handcross the country is very pretty, and we got to the 'Red Lion' at 4-10. We were much amused at a picture we observed in the 'Red Lion' of a most forlorn-looking dog lying dead among some barrels of beer, or other strong drink, with the melancholy inscription, 'Poor Trust is dead; had pay killed him.' We confess that had we been on a coroner's jury, to discover the cause of the animal's unhappy end, we should have found a verdict of 'Died from bad beer,' as he had a very dropsical and bloated look about him. Off again! And now the beautiful green of the fields and hedges was interspersed here and there with the pale primrose, and the violets, peeping out like stars on a cloudy night, made the banks and the air alike delicious. How

charmingly, after a shower of rain, do these lovely spring flowers seem to pour forth their thanks to heaven for the relief it gives them, in an increased fragrance which renders balmy the surrounding air! Musing upon these things we reached Cuckfield, where we changed again at the 'King's Head' at 4-35. On leaving here we had an animated race with a wagonette, in which were two grooins. They kept ahead for some little distance, till we came to the bottom of a short hill, when Tedder letting the horses come away, we won literally in a canter, and saw their faces no more. At 5-10 we reached the 'Friar's Oak,' where we again 'put to' a fresh team. This was our last change, and we plucked up ourselves again for the final run into Brighton. The rain, which had been coming down for some little time past, was now suddenly illuminated by the god of day, and a beautiful double rainbow was the result. On the left some breezy downs were dotted with sheep and lambs, which at a little distance forcibly brought to mind the trays of silkworms, large and small together, which used to delight us in early days. Amid the blowing of horn, and the gaze of crowds of people, we trotted through the streets of Brighton, and arrived at the 'Albion' at 6-1, having performed the whole journey, including changes, and twenty minutes at Horley for lunch, in six hours.

A more enjoyable day we have seldom spent. Had the weather been fine nothing would have been wanting. A coach is a sociable conveyance. It is an event. Everybody in a village must come to their doors to look at, and cheer it as it passes. Even the 'Maids of Merry England' lose their native bashfulness as it passes by, and, radiant with blushes, wave their hands in friendly welcome. In several towns we passed through we noticed the head of the 'oldest inhabitant' looking through an upper-floor window, and feebly endeavouring to remember when and where he had seen anything like that before. We can safely recommend our readers to take a trip by this old English conveyance, and we doubt much whether 'eight hours at the Seaside' would do any one half as much good as 'six hours on the Brighton Coach.'—*Bayley's Monthly Magazine*, Feb., 1868.

THE LORD OF THE VALLEY.

A STAG-HUNTER'S SONG.

By G. J. Whyte Melville.

HUNTERS are fretting, and backs in a lather,
 Sportsmen arriving from left and from right,
 Bridle-roads bringing them, see how they gather!
 Dotting the meadows in scarlet and white.
 Foot-people staring, and horsemen preparing;
 Now there's a murmur—a stir—and a shout!
 Fresh from his carriage, as bridegroom in marriage,
 The Lord of the Valley leaps gallantly out.

Time, the Avenger, neglecting, or scorning,
 Gazes about him in beautiful disdain,
 Lingers to toy with the whisper of morning,
 Daintily, airily paces the plain.

Then in a second, his course having reckoned,
 Line that all Leicestershire cannot surpass,
 Fleet as a swallow, when summer winds follow,
 The Lord of the Valley skins over the grass.

Where shall we take him? Ah! now for the tussle,
 These are the beauties can stoop and can fly;
 Down go their noses, together they bustle,
 Dashing and flinging, and scorning to cry!
 Never stand dreaming, while yonder they're streaming;
 If ever you meant it, man, mean it to-day!
 Bold ones are riding, and fast ones are striding,
 The Lord of the Valley is Forward! Away!

Hard on his track, o'er the open and facing,
 The cream of the country, the pick of the chase,
 Mute as a dream, his pursuers are racing,
 Silence, you know, is the criterion of *pace*!
 Swarming and driving, while man and horse striving
 By cramming and hugging, scarce live with them still;
 The fastest are failing, the truest are tailing,
 The Lord of the Valley is over the hill!

Yonder a steed is rolled up with his master;
 Here, in a double, another lies cast;
 Thicker and faster come grief and disaster,
 All but the good ones are weeded at last.
 Hunters so limber, at water and timber,
 Now on the causeway are fain to be led;
 Beat, but still going, a countryman sowing
 Has sighted the Lord of the Valley ahead.

There in the bottom, sec, sluggish and idle,
 Steals the dark stream where the willow-tree grows!
 Harden your heart, and catch hold of your bridle!
 Steady him—rouse him—and over he goes!
 Look! in a minute a dozen are in it!
 But Forward! Hark Forward! for draggled and blown,
 A check though desiring, with courage untiring
 The Lord of the Valley is holding his own.

Onward we struggle in sorrow and labour,
 Lurching, and lobbing, and 'bellows to mend';
 Each, while he smiles at the plight of his neighbour,
 Only is anxious to get to the end.
 Horses are flagging, hounds drooping and lagging,
 Yet gathering down yonder, where, press as they may,
 Mobbed, driven, and haunted, but game and undaunted,
 The Lord of the Valley stands proudly at bay!

Then here's to the Baron, and all his supporters—
 The thrusters—the skitters—the whole of the tale ;
 And here's to the fairest of all hunting quarters,
 The widest of pastures—three cheers for the Vale !*
 For the lovely she-rider, the rogue, who beside her,
 Finds breath in a gallop his suit to advance ;
 The hounds, for our pleasure, that time us the measure,
 The Lord of the Valley that leads us the dance !

—*Bayley's Monthly Magazine, February, 1868.*

“OUR VAN.”

OUR Obituary is happily a brief one this month, but it contains the name of one who was as dear to Hampshire as William Scott to Yorkshire, and one who will be remembered in its annals as long as the other. Alfred Day, to whom this remark applies, was no ordinary jockey ; and he shone in a time when there were good men to compare him with, as they say of a Derby horse in a good year. And when we call to mind that he flourished when ‘Little Nat’ was wearing the dark blue and silver of Mr. Greville, and the black and white stripes of Mr. Payne ; when Frank Butler was visible in the all black of Mr. Bowes, and the all white of General Anson ; when Job Marson donned the spots of Lord Zetland and the cherry of Sir Joseph and Mr. Massey Stanley, the excellence of his riding became more apparent, for each in his turn had to yield to him. The biographies which have already appeared of him in ‘Bell’s Life’ and ‘The Sporting Gazette’ have robbed us of the opportunity of giving his history in detail, for we are decidedly averse to inflicting a second-told tale on our readers. But while memory is preserved to us, we shall never forget when, with Vivandiere, he had the best of Nat on Iris, when Yorkshire went mad about him ; and again he drove the Tykes wild when, with Old Dan Tucker, he beat Frank Butler on Nummykirk, the great Yorkshire. These, with his riding of The Hero in the Ebor Handicap, may be summed up as his chief Northern victories. In the South he won every description of race, from the Bath and Somersetshire with Miss Burns, to the Ascot Cup on West Australian. In the Derby he was very unlucky, for, when on Trumpeter, he broke down when the Derby was within his grasp, and he was second both on Kingston and Pitsford, so that it was only on Andover that he scored his bull’s-eye. The Chester Cup he brought off for his stable with Peep o’ Day Boy, and the cheers which greeted him are still in our recollection ; and two Goodwood Cups were included in his catalogue. At Newmarket his finest touches were on the Prior of St. Margaret’s in the Cambridgeshire, on The Flea for the One Thousand, and on Pitsford and Hermit for the Two Thousand. He also rode a great race for Mr. Fitzwilliam on Wentworth. At the latter period of his career his wasting told on him so severely that he could scarcely hold on a horse, or walk back to the weighing-room ; and the last times he got up, which was on Aekworth as a two-year old at Epsom, and on something of Mr. Brayley’s at the same place, it was patent to all his friends that his sun was sinking, and rather than that it should expire in public, he resolved to retire into private life. But it was too late ; and although he tried to train a few horses for Mr. Padwick, he was obliged to give them up, and it was soon apparent that Nature must have

* The vale of Aylesbury.

her way, and it was useless for science to oppose her. His end was tranquil, and he may be said to have had a public funeral, or so many of his friends from all parts of the country attended it. Never was a jockey more respected by noblemen and gentlemen, or more deserved it, for while he preserved to them a proper demeanour, he never permitted them to make a fool of him, or indulged in any foolish conduct towards them. In manners he was rather reserved, and while he would give every employer all the information he required about any animal he rode, he never made use of that horribly flash language which too many of the present school of jockeys are in the habit of doing. Neither did he ever cut a horse's side in pieces like a spare rib of pork, or bring him back to scale with a couple of holes in his side as big as turkeys' eggs, although he never failed to get the very last ounce out of his mouth. In all athletic sports he was a great proficient; in fact, quite a Claude Melnotte among the Stockbridge folks. As a shot he was second to none in the country, and in one pigeon match he killed no less than ninety-four birds out of a hundred. He was also a good cricketer, and when with hounds there was no shaking him off, although he never came in collision with a master. Throughout his career he preserved the respect of his employers; and he died leaving behind him a reputation that few men of his position have ever acquired, and which he truly deserved, for he was held in the highest esteem both by rich and poor. Charley Boyce, who resembled Alfred Day in a great many points, soon followed him, and of him we will simply remark, he was the only Blue Coat Boy who ever became a steeplechase jockey, and that he was to Epsom what Alfred was to Stockbridge; but he was of a more cheery disposition, and an excellent companion, having learnt from Tom Oliver, with whom he lived for some time, his happy knack of telling an anecdote. On the death of James Mason, he was selected to pilot the Hon. Mr. Villiers over Northamptonshire, and he ably fulfilled his duty. Like many others of his class, consumption claimed him for her own, and he died somewhat suddenly within a very few days of the great flat jockey.

Racing topics are very scarce, and 'quotable pars.' to use an Editorial phrase, have risen immensely in value during the past month. The Earl of Jersey is going to get rid of his 'Brewers.' The Registration scheme of Messrs. Tattersall bids fair to be a success, judging from the short time it has been in operation; and the carpeting of a portion of the Subscription Room has put an end to that convulsive motion of the feet of the members, so suggestive of a polka. The 'Sporting Gazette' has been very ably arguing for the abolition of that clause in the Grand National Rules which permits Stewards of Steeplechases to postpone them over the week in which they are appointed to be run; and as the measure has been supported by Admiral Rous, who contends very properly that there should be only one law for both sports, as well as by the 'Field,' it is not too much to expect that in due time the Reform Bill will be brought in and carried.

Among the books on our library table that demand notice is the eighth edition of Cavendish on 'The Laws and Principles of Whist,' which at this season of the year, when the social rubber is in such demand, is specially welcome. 'Declarued' in the finest style, it is almost as much welcome as a work of art, as a book of instruction, and the whole is immeasurably increased in worth by the coloured diagram cards which illustrate the instructions of the author, who has studied in the best schools and profited by them. It has also three little aides-de-camp in the shape of the 'Pocket Laws,' the 'Pocket Guide,' and the 'Pocket Rules' of whist, which, got up equally elaborately, will be found useful pocket arbiters of disputes at the table. The 'Era Dramatic Almanac' has also been sent to us for approval, and, as like all connected with sport, we are fond of the drama, we can state with great truthfulness that the work is a second

'Weatherby' in point of correctness and execution; that the *début* and performances of the chief actors and actresses of the day are recorded in the same manner as those of our racehorses and steeplechasers, and that a fund, of useful and entertaining information is to be met with in its pages, and which will prove very useful in deciding disputes with racing men on any peculiar point of dramatic interest.—*Bayley's Monthly Magazine*, Feb., 1868.

THE EMPEROR OF STALLIONS.

Having thus shown with what mares the sixteen horses who stand at the head of the list of the successful "sires of the day" have hit best with, it may interest the readers of "THE SPORTING GAZETTE" to have placed before them a summary of their doings since they have been put to the stud, which is as follows:—

	No. of years at stud.	No. of winners.	No. of prizes.	Value.
Stockwell, by The Baron.....	10	278	714	£265,871
Newminster, by Touchstone.....	10	319	715	160,237
Voltigeur, by Voltaire	12	186	383½	84,958
King Tom, by Harkaway	9	154	337	74,223½
Weatherbit, by Sheet Anchor.....	17	179	383	61,988½
Wild Dayrell, by Ion	9	132	290	59,730
Rataplan, by The Baron	9	102	221	41,924½
Muscovite, by Hetman Platoff ...	7	22	64	28,396
Trumpeter, by Orlando.....	4	46	313	26,239½
St. Albans, by Stockwell	3	60	89	25,866½
Vedette, by Voltigeur	6	90	180	21,584
Lambton, by The Cure	7	78	186	19,188
Beadsman, by Weatherbit	4	10	18	13,700
Buccaneer, by Wild Dayrell	2	20	49	9,996
Caterer, by Stockwell	1	4	15	5,539
Chevalier d'Industrie, by Orlando	6	18	58	4,751½

It will be thus seen that the progeny of the eight direct descendants of Waxy, enumerated above, have won in ten years the enormous sum of £600,000; and the four descendants of Blacklock in twelve years 154,090, whilst the two descendants of Tramp, viz., Weatherbit and Beadsman, are credited with £75,688½, and two descended from St. Paul, viz., Wild Dayrell and Buccaneer, with £59,726. The Waxy and Blacklock blood is consequently a long way in the ascendant, and that it is likely to continue so will be seen in the annexed corrected list of the sires got by Stockwell now at the stud:—

Ace of Clubs, chesnut, out of Irish Queen, by Harkaway—Emily by Pantaloon.
 Asteroid, bay, out of Tectotum, by Touchstone—Versatility by Blacklock.
 Blair Athole, chesnut, out of Blink Bonny, by Melbourne—Queen Mary.
 Brendalbans, chesnut, out of Blink Bonny, by Melbourne—Q. Mary by Gladiator.

Broomielaw, bay, out of Queen Mary, by Gladiator dam, by Plenipo.
 Camerino, bay, out of Sylphine, by Touchstone—Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar.
 Caterer, bay, out of Selina, by Orlando—Lady of Silverkeld Well.
 Citadel, chesnut, out of Sortie, by Melbourne—Escalade, by Touchstone.
 Drake, The, bay, out of mare by Pyrrhus I.—Miss Whip, by The Provost.

Duke, The bay, out of Bay Celia, by Orlando—Hersy by Glaucus—Hester.
 Ernest, bay, out of Countess of Albemarle, by Lanercost—Sister to Hornsea.
 Exchequer, chesnut, out of Stamp, by Emilius—Receipt, by Rowton.
 Forager, chesnut, out of Sortie, by Melbourne—Escalade, by Touchstone.
 Grimston, bay, out of Miranda, by Lanercost—Celia, by Touchstone.
 Hubrt, bay, out of Honeydew—Sister to Newminster, by Touchstone.
 Knowsley, bay, out of mare by Orlando—Brown Bess, by Camel.
 Laughing Stock, bay, out of Gaiety, by Touchstone—Cast Steen by Whisker.
 Loiterer, chesnut, out of Ennui, by Bay Middleton—Blue Devil, by Velocipede.
 Londoner, chesnut, out of Skit, by Orlando—Princess Alice, by Liverpool.
 Marquis, The, bay, out of Cinizzelli, by Touchstone—Brocade, by Pantaloon.
 Norwood, chesnut, out of Moss Rose, by Touchstone—Lady Sarah, by Velocipede.

St. Allans, chesnut, out of Bribery, by The Libel—Splitvote by St. Luke.
 Thunderbolt, chesnut, out of Cordelia, by Red Deer—Emilia by Y. Emilius.
 This list shows how deserving Stockwell is of the title of “Emperor of Stallions,” for here are three and twenty of his progeny thought worthy to be bred from, either owing to the excellence of their performances, or to their good looks; and let the detractors of Blacklock say what they may, an examination of their pedigrees shows the astounding fact that to the union of his blood with that of Waxy, as represented by Stockwell—in whom there is also a near cross of the Bishop Burton celebrity—Touchstone, and Orlando, the Turf is indebted for Asteroid, Blair Athole, Breadalbane, Broomielaw, Caterer, Ernest, Knowsley, Loiterer, Londoner, and Norwood, the first named being out of a Blacklock mare, whilst all the others are closely allied to him, either through Velocipede, Malek, or Brutandorf.—*Sporting Gazette*.

THE SPRING HANDICAPS.

The following table shows the number of Subscribers and Acceptances for the Spring Handicaps during the last three years:—

	1866.		1867.		1868.	
	Subs.	Accept.	Subs.	Accept.	Subs.	Accept.
Lincolnshire ...	80	54	84	47	79	54
City and Suburban ...	126	78	113	65	141	83
Great Metropolitan ...	77	45	82	51	94	62
Northamptonshire ...	80	43	83	50	96	55
St. Láz ...	50	37	54	36	60	46
Chelmer ...	49	21	62	24	45	21
Newmarket ...	46	27	60	36	69	44
Chester Cup ...	155	86	151	79	140	83
Total ...	663	391	689	391	724	458

SHOOTING IN FRANCE.

The following is a return of the Imperial *chasse* in the forest of Rambouillet on the 30th ultimo:—

Names.	Deer.	Rabbits.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Total.
The Emperor	7	257	94	22	380
Mons A. Barrot	1	115	38	5	159
Prince de la Moskowa.....	3	139	33	2	177
Vicomte de Castex	1	47	15	2	65
Comte de Solms	3	68	23	0	94
Mons de la Salle	2	20	8	1	31
Baron de Bourgoing	5	47	3	0	55
Mons Corvisart.....	2	45	20	0	67
Baron Morio de l'Isle	8	58	15	1	82
Total.....	32	796	249	33	1110

—*Sporting Gazette.*

THE AUSTRALIAN HORSES FOR THE INDIAN MARKET.

THERE is a great deal of nonsense written and talked respecting the deterioration of our horse stock. We are being continually reminded that a remunerative market exists in India for any number of horses we can produce, provided the sample is approved of; but that the Australian horse had so degenerated from what he was twenty years ago, that the good name he once possessed is gone for ever, and that our horses are in no demand. If this be true, it is really a serious matter for consideration. We have, however, very grave doubts on the subject, and are inclined to think that the question is not one of supply and demand, but whether it will pay or not for us to send really first-class stock to India. Our belief is that it will not pay, but that at a price we can supply an article equal, if not, superior, to any that can be procured elsewhere, and that if a demand at remunerative prices could be relied on, we should, in a few years, hear very little about the deterioration of Australian horses.

The kind of horse which is in most demand for India is the roadster. Under this general definition we include the hack and charger. Light harness horses are also in request. Now, it is very easy to find out the average value of the above class of horses in this Colony. We hear, occasionally, of horses being sold for 5*s.* at the yards, and at the pound sales it is quite a proverb that such an animal went for "an old song," and, consequently, many persons run away with the idea that our horses are, for the most part, misshapen, badly bred, weedy brutes, worth next to nothing, that they are a drug in the market. This is true only to a certain extent, in that a great many badly bred and badly reared animals are constantly being forced on the market and sold for any price. But, even amongst some of these animals, how often does the purchaser thank his stars for having picked up a bargain. For anything of good shape and pretty well bred, young and sound, a certain price here is always forthcoming at the yards, and when broken-in, a further value of course attaches to it. What then is the figure here for such animals as would suit the Indian market? Say for a well-bred hack £35 to £40; for a hunter up to 13*s.*, £70 to £80; horses of some breeding and fashion for harness purposes on an average say £35 to £40. These are about average prices. Compare these figures with the prices offered by Indian buyers "on the spot" for sound horses from four to

six years old—£21 to £18! The fact is, Indian buyers require a first-rate article at about a third of its value. We can give them an article at the price they offer, but we don't guarantee to give a first-rate one. We can supply their market, and any other market, if it would pay us to do so; but it won't pay. Australian horses are being constantly shipped to India, and at the price for which they are sold, a very good sample they are: it might be improved upon, but not until better prices are offered, and can be relied on. Shipping horses to India is a risky speculation at any time. A wide margin must be allowed for profit after the first cost, when freight and charges are taken into consideration. This subject has been so fully ventilated in our columns by *Peeping Tom*, *General Growl*, *Australian*, and other correspondents, that we need not go further into it. We must, however, enter our protest against the idea so generally entertained, that our blood-stock is deteriorating. In New South Wales, in Tasmania, and in this Colony, some of the finest blood-stock in the world may be found, horses bred from sires imported comparatively at recent rate; horses calculated to produce stock fit for any purposes, hacking, hunting, or harness. A snaffle bridle hack, perfect in his paces, with good blood in his veins, is worth double the sum here that is offered for cavalry remounts in India, and a charger hunter by a *King Alfred Boiardo* three times the amount at the very lowest. And such is the value of thorough-bred stock in England, and so great the demand, that fabulous prices are paid for horses for the road or the hunting field, which naturally enhances the value of thorough-bred stock here. No doubt there are good judges of horse stock in India, and in buying a horse, they look to his breeding as a primary consideration; but if they want good blood and shape, with corresponding bone and muscle, they must pay for it. Let them offer a really remunerative price, and show us that there is an unlimited demand, and we will provide them with what they want. There are hundreds of horses rousing the bush at this moment that would do credit to any country; but it won't pay to break these horses in and ship them to India. It pays better, and there is less trouble and risk, to dispose of them in the local market, good and bad together. Now and then something out of the common lines turns up as a *Banker* or a *Ballarat*, but such horses are worth tenures here what they would be in India, and are kept for cross-country work at which valuable prizes are to be won. They are a cut above the Indian market for general purposes, and their merits are soon found out by those through whose hands they pass.

In an article which appeared lately in the leading journal on this subject, it is laid down as an axiom "that it will not do to keep foreign source continually flowing, the practice for years in Australia." This means that constant importations of the best blood from England are more calculated to do harm than good. It is there said "that our horses are now neither Australian nor English, and that cautious experiment is necessary to restore the quality of our horse stock, and that, when it is once effected, the object should be to keep the breed as purely native as possible." From this dictum we must beg leave to differ entirely. The system which the *Argus* condemns has been in vogue in America for many years, and constant importations of the best blood from England are being continually made. Yet the American trotting horses and hackneys are noted for their excellent qualities, and their racehorses are only inferior to those of the old country, if they are that, for in the time of their races they surpass us, and come up to the home standard. Breeders are generally a shrewd class of people, and the prices paid in America and here are a proof they do not hold with this opinion. The best Colonial or Arab sire would stand no chance in the market by the side of a first-class imported horse, and there are at this moment two imported horses standing at Watson's yards, which,

in the prices they fetch, we venture to assert, will quite disprove any belief in the theory upheld by the *Argus*. In all parts of the world the English thorough-bred has proved himself all that was expected or desired of him. In France, Germany, Prussia, and America he is in constant demand. He becomes acclimatised anywhere. On the road, the racecourse, and the hunting field he asserts his supremacy. *Dexter*, a gelding, and the famous trotter, has the best blood in his veins, and was sold lately for nearly £7,000 in America. The best racehorses in America are of recent imported English blood. Our *Turragons*, *Volunteers*, and *Tim Whiffers* are the same. In the hunting field nothing can beat our *Ballarats*, *Bankers*, and *Inglesides*—horses that trace back in two removes only to a winner of the Epsom Derby—and, in proportion, as the best imported blood is used, so, in our opinion, shall we continue to improve our horse stock. For a first-class horse landed in India, a price commensurate with the increased value of well-bred stock must be paid.—*The Australasian*.

THE TURF AND HORSE-BREEDING AT THE CAPE.

THE following very interesting and valuable article we take from the current number of the *South African Magazine*; and, judging from the graphic vigour of the style, we cannot be far wrong in attributing the authorship of it to a gentleman who has done more than any other man in the colony to stimulate horse-breeding at the Cape, and to render the Turf one of the most effective agencies for advancing that most important branch of the agricultural profession.

The time has now arrived when the Cape Turf must be revived, and the horse-breeders encouraged to pursue their calling, or the Turf must be abandoned, and the breeding of horses consigned to gradual extinction. The formula by which to approach the question now mooted is this. Horse-breeders cannot be expected to incur heavy expenses in the purchase of imported sires and dams, besides the cost and risk of rearing their produce, unless they can get remunerating prices for their young stock. These remunerating prices cannot be realized unless there are Turf prizes of sufficient number and value to induce the purchasers to train; and to this complexion, unhappily, we have come at last. The Race Meeting (so called) of April, 1867, was a disastrous failure, simply because the horses were wanting. Only two stables, *viz.*, those of Mr. C. Manuel and Mr. M. J. Van Breda, came to the front, and the latter being overpowered to the last extremity, retired to country quarters after the first day. Mr. Michael Van Breda has since then, to the great regret of his friends, and the grievous loss of the Cape Turf, broken up his stud, and relinquished that branch of the agricultural profession in which he always took so much delight. There seems no one ready to occupy his place, and the fine pastures of The Oaks are not likely to rejoice again in the presence of such stock as formerly made them famous. These considerations, and others connected with the same subject, have lately caused the South African Turf Club to make one last effort for the maintenance of racing in the Western Province. Some of its members have exerted themselves so well and successfully, that the Club hopes to issue a prospectus for the races of April, 1868, which will be liberal and attractive. The Merchants—a large proportion of them at least—have agreed to give a purse of £100 for three years certain, and the Tradesmen will follow suit in a minor key. English horses, for the future, are to be excluded from the racecourse, since it has been demonstrated by actual proof, patent to all, that no difference of weight

can bring a really good one down to the level of any Colonial-bred animal; and our country friends, such as the Le Granges, have had such a taste of *Brian Burn* that they now give Cape Town a wide berth.

The Turf in South Africa has experienced many vicissitudes, and appears to be at present at quite as low an ebb in the Eastern Province as in the Western. The scarcity of money and badness of the times are held responsible for this deplorable state of things. There are no stakes worth running for; there are no buyers of young stock; and sheep are quoted as the only paying commodity. But if wool is to average (as the exports say it *will* only average) one shilling per pound from this time forth; and if a permanent demand is established for Indian remounts, there may be a reaction in favor of the nobler animal, and the farmers may see the mistake of carrying all their eggs in the same basket. The prices which Mr. Michael Van Broda's averaged at his sale last November give some indications that this idea is gaining ground, and that the inexpediency of relying only on their wool is now pretty generally acknowledged by many agriculturists. In the face of such successive seasons of drought as the Cape has experienced of late, and with the continual alarm of horse-sickness cropping up from the eastward, our farmers in the Western Province have had good cause to shake their heads and bury their chins in their waistcoats when horse-breeding has been suggested to them as a venture promising good returns. But there is no reason why they should not relieve themselves of all apprehensions regarding the well-known epidemic which sweeps away, like chaff from the tramp-floor, all the animals exposed to night air, if they would only keep a few mares for their farm work, and provide them with shelter and food at night. They can do this for their riding-horses and their nules, and why not replace these with good, strong, servicable mares, which might be kept at slow work till they are almost ready to foal? For the service of such mares, sires would soon be provided by enterprising persons, and convenient circles would soon shape themselves into form for the travelling beat of the blue ribbons. In England, sires, not only of the cart breed, but thorough-breds, have their regular circuits, and a system could be organized everywhere, and without any difficulty, in this colony. Could our small farmers be only induced to try this plan, they would soon recognise its advantages; and their young stock, not having been altogether starved when young, would attain some size and substance, and would amply repay them for the trifling extra expense of storing away a little more chaff and a few extra muids of barley and oats.

Hacks and carriage horses are always likely to be in demand. At present they are scarcely to be found within a reasonable distance of Cape Town. They are more likely to pay the breeder than racehorses, because purchasers are more abundant, and thorough-bred stock must be liberally fed and well cared for till fit for market. A mare fed in the stable at night will rear her foal handsomely until it is old enough to be weaned, and then, if there is suitable pasture, it can be turned out for a few months, and indeed left at grass (after a certain operation) till two or three years old. His education may then commence, and the young one will pay for his food by the labour he performs, until the India Remount Agent or some local speculator picks him up for another sphere of action. Geldings thus bred and brought forward ought to pay the breeder very well at £20 when three years old, taking the average. A superior colt would occasionally turn up, and might be expected to realize £40 for the saddle or carriage. The risk is not great, the expense is by no means heavy; and if a farmer cannot devote a little of his spare time to the handling and education of a colt or two every year, he can be scarcely fit for the calling he professes to follow. But to supply the small farmer with suitable

breeding stock, there must be some first-class establishments where blood and bone and power can always be procured. These cannot exist unless sires of good quality (to say nothing of mares) are occasionally imported from England; and such an arrangement cannot be expected unless the importers have some chance of profit from such a speculation. At this time there are at least eight or ten imported thorough-bred horses for sale in the Western Province, and some of these have been in the market for two or three seasons. Small encouragement therefore exists for any outlay in that line of business.

In former times, when the Indians were here, and sportsmen were not so scarce as they seem to be at present in Military and Naval circles, the bounds rendered well-bred hunters saleable, and training stables dotted gaily the environs of the Camp Ground and Wynberg. The breeders in those days had nothing to complain of, and were not under the necessity of training their own horses, and running almost exclusively for their own money. To this only resource for annual sales, the stud proprietors have been driven at last, and the results have proved unsatisfactory in the extreme. There is nothing to repay them worth mentioning. For some years past, a trainer with four or five horses in his stable might win every plate, purse, and sweepstakes at the *one* Annual Race Meeting held at Green Point, without covering his expenses. The only hope he has had of turning his trouble to account, and recouping his outlay and risk, has depended on the possible sale of a winning animal at a "*rattling price*." But the days of rattling prices and Indian markets and Mauritius profits have apparently vanished. Whether they will return again, depends mainly on the ability of our horse-breeders to stem the present adverse tide, and to exhibit their studs hereafter in a form adequate to compete with our Australian rivals on the racecourses of India and the Isle of France. We seem at length to be cut out of the Mauritius market by the *Walers*, as the Australian horses are called, only one Cape horse having appeared on the *Champ de Mars* at Port Louis at their last race meeting, whilst eight or ten *Walers* sported the silk. The change in their relative positions may be attributed to the lower prices of the Australian racers, and, as it must be admitted also, with a sense of shame, to their superior quality. That superiority is easily accounted for, as the Australian breeders are constantly buying the best English racers and the best brood mares they can meet with in the old country. Indeed, to such a pitch of excellence have they carried their breeding studs, that they now send forth Colonial horses scarcely inferior to first-class racers in England. The timing of the races in Australia and New Zealand during the present year has been, on the whole, quite equal to that of any on record, whether at home or abroad. A writer in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* lately remarked:—*The Walers are so good, they can all but lick English horses at even weights, and since Mayday, not a single Cape horse has dared to show himself.*" The impression in Calcutta evidently is that the Cape horses *dare not show themselves*, because they are so inferior to the *Walers*! To this some demur may be made. Our best horses, until very lately, have always commanded remunerative prices at a nearer market than Calcutta, and consequently have had no occasion to risk so long a voyage.

The *Walers*, generally speaking, are purchased untried, and therefore at comparatively low prices when sent to India, as they usually are, on speculation. Maidens, that is to say, horses that have never won, are far more valuable for racing purposes in the East than winners, however good, because there are more stakes open to them, and a better chance of pulling off a good thing. Therefore it suits a trainer better to purchase half a dozen cheap *Walers*, one of which may turn out a real trump, than to risk a large sum on *one* venture which may come to grief.

Maydew, the Cape mare above mentioned, was bred by Mr. Bayley at The Oaks, and was taken to India by the late Major Holmes. The Turf correspondent of the *Indian Field* thus describes her most striking performance in 1860:—

"The first race of the meeting, the Trial Stakes, was won by the Cape mare *Maydew* in the wonderful timing of 1m. 47s. (one mile), beating the English mare *Garnet* and *Volunteer* (another Cape horse). We think that *Garnet* was the favorite, both Capes having a pretty equal number of admirers. The English mare no one in India had even seen run. We had only heard of her performances at Mauritius; but of the other two we knew something. *Maydew* came over with a great character, and poor *Volunteer* had not much to lose; so it was rightly conjectured that the race lay between the two mares. It was a tight race, and could not have been mended or improved."

This is disinterested and decisive evidence, as far as it goes, and up to the time mentioned, 1m. 47s. for one mile was the best known on the Calcutta course. But that course is described as being a dead flat, and very light, and therefore favorable to the exhibition of speed. The Calcutta weights, too, are infinitely lighter than ours. Therefore it does not follow that *Maydew*, because she could cover the mile there in 1m. 47s., could have gone over the same distance on our Green-Point course, with Cape weights, at a much greater pace than many of our Cape horses have displayed within the last few years. Take, for instance, the following extracts from the Turf Club Register, viz:—

"September, 1861.—Mr. A. Van Der Byl's *Celma Euphemia*, 4 years, carrying 9st., won the Town Cup (one mile) by half a length, in 1m. 53s.

"April, 1862.—Mr. Thomas's *Grey Tommy*, 4 years, 6st. 7lbs., won the Governor's Plate (one mile and a half) cleverly by half a length in 2m. 53s.; *Fleur de Marie* being second, and *Polestur* a good third.

"April, 1863.—Mr. Le Grange's *Gazelle*, 5 years, 10st. 3lbs., won the Champion Cup (two miles) very easily in 3m. 56s.

"April, 1865.—Mr. Van Breda's *Huacamah*, 2 years, 8st. 7lbs., won the Trial Stakes (one mile) cleverly by a length in 1m. 55s.; *Miss Letty* second.

"April, 1866.—Mr. M. Van Breda's *Juanita*, 2 years, 7st. 5lbs., won the Agricultural Cup (one mile) by half a length in 1m. 55s."

Taking into consideration the heavy weights, and the trying course over which they were carried (one half mile being deep sand, and the last quarter a heart-breaking hill), the winning horses just mentioned, and those that ran up well to them, may fairly be placed in the same class, if not on an equality, with *Maydew*. One of the colts quoted above, viz., *Havannah*, was purchased for and sent to a training stable in China, and at Shanghai he defeated a large field of the best Walers that the spirited patrons of the Turf in the Flowery Land could bring against him. When our Calcutta friend takes up his parable again in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, perhaps he will have the kindness to quote the Cape Racing records now brought to his notice. It may be as well to mention that *Grey Tommy* was the produce of the Arab *Damascus*, once of some mark in the Bengal Presidency. Indeed the few Arabs that have come to the Cape of late years have all done credit to the desert blood then crossed with mares of any size and quality, although none of them at all approached the famous old *Dreadnought*, whose grandsons and great-grandsons are still to be recognised by their beautiful heads, silky coats, and indomitable pluck. Would we could get a few more like him, as the Arab cross, for all purposes, has always succeeded well in this colony, and is specially adapted to the requirements of our up-country breeders. Sires of pure blood, hardy constitution, and muscular development are what we want to perpetuate the present characteristics of our Cape horses. For patient endurance under tropical heat and severe privation,

for temper and soundness, none but the Arabs can beat them, and they have the advantage over the Arab in size and power. These good qualities have been duly appreciated and acknowledged by Military authorities in India, and they are owing doubtless to the constant and careful infusion of pure blood, from the first importations up to the present day. The original stock came from South America, and were probably linear descendants of the Bards and Moorish chargers taken from that country by the Spaniards. These, crossed for the last sixty years with English thorough-breeds and Arabs, have established a breed fit for any purpose, and it will be a national calamity if it is allowed to become effete for want of a little encouragement.

This author next gives a detailed and tolerably accurate list of all the English thorough-bred sires imported into the Cape since 1838. There have been 120 of them into the Western Province, and 12 in the East. The article concludes with the following:—

“It may be mentioned that, in addition to the horses abovenamed, several distinguished by their racing performances in England, and remarkable for the excellence of their blood, were at different times shipped for the Cape, but died during the passage. Amongst these unfortunates may be named *Halo, Non-sense, The Nailor, Peregrine, Mayor of Oxford, Simpleton, &c.*”

Out of the above list, those horses who took high honors on the English turf, and whose produce have appeared to advantage in South Africa, are *Battledore, Bramble, Cockermouth, Evens, Mr. Martin, Pack, Rocco, Saraband, Seth, Sponge, Traverser, Wanchelsea, Wrestler, &c., &c.*

All these horses have contributed to the racecourses of the colony sons and daughters worthy of their lineage. Others of equal celebrity in England, and of equal qualifications in shape, symmetry, blood, and power for stud purposes, such as *Middleham, Fancy Boy, Gorhambury, Osterly, Wentworth, Misdeal, Sylvan, Wabal, &c.*, have failed, from one cause or another, to leave any progeny of much worth, whilst horses like *Holloway, Gustavn, Gammons Box, O'Connell, Tully Ho, Humphrey, Discount, Glaucus, Sideboard, &c.*, of no mark as racers in their native country, have done right good service to the horse-breeders of the Cape.

These are items worth recording, and although some of your readers may vote the subject out of place, there are probably not a few to whom such memoranda may be interesting. At all events, those who have the inclination have now at hand the means of tracing through the English Stud-Book the pedigrees of innumerable Cape racers of past and present renown (at least on the side of the sire), from generation to generation, to the times of Charles I. and Place's White Turk. Would they could do so with equal certainty on the dam's side! But, in truth our list of thorough-bred imported mares is a very limited one. This has always been the weak point of Cape breeding, and contrasts very unfavorably with the principles and practice of the same line of business in Australia, where the most liberal prices are freely given for the best mares in England. The King William's Town Stud Company have recently imported a good many thorough-bred mares, but scarcely of a quality to produce racers fit to compete in India with the Walers, should our Colonial rivals find sufficient inducement to send their best horses to the Eastern markets.—*South African Advertiser, Juny., 8.*

HORSE-BREEDING AND THE TURF.

IN another column we reprint from the *S. A. Magazine* a valuable paper contributed by one who is evidently an accomplished and experienced authority

on the subject. With him, we very heartily regret the extent to which horse-breeding, as a branch of agriculture, at the Cape has declined; and as heartily accept his announcements and support his suggestions for the revival and fresh development of it. Horse-racing merely for the sport and excitement of the thing is not likely to prove flourishing or permanent at the Cape, except under purely temporary and fictitious conditions. We have not a sufficient number of monied men with sporting tastes to support it. But, as a means of encouraging the horse-breeder in the improvement of his stock, the Turf deserves the sympathy and encouragement and support of the public of all classes. We are therefore glad to find that, since the miserable failure of the races announced for April last year, the merchants have arranged to contribute a special purse of £100, to be run for each year, for three years certain; that the Tradesmen are following suit in a minor key; and that the Turf Club themselves are exerting themselves to the utmost to promote the same object at the Autumn Meeting in April next. One very important change they have introduced in their rules, which will probably lower the standard of their running as mere sport, but will greatly tend to encourage the breeders in their work. This is, that only colonial-bred horses will be allowed to run for the prizes offered. The tremendous success of Mr. Manuel's imported *Brian Boru* has quite driven all colonial competitors from the field; although another imported horse of his, *Immigrant*, three years ago, met his match, and more than his match, in that extraordinary little Cape horse *Gazelle*, brought down by the Messrs. Le Grange from Riversdale. This new plan will certainly encourage greater competition between the *bonâ fide* colonial breeders; but, on the other hand, it cannot but work mischief to some extent in discouraging such enterprising men as Mr. Manuel from importing fresh and first-class racing horses from England.

The Magazine writer proceeds further to impress upon even the poorest of our farmers to breed horses regularly, on however small a scale; and he recommends a plan after the method adopted by even the smallest farmers at home, which will be quite within the reach of every one. The common practice here hitherto is to keep a number of brood mares which run wild in the veldt, are never brought in except to tramp in the threshing-floor, and being thus exposed ever-night to cold dews and rain, when horse sickness comes on, are swept away by the score. Instead of this, he recommends that a few mares only should be kept and be employed, as in England, for ordinary farm labour, almost up to the time of foaling; that they should be regularly fed and sheltered, which would cost but little more than now, while their produce would form a very material addition to the revenue of the farm. Instead of each farmer having his own imported, expensive stallion, regular travelling beats would be formed in the various districts, round which suitable imported sires would travel, as at home; the importers of these sires would find it worth their while to provide them; and the cost would be thus spread over so many as to be light to all. There can be no doubt that horse-breeding at the Cape has declined most lamentably, and we heartily wish success to such enterprising bodies as the Turf Clubs in Cape Town and Graham's Town, and such men as Mr. Hall, of the Remount Agency at King William's Town, and the writer of the present article in the Magazine, in their zealous and indefatigable efforts to revive it. We are glad to find that the prices given at the recent Oaks sale for Mr. Breda's racing stock are accepted as satisfactory proof of increasing interest in the enterprise; and we hope that the stud horses from the same farm advertised in our columns for private sale by the Messrs. Barry will meet with an equally encouraging demand.—*South African Advertiser*, Jan., 8.

RACING CALENDAR.

RACES PAST.

CUTTACK SKY MEETING, 1867.

1ST DAY, THURSDAY, THE 26TH DECEMBER, 1867.

TRIAL STAKES.—Of Rs. 250 from the Fund for all horses. Weight for age and class. Calcutta Standard raised $1\frac{1}{2}$ stone. 1 mile. Entrance Rs. 16. 2nd horse to receive Rs. 50. 4 entries.

			st. lbs.	Rider	
Major Cumberlege's b. w. mare	... <i>Stella</i>	... 4 yrs.	... 9 8	Owner	1
Mr. Macpherson's c. h. w. g.	... <i>Rallywood</i>	... aged	... 10 11	Mr. Dawson	2

Both horses got off well together. The mare waited on the old horse till the turn home at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post, when she passed him, was not again headed, and won easily by two lengths.

Time—1m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

PONY STAKES.—Of Rs. 100 from the Fund for all ponies 13 hands and under. Catch weights above 10 stones. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. 2nd pony to receive Rs. 20. Entrance Rs. 5. 3 entries.

			Rider.	
Mr. Odling's dun pony	... <i>Dick</i>	... Mr. Dawson	... 1 1	
" Cox's b. pony	... <i>Johnny Gilpin</i>	... Owner	... 2 3	
" Toynbee's br. pony	... <i>Punch</i>	... Mr. Currie	... 3 0	

Dick went off with a strong lead, was never headed, and won in a canter, which performance he repeated in the second heat.

GALLOWAY STAKES.—Of Rs. 200 from the Fund for all Galloways. Weight for inches. Galloways 14 hands to carry 11st. 7lbs. allowed for every inch under. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 2nd horse to receive Rs. 30. Entrance Rs. 10. 4 entries.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Macpherson's l. g. mare	<i>Nilgai</i>	... 11 0	Mr. Dawson	... 1
" J. Atkinson's g. h.	<i>Passion</i>	... 11 0	Owner	... 2
" Taylor's b. g.	<i>Maun</i>	... 11 0	Owner	... 3
Major Cumberlege's g. h.	<i>Gimcrack</i>	... 10 7	Owner	... 4

All got off well except *Nilgai*, who, however, picked up the other horses at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post, was not again reached, and won in a canter. *Passion* was second, and a good race for third, ended in favor of *Maun* by a neck. In a Rs. 400 lottery, *Nilgai* sold for Rs. 240, *Passion* for Rs. 55, *Gimcrack* for Rs. 50, and *Maun* for Rs. 45.

SCURRY STAKES.—Of Rs. 200 from the Fund for all horses. Weight for age and class. Calcutta Standard raised $1\frac{1}{2}$ st. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 2nd horse to receive Rs. 30. Entrance Rs. 10. 7 entries.

			st. lbs.	Rider.	
Major Cumberlege's b. w. mare	... <i>Stella</i>	... 4 years	... 9 8	Owner	... 1
Mr. Macpherson's ch. w. g.	... <i>Rallywood</i>	... aged	... 10 11	Mr. Dawson	... 2
" " b. w. g.	... <i>Bombastes</i>	... aged	... 10 11	" Wylly	... 3
" George's ch. w. mare	... <i>Cutler On</i>	... aged	... 10 11	" Currie	... 0
" Galway's g. cabul h.	... <i>Suncho</i>	... aged	... 10 7	" Rogers	... 0

In the lottery *Stella* sold for Rs. 220, *Caller Ou* for Rs. 100, *Bombastes* for Rs. 90, *Rallywood* for Rs. 50, and *Sancho* for Rs. 20. In a beautiful start *Stella* was quickest away, and jumped off with the lead, which she maintained throughout, and won cleverly by a length, without being touched. *Bombastes* was a good third, and *Caller Ou* fourth.

2ND DAY, SATURDAY, THE 28TH DECEMBER, 1867.

A HANDICAP.—For all Arabs, Cabuls, and Country-breds. Rs. 150 from the Fund. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 2nd horse to save his stake. Entrance Rs. 10. 7 entries.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Macpherson's i. g. c. b. mare	... <i>Nilgai</i>	... 10 4	Mr. Dawson	... 1
Major Cumberlege's b. a. h.	... <i>Prince Charlie</i>	... 10 7	Owner	... 2
Mr. J. Atkinson's g. c. b. h.	... <i>Passion</i>	... 10 0	Owner	... 3
Galway's g. cabul h.	... <i>Sancho</i>	... 10 0	Mr. Rogers	... 0
Taylor's r. c. b. h.	... <i>Claxton</i>	... 9 10	Willy	... 0

Nilgai sold at the lottery for Rs. 240, *Prince Charlie* for Rs. 200, *Passion* and *Claxton* for Rs. 30 each, and *Sancho* for Rs. 25. *Passion* jumped off with the lead, and carried on the running at a strong pace to the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile post, where he was collared by *Prince Charlie*. The pair were almost immediately joined by *Nilgai*, who had again got a bad start. They ran well together to the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile post, where *Passion* succumbed. *Nilgai* and *Prince Charlie* came on, and the mare won easily by a length.

ORISSA CUP.—Of Rs. 675 for all horses. Weight for age and class. Calcutta Standard raised $1\frac{1}{2}$ stone. R. C. (1 m. 5 f. 35 yards.) 2nd horse to receive Rs. 75. Entrance Rs. 30. 4 entries.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Major Cumberlege's b. w. m.	... <i>Stella</i>	... 4 years	9 8 Owner	...
Mr. George's ch. w. m.	... <i>Caller Ou</i>	... aged	10 11 Mr. Currie	...
Macpherson's ch. w. g.	... <i>Rallywood</i>	... aged	10 11 Dawson	...

There were two lotteries on this race, resulting as follows :—

	Rs.		Rs.
<i>Stella</i>	280	2nd lottery	230
<i>Rallywood</i>	180		110
<i>Caller Ou</i>	110		40

The start was in front of the Stand, and they went off all together, and kept close company till the corner at the $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile post, when *Stella* increased the pace, and the little mare *Caller Ou* being over-weighted and outpaced, soon tailed off. *Stella* and *Rallywood* raced together for the rest of the journey, *Stella* having a slight lead maintained it throughout, and won, when called on, by a couple of lengths. *Rallywood's* rider was prevented by indisposition from weighing in, so *Caller Ou*, who was beaten off, obtained second honors.

HURRY-SCURRY STAKES.—Of Rs. 100 from the Fund for all *bonâ fide* hacks. The Stewards to have the option of rejecting any horse. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Entrance Rs. 5.

	Rs.	Rider.	
Mr. Luff's b. eng. mare	0	Mr. Harrison	... 1
J. W. Taylor's b. c. b. h.	0	Owner	... 2
J. Atkinson's c. b. h.	0	Owner	... 3
Currie's br. c. b. g.	0	Mr. Crouch	... 0
Cox's	0	Owner	... 0
Oldham's br. w. g.	0	Mr. Currie	... 0
Pothecary's g. c. b. h.	0	Rogers	... 0
Smeaton's	0	Armstrong	... 0
J. Atkinson's	0	Owner	... 0
Galway's	0	Owner	... 0
Begum	0		
Mann	0		
Simpson	0		
Kangaroo	0		
Bess	0		
De Jabers	0		
Licensee Taz	0		
Toby	0		
Pusion	0		
Barang	0		

A very straggling start. *Mann* took a strong lead, and kept it to the distance,

where she was collared by the English mare, who, steadily ridden, won after a good race by half a length.

BURMAH STAKES.—Of Rs. 100 from the Fund for all ponies 13 hands and under. Catch weights above 10st. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Winner of the Pony Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra.

			Rider.	
Mr. Odling's dun pony	...	Dick	Mr. Wyly	...
" Cox's b. pony	...	Johnny Gilpin	Owner	...
				1
				2

Won in a canter.

3RD DAY, TUESDAY, THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1867.

CHOWLEAGUNGE STAKES.—Of Rs. 350 from the Fund (*Handicap*). Forced entry for certain winners. Optional for losers. 1 mile. 2nd horse to receive Rs. 50. Entrance Rs. 20.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Macpherson's c h. w. g.	...	Rallywood	...	10 0	Mr. Dawson
Major Cumberlege's b. w. mare	...	Stella	...	10 4	Owner
					1
					2

Notwithstanding the difference in the weights, *Stella*, from her previous performance, was the favorite. She made the running, and was ahead till they reached the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post, when *Rallywood* came up. The weight telling on the mare, she gradually gave way, and after a good race was beaten by a length.

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Of Rs. 200 from the Fund for all losers throughout the meeting. 1 mile. Entrance Rs. 10. *Handicap*.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Macpherson's b. w. g.	...	Bombastes	...	11 0	Mr. Dawson
" George's ch. w. mare	...	Callor Du	...	10 0	Armstrong
" J. W. Tayler's o. b. h.	...	Mann	...	0 0	Owner
" Galway's g cabul h.	...	Sancho	...	0 0	Mr. Rogers

Rallywood was also entered, but was disqualified by winning the Chowleagunge Stakes. His owner declared at the ordinary to win with *Bombastes*. The result of two lotteries was as follows:—

	Rs.		Rs.
<i>Rallywood</i>	150	2nd lottery	80
<i>Bombastes</i>	130		210
<i>Callor Du</i>	80		80
<i>Sancho</i>	40		15
<i>Mann</i>	15		10

Mann went away with the lead, but was soon overtaken by *Bombastes*, who passed him, was not again caught, and won easily.

HURDLE RACE.—Rs. 200 from the Fund. 1 mile over 5 flights of hurdles, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. English Horses 12st. Colonials 11st. 7lbs. Arabs and Country-breds 10st. 4lbs. Entrance 10 Rs. 4 entries.

			Rider.	
Mr. Luff's b. eng. mare	...	Begum	Mr. Harrison	...
" J. Atkinson's g. o. b. h.	...	Sampson	Owner	...
" Galway's cabul h.	...	Surang	Mr. Rogers	...
" Jos. Armstrong's g. a. h.	...	Shaitan	Owner	...
				1
				2
				0
				0

The English mare, who was a strong favorite, jumped the hurdles beautifully, and won as she liked. *Sampson*, who refused the second hurdle, was a very bad second.

The sport wound up by a couple of races for bazar tats and horses, the former of which produced a most spirited contest, and was loudly applauded by a large concourse of natives.

DEBROOGHUR RACES, 1868.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—The Nosegny Purse, value Rs. 500, presented by Messrs. White and Riddell. For all horses owned by residents of Assam. R. C. and a distance.

Entrance 5 G. Ms. to 1st November, 1867; 8 G. Ms. to 1st December, 1867; 10 G. Ms. to 1st January, 1868, when the race will close. Winners of the season once to carry 7lbs. extra; twice 10lbs.; thrice 14lbs.

		st.	lbs	
Dr. White's	... <i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	9	11	... 1
Mr. Devon's g. w. g.	... <i>Bryan O'Lynn</i>	10	1	... 2
Mr. McLeod's g. w. a.	... <i>Yanathon</i>	9	0 Bolted	... 0

Yanathon jumped off with the lead at great pace, followed by *Shan*, who, although in blinkers, bolted at the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, leavin; *Shan* to come in as he liked.

SECOND RACE.—United Service Stakes. For all horses the property of, and to be ridden by. Officers in Civil and Military employ, including Volunteers of all ranks. 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. Ms. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Catch Weights of 10st. and upwards. Horses that have won any purse or plate value over Rs. 400, not allowed to start. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

Mr. Screwdriver's c. b. g.	<i>Kangaroo</i>	1	0	0
Dr. White's c. a. h.	<i>Arbitrator</i>	2	1	1
Mr. Appleby's g. c. h.	<i>Friar Tuck</i>	3	0	0

Kangaroo running in bandages, won the first heat in a canter, but pulled up too lame to go again, and the third horse being drawn, *Arbitrator* put in an appearance, and took the stake.

Time—not taken.

THIRD RACE.—Buggy Stakes. For all *bona fide* Buggy Horses. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch Weights of 10st. 7lbs. and over. To close and name on 2nd February, 1868.

		st.	lbs.	
Dr. White's g. w. g.	... <i>Bryan O'Lynn</i>	10	7	1
Capt. Hume's g. w. g.	... <i>Atalanche</i>	10	7	2
Mr. McLeod's r. c. b.	... <i>Joe Buggins</i>	10	7	0

Atalanche dashed off with the lead, but want of training told, and at the half-mile *Bryan* was closing up; collared him at the $\frac{1}{2}$, and finished a well-contested run in by winning by a neck; *Old Joe* nowhere.

FOURTH RACE.—A Cup presented by Major Comber, value Rs. 400. For all horses. R. C. and a distance. Weight for age and class. Winners of the season once 4lbs. extra; twice 7lbs.; oftener 10lbs. The second horse to save his stake. Entrance 5 G. Ms. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Davidge's b. w. m.	... <i>Ma Cherie</i>	10	7	Guffoor	1
Messrs. White & Riddle's br. w. g.	<i>Goldfinder</i>	10	7	Kaloo	2
Mr. Screwdriver's	... <i>Dubious</i>	9	11	Jacob	3

A false start, the Arab going nearly half a mile before he could be stopped, and the mare following in a succession of bounds higher than the heads of the crowd. A second attempt proved more successful, and the little Arab had past the stand with *Goldfinder* in attendance, while the mare having relieved her

feelings by a few more bounding feats, came a few lengths behind at a pace which threatened to settle the race in a very few seconds. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile she cut down *Dubious*, who had already been passed by *Goldfinder*, and gaining rapidly on the leading horse, made a desperate effort to catch him at the $\frac{3}{4}$, but failed, and the game old *Digger* drew a head again to the $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile, where the mare came with a rush, collared him at the distance, and finished a good and well-riden race by winning by $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length in 3 minutes 23 seconds.

FIFTH RACE.—For all ponies under 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Weight for inches. 13 hands to carry 9st. 4lbs. for every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above and below.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. French's	<i>Fairy</i>	... 9 12	0 3 0
Dr. White's	<i>Turry Doolan</i>	... 9 4	3 2 0
Mr. Ingle's	<i>Suncho</i>	...	
Capt. Hamilton's	<i>Mosquito</i>	... 10 2	0 1 1
Mr. Appleby's	<i>Friar Tuck</i>	... 9 4	4 0 0

FIRST HEAT.—A good start, *Fairy* leading to distance, when *Mosquito* run up to her, and finished a splendid race in by a dead heat.

Time—1m. 1s.

SECOND HEAT.—*Fairy* had had enough, and the little waler galloped in three lengths ahead of the mare and *Turry Doolan*, who made a good fight for second.

Time—1m. 5s.

THIRD HEAT.—*Mosquito*, although never headed, was kept to his pace by the battle for second place, which, after a hard fight and great expenditure of whip cord, was won by *Friar Tuck*.

Time—1m.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH FEBRUARY.

FIRST RACE.—For all Galloways. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ G. Ms. Weight for age and inches. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Winners of the season once to carry 7lbs. extra; twice 10lbs. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Screwdriver's ch. a. h.	... <i>Dubious</i>	... 9 9	2
Mr. MacLeod's w. c. b. c.	... <i>Joseph</i>	... 9 10	1

Joseph led from the post, and came in a winner by five lengths; the little Arab tried hard to catch him at the half-mile from home, but failed.

Time—1m. 36s.

SECOND RACE.—The Planters' Plate, value Rs. 1,000. For all horses. 2 miles. The second horse to receive Rs. 300 from the Stakes. The third horse to save his stakes. Entrance 5 G. Ms. 1st December, 1867; 10 G. Ms. 1st January, 1868; 20 G. Ms. 4th February, 1868, when the race will close. The winner of the Jorehaut Planters' Cup this season to carry 7lbs. extra.

		st. lbs.	
Mr. Davidge's b. w. m.	... <i>Ma Cherie</i>	... 10 4	Guffoor ... 1
Messrs. White & Riddle's	br. w. g.	...	
	<i>Goldfinder</i>	... 9 11	Mr. Pearl ... 2
Mr. McLeod's b. w. g.	... <i>Yanathan</i>	... 9 0	Mr. Cruikshank ... 3
Mr. Ingles' c. h. w. g.	... <i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	... 9 11	Kaloo ... 4

Ma Cherie, as usual, indulging her bounding propensities, got an indifferent start, but once afoot, came like a whirlwind. *Goldfinder* led past the stand with *Shan* well up; the mare at his heels; *Yanathon* a couple of lengths behind. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile *Ma Cherie* passed *Shan Van Vocht* and ran up to *Goldfinder*. *Yanathon* (in blinthers) tried his old trick of bolting at the rise, but was kept on the course, and in the next half-mile ran up to and passed *Shan*; then tried to bolt again, but failed, and in the last half-mile nearly reached the leading horses, but bolting again at the distance, missed all chance of a struggle for a leading place. *Goldfinder* did his best, but the course was too long, and the pace too good, *Ma Cherie* winning, hard held, in 4m. 15s.

THIRD RACE.—The Hockey Stakes. For all *bond fide* Hockey Ponies. Owners up. 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{4}$ mil. heats, without dismounting. To close and name at stand before the race.

Mr. Screwdriver's	... <i>Sampson</i>	5
W. G. Wyn's	... <i>Mosyirmoh</i>	4
Helbourne's	... <i>Red Leaf</i>	1 1
Pearl's	... <i>Little John</i>	6
Dalby's	... <i>Punch</i>	3
Davidge's	... <i>Broncia</i>	7
Baboo Shooshee Dhur's	... <i>Ghoree</i>	2

FOURTH RACE.—The Bedouin Stakes. For all Arabs. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name on the 4th February, 1868.

Mr. Screwdriver's ch. a. h.	<i>Dubious</i>	...	2
Dr. White's ns. g. a. h.	<i>Arbitrator</i>	...	1
Mr. Begg's g. a. h.	<i>Al Raschid</i>	...	0

A good race between *Dubious* and *Arbitrator*, the third horse having been put in to make up the race.

Time—not taken.

FIFTH RACE.—A Purso of 10 G. Ms. For all C. B. and Cabul Horses. Weight for value. Horses valued at Rs. 400, 10st. 7lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every Rs. 50 below. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr. Cruikshank's w. h. c. b. g.	<i>Joseph</i>	...	st. lbs.
Dr. White's b. c. b. h.	<i>Firefly</i>	...	0 11
Mr. Sevenoaks' w. c. b. g.	<i>Snowball</i>	...	10 7
Mr. Pearl's b. c. b. m.	<i>Brown Bear</i>	...	10 7
Mr. Dolby's w. c. b.	<i>No Name</i>	...	0 11
Capt. Hamilton's ns. g. c. b. h.	<i>Pekoe</i>	...	10 7
Mr. Colleshey's g. c. n.	<i>Bombardia</i>	...	
Capt. Hume's ch. ch.	<i>Howitzer</i>	...	

Although not stated in the terms, this was considered a race for "owners up," and the number of entries proved the eagerness of the young turfites of Debroo to sport their colours and display their skill before the many bright and approving eyes in the grand stand, and many a fair cheek flushed, and many a white hand trembled as the glass it held showed the motley crowd ranging up to the starting-post. $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile away across the course *Joseph's* condition, however, was too good, and although *Firefly* struggled gamely, the pace was too much for him, and *Joseph* came in an easy winner, *Firefly* second, and the rest fighting a gallant struggle for a good third place.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 7TH FEBRUARY.

FIRST RACE.—The Assam Turf Club Grand Handicap. R. C. and a distance. 25 G. Ms. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close on the 6th February, 1868. To declare and name at the Ordinary the day before the race.

Mr. Davidge's b. w. m.	... <i>Ma Cheris</i>	st. lbs.	10 7	Guffor
Messrs. White & Riddel's br. w. g.	... <i>Goldfinder</i>	10 6	Kaloo	
Mr. Ingles' ch. w. g.	... <i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	9 0	—	

Goldfinder and *Shan* raced away together, and the mare gratifying herself with one bound of about 20 feet, shot after them like a rocket. *Shan* bolted after topping the rise, *Goldfinder* doing his best, kept the lead for nearly a mile and quarter, when the mare collared and passed him. At the distance the old horse made a gallant attempt, but failed, the mare finishing by a length in 3 minutes 2 seconds.

It was expected the weights would have brought the horses nearer together for this race, but weight seemed to make not the slightest difference to the mare.

SECOND RACE.—For all *bond fide* Factory Horses that have been in regular use in a factory since 1st May, 1867. Winners of any race above 10 G. Ms. not allowed to start. 8 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Second horse to save his stakes.

Mr. Hossack's	<i>Firefly</i>	3 1 1
" Wood's	<i>Avalanche</i>	1 3 3
" Sellar's	<i>Rocket</i>	3 3 0

Firefly getting a bad start, lost the first heat, but won the last two without difficulty.

THIRD RACE.—Forced Handicap. For all winners of any stakes or cup value above Rs. 300. Optional to losers. Winners once 5 G. Ms.; twice 10 G. Ms.; oftener 15 G. Ms. 5 G. Ms. extra for all horses declared to start. R. C. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by noon the day before the race.

Mr. Davidge's	<i>Ma Cheris</i>	Paid forfeit.
Messrs. White & Riddle's	<i>Goldfinder</i>	Ditto.
Mr. White's	<i>Shan Van Vocht</i>	Ditto.

FOURTH RACE.—For all Ponies under 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands. 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Catch Weights. Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats, without dismounting.

Dr. White's	<i>Irish</i>	2 1 1
Mr. Wilburn's	<i>Red Leaf</i>	
Mr. Dolby's	<i>Punch</i>	1 3
Mr. Appleby's	<i>Little John</i>	4 4
Mr.	<i>Jack</i>	5 0

Irish the favorite. *Punch*, a right active pony, but small raced from the post, and won the first heat by a length. In the 2nd and 3rd heats the work told, and *Irish* had it all his own way. *Red Leaf* a good second.

FIFTH RACE.—Hurdle Race. 10. G. Ms. from the Fund. R. C. Over 6 flights of hurdles 4 feet high. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the Race.

Dr. White's	... <i>Bryan O'Lynn</i>	st. lbs.	10 7	Mr. Pearl	... 1
Capt. Hume's	... <i>Avalanche</i>	10 7	Capt. Hamilton	... 0	
Capt. Hamilton's	... <i>Mosquito</i>	9 7	Mr. Melbourne	... 3	

Great things were expected from *Avalanche*, and the veteran *Bryan O'Lynn* had less backers than usual, although his sporting owner was as confident as ever. *Bryan* led, followed by *Mosquito*. All got well over the first hurdle, but *Avalanche* bolted at the 2nd, and at the third was pulled up; bolting again, the other two going steadily over all, and *Mosquito*, a waler pony, only 13st. 2lbs., exciting the admiration of all by the plucky way in which he cleared the 4 foot hurdles with 9st 7lbs up. At the last hurdle *Mosquito* came with a rush to reach *Bryan*, and the latter going too fast at his jump, topped and came on his knees; he was up again, however, before

the little one could gain any lead, and in the run in soon passed him, his long stride covering about three of the ponies.

CHUMPARUN RACES, 1868.

FIRST DAY, 4TH FEBRUARY.

TRIAL STAKES.—First Race of 10 G. Ms. for all horses. C. T. C. Weight for age and class. Raised 2 stones. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance 1 mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Major's b.w.m.	... <i>Venture</i>	... 9 11	Captain Bingham	... 1
Mr. John's b.w.g.	... <i>Chancellor</i>	... 11 4	Owner	... 2
Mr. Freeman's b.w.g.	... <i>Mousetrap</i>	... 10 11	Mr. McNeale	... 3

21lbs. was too much for *Chancellor* to concede to *Venture*, who took the lead, and kept it, winning pretty easily.

SECOND RACE.—The Give and Take of 10 G. Ms. for all horses. 14 hands to carry 10 stone. 5lbs. off and on for every inch under and above. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance 1½ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Capt. Bingham's b.w.h.	... <i>Calipash</i>	... 10 11	Mr. Hudson	... 1
Mr. Freeman's	... <i>Mousetrap</i>	... 11 1	Mr. John	... 2
Capt. Bingham's b.w.g.	... <i>Monarch of the Glen</i>	... 10 7	Owner	... 3
Mr. Cosserat's b.c.b.h.	... <i>Red Herring, (late Bad Beer)</i>		McNeale	... 4

Monarch of the Glen made the running at a great pace for half a mile, when *Calipash* joined him; they kept together to the half-mile from home, where *Calipash* went to the front, followed by *Mousetrap*; but he kept his lead, and won easily. Pace was too good for *Red Herring*.

THIRD RACE.—The Galloway Race of 5 G. Ms. 14 hands to carry 10 stone 7lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every inch under. Entrance 1 G. M. Distance ¾ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Ted's b.c.b.m.	... <i>Sarah Walker</i>	... 10 7	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. Hudson's w.s.h.	... <i>Bonnie Morn</i>	... 10 7	Mr. Frank	... 2
Mr. Yankee's g.c.b.m.	... <i>Columbus</i>	... 10 7	Mr. McNeale	... 3
Mr. Frank's c.c.b.m.	... <i>Gentle Annie</i>	...	Mr. Hudson	... 4

Sarah Walker ran away with the lead, and won running away. *Gentle Annie* was not fit.

FOURTH RACE.—The Pony Stakes of 5 G. Ms. 13 hands to be considered height, and to carry 10 stone 7lbs. 7lbs. allowed for every inch under. Entrance Rs. 10. Distance ¼ mile heats.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Arthur's g.c.b.p.	... <i>Little Van</i>	... 10 0	Capt. Bingham	... 1
Mr. O'Reilly's cabool pony	... <i>Dublin</i>	... 10 7	Mr. Hudson	... 2
Mr. Cape's c.c.b.p.	... <i>Little Treasure</i>	...	Scratched.	

Dublin was too much for *Little Van*, and won both heats easily.

SECOND DAY, 6TH FEBRUARY.

FIRST RACE.—The Maharajah of Bettiah's Purse of 20 G. Ms. for all horses. C. T. C. Weight for age and class, with 2 stones added. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance 1½ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. John's	... <i>Chancellor</i>	... 11 4	Owner	... 1
Mr. Freeman's	... <i>Mousetrap</i>	... 10 11	Mr. Hudson	... 2
Mr. Major's	... <i>Venture</i>	... 9 11	Capt. Bingham (distanced.)	

Chancellor went off with the lead, with *Mousetrap* on his quarter, till the first turn, where *Venture* jumped across, thus obliging both the other horses to be pulled out of their strides, which apparently affected *Chancellor's* temper, as from that moment he did not appear to gallop a yard, and the mare won with very little of Latchford and Company, a cross being claimed by the rider of *Mousetrap*. *Venture* was declared distanced by the Stewards.

SECOND RACE.—The Derby Stakes of 10 G. Ms. for all Country-breds and Arabs. C. T. C. Weight for age and class. Raised 2 stones. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance 1 mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. John's b. a. g.	... <i>White Stockings</i>	... 9 11	Capt. Bingham	... 1
Mr. Sam's b. c. b. f.	... <i>Novice</i>	... 8 11	Native	... 2
Mr. Cosserat's b. c. b. h.	... <i>Red Herring</i>	...	Scratched.	...

They kept together for the first half-mile, when the mare took the lead. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from home she was leading by six lengths, when the rider of *White Stockings* set to work, and the little horse, answering very gamely, collared the mare opposite the stand, and won by a neck. The rider of the winner deserves great credit for the masterly style in which he rode, as the mare, hanging dreadfully, tried her best to bore him through the rails, which with most riders she would have effected.

THIRD RACE.—The Buggy Stakes of 5 G. Ms. for all horses regularly driven in harness. Catch Weights above 10st. 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

			Rider.	
Mr. Frank's b. w. g.	... <i>Bob</i>	...	Owner	... 1
Mr. Templemore's b. c. b. m.	... <i>Tearaway</i>	...	Mr. John	... 2

This was a foregone conclusion for *Bob*, but *Tearaway* coming from the distance with a tremendous rush, nearly upset the odds, as she only lost by a short neck.

FOURTH RACE.—The Assistants' Race of 5 G. Ms. for all Assistant Planters' horses. Owners up. Catch Weights above 10 stone 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. Distance 1 mile.

			Rider.	
Mr. Billy's b. w. g.	<i>Vandoola</i>	...	Mr. W. Nicolay	... 1
Mr. Cosserat's b. c. b. h.	<i>Red Herring</i>	...	Owner	... 2
Mr. Bob's g. w. g.	<i>Francer</i>	...	Owner	... 3
Mr. Steer's c. b. o. f.	<i>Meg Merrilies</i>	...	Owner	... 4
Mr. O'Reilly's b. c. b. m.	<i>Grizette</i>	...	Owner	... 5
Mr. Ted's b. c. b. m.	<i>Sarah Walker</i>	...	Owner	... 6
Mr. Frank's b. c. b. f.	<i>Caution</i>	...	Owner	... 7
Mr. Senle's g. c. b. m.	<i>Splinter Bar</i>	...	Owner	... 8

Caution was first favorite, but sadly belied his looks, as he was nowhere. *Grizette* made the running, attended by *Vandoola*, *Sarah Walker*, and *Red Herring*. At the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile post the latter took the lead, and looked a winner all over, but *Vandoola*, for whom no enquiries were made at the lotteries, collared him opposite the stand, and won by half a length, very steadily ridden by his young and promising rider, who won the race entirely by riding.

A match. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Cape's	... <i>Little Treasure</i>	... 10 7	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. Bishop's	... <i>Stinker</i>	... 10 7	Mr. Hudson	... 2

Little Treasure proved himself such, and won easily.

THIRD DAY, 8TH FEBRUARY.

The Charger's Stakes of 5 G. Ms. for all horses ridden on parade. Weight for age and class. Raised 21lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Capt. Bingham's b.w.g.	<i>Monarch of the Glen</i> ...	10 11	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. John's w.c.b.g.	<i>Bonnie Morn</i> ...	10 4	Capt. Bingham	... 2
Mr. Maccall's o.w.m.	<i>Lady Love</i> ...	10 11	Mr. Hudson	... 3

The owners of the two first horses changed horses, as the weights suited. *Bonnie Morn* went off with the lead, but *Monarch*, hard at work from the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, got up to him at the distance. A splendid race ensued; it ended in favor of the former by a head. The pace was too good for *Lady Love*.

SECOND RACE.—The Winner's Handicap of 10 G. Ms. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance R. C.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. John's	<i>Chancellor</i> ...	11 0	Owner	... 1
Mr. Major's	<i>Venture</i> ...	10 10	Capt. Bingham	... 2
Capt. Bingham's	<i>Calipash</i> ...	10 10	Mr. Hudson	... 3

Venture took the lead as usual, followed within a length by *Chancellor* and *Calipash*. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile the former came up to the mare, and after a good finish, was landed winner by a head.

THIRD RACE.—The Mudhunnie Biboo's Purse of Rs. 200 for all horses. To be handicapped by the Steywards. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance 1 mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. John's c. w. h.	<i>Warrior</i> ...	11 0	Owner	... 1
Mr. Freeman's	<i>Mousetrap</i> ...	11 0	Mr. Hudson	... 2
Mr. Sam's	<i>Novice</i> ...	8 11	Native	... 3
Mr. John's	<i>White Stockings</i> ...	9 11	Capt. Bingham	... 4

White Stockings went off with the lead, which he kept for half a mile, when *Novice* came to the front. She retained her lead till the quarter mile from home, when she was joined by *Warrior*, who won easily, *Mousetrap* beating the mare off for second place.

FOURTH RACE.—A purse of Rs. 100, given by W. F. Gibbon, Esq., Senior, for all Assistant Planters' horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 1 G. M. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Cosserat's	<i>Red Herring</i> ...	10 10	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. Ted's	<i>Sarah Walker</i> ...	9 7	Mr. Frank	... 2
Mr. Bob's	<i>Vandoola</i> ...	11 4	Mr. Hudson	... 3
Mr. O'Reilly's	<i>Grizette</i> ...	9 10	Capt. Bingham	... 4
Mr. Bob's	<i>Francer</i> ...	11 0	Mr. Ted	... 5
Mr. Bishop's	<i>Meg Merrilies</i> ...	9 0	Mr. O'Nicolay	... 6

Sarah Walker and *Grizette* went off at a great pace, the former leading by a couple of lengths coming into the straight, when *Red Herring*, hard at work, was seen coming through his horses, and catching *Sarah Walker* a dozen strides from the post, beat her by half a length. *Vandoola* a good third.

A match of 5 G. Ms. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Hickey's	<i>Wazwork</i> ...	10 11	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. O'Reilly's	<i>Doblin</i> ...	11 0	Mr. Hudson	... 2

Wazwork won in a canter.

FIFTH RACE.—A private Sweepstakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			Rider.	
Mr. Yankee's	<i>Columbia</i>	Owner	... 1
Mr. Tosco's	<i>Miss Knobs</i>	Owner	... 2
Mr. Charles's	<i>Steeple-chaser</i>	Owner	... 3
Mourie Chief's	<i>Tapioca</i>	Owner	... 4

Columbia got a bad start, but won easily, owing to *Tapioca's* saddle turning round. Her gallant rider rode in the most wonderful fashion, as he kept his place on the mare's back, and cantered in, whilst most riders would have followed the saddle.

FOURTH DAY, 10TH FEBRUARY.

FIRST RACE.—Handicap for 1st class horses. 10 G. Ms. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Distance R. C.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Major's	... <i>Venture</i>	... 10 6	Capt. Bingham	... 1
Mr. John's	... <i>Chancellor</i>	... 11 0	Mr. John	... 2
Mr. Frank's	... <i>Bob</i>	... 10 0	Owner	... 3

Chancellor was apparently out of sorts, and the mare won as she liked. The pace was too good for *Bob*.

SECOND RACE.—A purse of Rs. 100, given by Mr. John for Assistants' horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 1 G. M. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Conserat's	... <i>Red Herring</i>	... 10 10	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. Ted's	... <i>Sarah Walker</i>	... 10 4	Mr. Frank	... 2
Mr. Rob's	... <i>Vandoola</i>	... 10 12	Mr. Hudson	... 3
Mr. O'Reilly's	... <i>Grizette</i>	... 10 13	Capt. Bingham	... 4

Sarah Walker was the favorite, and took the lead, attended by *Grizette* in the straight. *Red Herring* was brought up, and after a sharp struggle defeated the mare by half a length; the others well up.

THIRD RACE.—Handicap for all horses. Entrance 1 G. M. 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		t. lbs.	Rider.	
Capt. Bingham's	... <i>Monarch of the Glen</i>	... 16 7	Mr. John	... 1
Mr. Arthur's	... <i>Longfellow</i>	... 10 7	Mr. Hudson	... 2
Mr. John's	... <i>Bonnie Morn</i>	... 10 0	Capt. Bingham	... 3
Mr. Sam's	... <i>Novice</i>	... 9 0	Native	... 4

Longfellow got a first-rate start, but when collared by *Monarch*, failed to answer to his rider's vigorous calls, and lost the race by half a length; the other two got a bad start, and after a sharp finish between them for places, the horse got the best of it in the last few strides by a neck.

A match of 5 G. Ms. for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st. lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. O'Reilly's	... <i>Grizette</i>	... 11 0	Mr. Hudson	... 1
Mr. Yankee's	... <i>Columbine</i>	... 9 7	Capt. Bingham	... 2

Grizette won easily.

A match of 5 G. Ms. for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			Rider.	
Mr. Cape's	... <i>Van Tromp</i>	Owner	... 1
Mr. Charles's	... <i>Steep's-chaser</i>	Owner	... 2

Van Tromp won in a canter.

A novel match concluded the meeting. Mr. Tosco standing on his mare *Miss Knobs*, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, against Mr. Charles's *Blue Beard* ridden, catch weight $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. A good start was effected, and *Miss Knobs* was taken round the turn at her best pace, winning in the most easy fashion to every person's delight.

MEERUT RACES,—1868.

STEWARDS:

W. A. FORBES, ESQ., C.B.
COLONEL DRUMMOND.
CAPTAIN RAVENHILL.

T. TREVAN, ESQ.
E. WILMOT, ESQ.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 10TH MARCH, 1868.

There was a heavy fall of rain on Monday evening, which made the weather very pleasant, and the course perfect. Large attendance of ladies in the grand stand, and carriages and of gentlemen in the enclosure. Not so many natives as usual, on account (I fancy) of the Hoolee drink. Arrangements first-rate, and great credit due to Mr. Hazlerigg, the Honorary Secretary. Not a hitch throughout.

The ordinary on Monday night was well attended, and money was plentiful.

The favorites were *Brigand* for the Give and Take, and for the Racing Stakes *Erl King* was bought for Rs. 320 in a lottery of Rs. 800.

The Selling Stakes produced a lottery of Rs. 830, in which *Garibaldi* sold for Rs. 280.

A Rs. 1,000 lottery was got up for the Desert Plate, and *Highlander* sold for Rs. 410, the next favorite being *Thansie* at Rs. 170.

FIRST RACE.—3-30 P. M. "Give and Take Plate" of 20 sovereigns, added to a Sweepstakes of 4 sovereigns each p. p. 1 mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Walter's b. auc. g.	... <i>Brigand</i>	... 10	10	(Joseph)	1
Mr. Robert's ch. auc. g.	... <i>Collopy</i>	... 11	3	(Owner)	2
Major Gibbs's b. s. h.	... <i>Paragon</i>	... 9	9	(Mr. Hughes)	0

Caliph was ill and did not come.

The little Arab couldn't live with the big horses, though he made a great show at first. *Brigand* won easily, hands down.

Time—1 m. 55 s.

SECOND RACE.—4-15 P. M. "The Racing Stakes" of 5 sovereigns each p. p. with 25 sovereigns added. 1½ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Milford's b. auc. g.	... <i>Erl King</i>	... 11	4	(Joseph)	1
Mr. Walter's b. auc. m.	... <i>Milliner</i>	... 10	11	(Native)	2
Mr. Toevan's g. auc. m.	... <i>Oyster Girl</i>	... 10	11	(Mr. Taylor)	0

Oyster Girl made the running. Good start. She could not live more than a mile. *Erl King* won by half a length, well ridden. *Milliner* was well ridden also. A very pretty race.

THIRD RACE.—5 P. M. "The Selling Stakes" of 1 sov. each p. p., with 10 sovereigns added. ½ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Gordon's b. c. b. g.	... <i>Hotspur</i>	... 10	8	(Joseph)	1
Mr. Morris's ch. c. b. h.	... <i>Garibaldi</i>	... 10	1	(Mr. Hughes)	2
Mr. Robert's g. c. b. g.	... <i>Bullyragget</i>	... 10	13	(Owner)	3
Mr. Hazlerigg's g. a. g.	... <i>Peishwa</i>	... 9	9	(Mr. Elwyn)	4

A very good race. Would have been won by *Garibaldi* if his rider had not allowed him to swerve at the corner of the turn, by which he lost about twenty

lengths. He ran a good second, however, to *Hotspur*, who won by a couple of lengths. *Pei* and *Garibaldi* were fractious at the post, and there were two false starts. The winner was put up to auction, but not sold.

Time—1 min.

FOURTH RACE.—5-30 P. M. "The Desert Plate" of 20 sovereigns, added to a Sweepstakes of 4 sovereigns each p. p. 2 miles.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Walter's b. a. h.	<i>Highlander</i>	... 11	7	(Joseph)
Mr. Biddulph's ch. a. h.	<i>Glenorchy</i>	... 10	11	(Mr. Elwyn)
Mr. Atkinson's g. a. h.	<i>Synd Pacha</i>	... 11	0	(Mr. Taylor)
Capt Wood's g. a. h.	<i>Jhunsie</i>	... 10	11	(Mr. Roberts)
Mr. Sutherland's b. a. h.	<i>Ronald</i>	... 10	7	(Mr. Hughes)
Captain Stewart's b. a. h.	<i>Pantomime</i>	... 10	7	(Oakland)
Mr. Soames's g. a. h.	<i>Glauens</i>	... 10	0	(Owner)

The race of the day. A splendid start. *Synd* made the running too quick to last, and he was passed near the mile post. *Ronald* was left 100 yards behind in the first $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and lost too much ground to recover; but he came up gallantly with *Synd* at the end, though to no purpose. The race was between *Highlander* and *Glenorchy*, and ended in the former's winning by a head. *Glenorchy* ran very pluckily, but *Highlander* was too much for him, notwithstanding the crushing weight of 11st. 7lb. for two miles.

Time—4 m. 21 s.

A cross was claimed by the rider and owner of *Glenorchy*, but was disallowed after investigation by the Stewards.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, 11TH MARCH, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*The Meerut Tent Club Cup*,—a piece of plate presented by W. A. Forbes, Esq., C. B., with a purse of 15 sovereigns, added to a Sweepstakes of 1 G. M. each, p. p., to be divided between the winner and the second horse. About 3 miles over a fair hunting country. 11 Subscriptions.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Ravenhill's b. w. g.	<i>The Ranger</i>	11	13	(Lieutenant Soames)	1
Mr. Robert's bl. c. b. g.	<i>Satan</i>	11	5	(Owner.)	2

These were the only two horses that passed the winning post. The other horses that started were

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Sapte's b. w. g.	<i>Daylight</i>	... 11	13	(Mr. Biscoe)
Mr. Carpenter's b. e. g.	<i>Snapdragon</i>	... 12	5	(Owner)
Mr. Carpenter's g. a. g.	<i>Favorite</i>	...		(Owner)
Mr. Biddulph's g. a. h.	<i>The Sheikh</i>	...		(Owner)
Mr. Taylor's b. w. g.	<i>Redwing</i>	...		
Major Tulloh's b. c. b. g.	<i>Lulloo</i>	...		(Mr. Elwin)
Mr. Barrow's b. w. g.	<i>The Interpreter</i>	...		
Major Gordon's c. w. h.	<i>Reclamo</i>	...		

The first jump was into a garden full of trees, and two of the horses refused several times, but eventually got over. The second jump was out of this garden into and across the Gurmukteesur road, and was a very tolerable "drop," I can tell you. At the third jump (a water jump) several horses came to grief, and as the water was deep, and the bottom soft, one gentleman's legs were seen for some seconds in the air, whilst his body and head were invisible; but he got up and proceeded on his way a dirtier, if not a wiser, man. *Lulloo* had three or four tumbles, and all, more or less, had their share; but the joke of the day was the way in which *Daylight* got rid of his rider, and compelled him to withdraw from the contest. It appears that the course ran through

or near Mr. Sapte's compound; and when the horse found himself in close proximity to his own stables, he thought that he and his rider had best part company, and no amount of persuasion was sufficient to induce him to proceed; and after a long trial of patience, his jockey had to dismount and walk home, whilst his friends and acquaintances were searching for him in all the surrounding ditches, &c.

The race was left entirely to *Satan* and *The Ranger*, who made a very pretty finish of it. *Satan* got first over the last jump, but was quickly followed by *The Ranger*, who raced in with him, and won by a length amidst "loud and deafening applause." Lieutenant Soames is a great steeple-chase rider, and deserves the greatest credit for the way in which he won the race against one of the best gentleman jocks in India. The Cup is worthy of the taste and long purse of the giver, and is a splendid piece of plate; and it is a matter of congratulation that it has fallen to the Artillery, who have done so much for the station in the way of sport.

It was now nearly dark, and in consequence only two horses were brought to the post for the

SECOND RACE.—*The Tullyho! Scurry.* The two last miles of the Meerut Tent Club Course. 1 sovereign each. Post entries. Catch weights.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Pochin's g. w. g.	... <i>Hair Trigger</i> ...	11	12	(Lieutenant Soames.)	1
Mr. Ford's b. w. g.	... <i>Sam Slick</i> ...				2

It was too dark to see this race, but the grey was the only one that put in an appearance again, and he had a nasty fall at the last jump. However, he quickly picked himself up, and his rider was then able to mount again and pilot him in winner without a second horse.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, 12TH MARCH, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*Champagne Stakes* of 2 sovereigns each, with 15 sovereigns added. 1 mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Wood's b. c. b. m.	... <i>Qui Vive</i> ...	10	3	(Mr. Phillips)	1
Mr. Atkinson's g. s. h.	... <i>Syud Pacha</i> ...	11	7	(Mr. Roberts)	2
Mr. Soames' g. s. h.	... <i>Glaucus</i> ...	9	13	(Owner)	3

Syud Pacha got off rather badly. *Glaucus* led at a great pace at first, but the mare ran through them both, and won in a common canter by ten or fifteen lengths. *Syud* was second, and *Glaucus* a bad third. Time—2 m. 1½s.

SECOND RACE.—*The Meerut St. Leger.* A Sweepstakes of 8 sovereigns each, with 40 sovereigns added. 1½ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Milford's b. w. g.	... <i>Erl King</i> ...	10	11	(Joseph)	1
Mr. Walter's b. w. m.	... <i>Milliner</i> ...	10	4	(Native)	2
Major Gibb's b. c. b. g.	... <i>Gunner</i> ...	10	1	(Mr. Hughes)	3

This was looked upon as a certainty for *Erl King*, who certainly *did* win it on the post by half a head, thus making a very pretty race for the ladies in the grand stand; but all the gentlemen present were not at all satisfied that the mare could not have passed the winner before reaching the post, and I heard several disagreeable remarks made on the ground at the time.

Time—3m. 5½s.

THIRD RACE.—*The Nursery Stakes* of 1 sovereign each, with 10 sovereigns added. ¼ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Wood's ch. s. p.	... <i>Ivanhoe</i>	10	7	(Mr. Elwyn)	1
Mr. Phillpott's g. p.	... <i>Old Squire</i>	9	11	(Owner)	2
Captain Simpson's g. p.	... <i>Lady Clare</i>	10	1	(Captain Dobson)	3
Mr. Innes' g. p.	... <i>Robin Gray</i>	9	7	(Mr. Taylor)	4
Captain Stewart's b. p.	... <i>Peep of Day</i>	(Native)	5
Mr. Haslerigg's g. p.	... <i>Muscat</i>	(Mr. Soames)	0
Mr. Shuttleworth's w. p.	... <i>Don Juan</i>	(Mr. Cheape)	0
Mr. Sutherland's ro. p.	... <i>John Brown</i>	(Mr. Hughes)	0

This race, as is always the case, was the best fun of the day. Everybody's pony had some time or other won something, and all were favorites. They gave far more trouble at the starting-post than trained racehorses; and when they did get off, it was a very bad start. But it was great fun, and excited more interest (I think) than any other race on the card.

Ivanhoe went through from end to end at a rattling good pace, and yet quite "within himself," and won as he liked, very steadily ridden by Mr. Elwyn, by three lengths. The *Old Squire* and *Lady Clare* had a good tussle for second place. There was only half a length between them.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Merchant's Purse* of 13 sovereigns, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Milford's	<i>Erl King</i>	11	11	(Joseph)	Walk Over.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, 14TH MARCH, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*Match* Rs. 100 p. p. Straight run in.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Gordon's b. c. b. g.	<i>Holspur</i>	10	7	(Joseph)
Mr. Haslerigg's g. a. h.	<i>Peishua</i>	10	0	(Mr. Cheape)

Holspur won easily.

SECOND RACE.—*The Revival Plate* of 15 sovereigns, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovereigns each. Half forfeit. $\frac{2}{3}$ mile.

		lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Robert's ch. aus. g.	<i>Collaby</i>	0	(Mr. Elwyn)
Mr. Walters' b. a. h.	<i>Highlander</i>	11	(Joseph)
Capt. Wood's g. a. h.	<i>Jhansi</i>	0	(Mr. Phillpotts)

Jhansi turned sulky at the starting-post, and would not go off at first. There were three false starts before the flag dropped, when *Highlander* went off at a great pace, but *Collaby* was too much for him, and won by four lengths with the greatest comfort. There was evidently something "up" with *Jhansi*, who did not run in anything like his own form.

Time—1m. 25s.

THIRD RACE.—*The Forbes' Cup*. Round the course.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Capt. Ravenhill's b. aus. g.	... <i>The Ranger</i>	11	10	(Mr. Elwyn)	1
Mr. Sutherland's b. a. h.	... <i>Ronald</i>	10	7	(Mr. Kane)	2
Mr. Haslerigg's ch. aus. g.	... <i>Stilton</i>	12	3	(Mr. Roberts)	3
Mr. Taylor's b. aus. g.	... <i>Redwing</i>	11	13	(Capt. Soames)	4
Mr. Biddulph's g. a. h.	... <i>The Sheikh</i>	10	7	(Mr. Burnett)	0
Mr. Carpenter's b. aus. g.	... <i>Snapdragon</i>	12	7	(Owner)	0
Mr. Brevet's ch. a. h.	... <i>B. U. T.</i>	10	7	(Mr. Phillpotts)	0

There was a good start for this race, and they all went in a cluster to the three-quarter mile post, when *B. U. T.*, *Snapdragon*, and *The Sheikh* tailed off. *Ranger*, *Redwing*, and *Stilton* raced to the corner, when *Ronald* came up with them, and very gallantly struggled for the honors. *Ranger*,

however, won very easily, but *Ronald* deprived *Stilton* of second place by a head.

Time—4m. 28s.

FOURTH RACE.—The Pony Handicap. 10 sovereigns, added to a Sweepstakes of 1 sovereign each. 1 mile.

Capt. Wood's ch. a. p.	<i>Ivanhoe</i>	... 11	7	(Mr. Elwyn)	1
Mr. Phillpots' g. p.	<i>Old Squire</i>	... 10	4	(Owner)	2
Captain Stewart's b. p.	<i>Peep of Day</i>	... 8	8	(Native)	3
Mr. Hazlerigg's g. p.	<i>Muscat</i>	... 9	0	(Native)	4
Capt. Simpson's g. p.	<i>Lady Clara</i>	... 10	0	(Capt. Soames)	0
Mr. James's br. p.	<i>Darling</i>	... 10	4	(Mr. Chespe)	0

Ivanhoe got off very well and made the running, and, notwithstanding the crushing weight he carried, was never collared. *Old Squire* ran a good second, and the two natives had a good tussle for third place.

Time—not taken.

FIFTH RACE.—Match Rs. 100 p. p. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. Phillpots' g. a. h.	... <i>Gazelle</i>	lbs. 7	Rider. (Owner)
Mr. Gordon's b. a. h.	... <i>Jerry</i>	7	(Joseph)

Won easily by three or four lengths.

SIXTH RACE.—The Winners' Handicap. Once round and a distance.

Mr. Milford's b. aus. g.	... <i>Erl King</i>	st. lbs. 11 0	Rider. (Joseph)	Walk Over.
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SEVENTH RACE.—Match Rs. 100, p. p. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr. Gordon's b. c. b. g.	<i>Hotspur</i>	lbs. 7	Rider. (Joseph)
Mr. Morris's ch. c. b. h.	<i>Garibaldi</i>	7	(Mr. Elwyn)

Hotspur was mounted at the starting-post, and fretted himself a great deal in being led across, but, nevertheless, was able to give *Garibaldi* a stone, and beat him by two lengths.

Thus ended one of the pleasantest race-meetings of the year, and I cannot close this report without once more alluding to the very satisfactory manner in which everything passed off. The very greatest credit is due to the energetic Secretary, Mr. Hazlerigg, for the able manner in which he conducted the whole of the proceedings.

Settling will take place on Monday morning, at 10 a. m., at Mr. Gee's Hotel.

MOOLTAN RACES, 1867.

THE race-meeting of this out-of-the-way yet important station came off a few days ago; it was one of the most successful ones we remember seeing. Numbers of fresh horses came to the scratch, which rendered uncertain the chances of the old favorites. This made the betting glow at the ordinary. The two well-known C. B. mares, *Vivandiere* and *Butterfly*, here had a tussle which was exciting in the extreme. A new race, called the Ladies' Purse, gave satisfaction to the fair creatures of the station. In this race the excitement was intense on the grand stand, where the fair owners were ready to back their own at any risk. Gloves without number were betted, and actually lotteries got up on the spot, tickets being a pair of gloves each. Whether the fair winners ever got paid by their own sex is another thing.

FIRST DAY, 3RD MARCH.

HACK RACE. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Chichester's br. c. b. m.	... <i>Butterfly</i>	10	9	Owner
Mr. Campbell's nunes b. c. b. g.	... <i>Selim</i>	10	0	Mr. Campbell
Mr. Tucker's b. w. g.	... <i>Bill</i>	10	4	Capt. Vibart

Betting two to one on *Butterfly*, she won easily. Time—1 m. 27s.

PONY RACE. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Jones' ch. p.	<i>Dick</i>	9	0	
Capt. Beadon's ch. p.	<i>Bulmarsh</i>	8	13	Mr. Forkington ... 2
Mr. Latouche's gr. p.	<i>Nutmeg</i>	9	13	Mr. Campbell ... 3
Mr. Gordon's b. p.	<i>Nuwab</i>	9	13	Mr. Sheppard ... 0

False start. *Nuwab* bolted away; could not stop till passed the winning post; was got back, and a good start took place. *Dick* won by six lengths.

CHARGER STAKES. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Torkington's b. a. h.	... <i>The Cure</i>	0	3	Owner ... 1
Mr. Adkin's gr. a. h.	... <i>Guardman</i>	0	3	Mr. Campbell ... 2
Mr. Pearson's b. Cape g.	... <i>Daria</i>	11	4	Mr. Chichester ... 3
Capt. Musgrave's b. c. b. mare	... <i>Affrey</i>	10	13	Owner ... 4

The Cure won easily by four or five lengths. Time—56s.

MOOLTAN PLATE. R. C. AND A DISTANCE.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Torkington's b. c. b. mare	... <i>Vivandiere</i>	10	7	Owner ... 1
Mr. Tucker's b. w. g.	... <i>Toprail</i>	10	12	Mr. Campbell ... 2
Mr. Chichester's ch. w. g.	... <i>Brigadier</i>	11	11	... 3

Toprail and *Vivandiere* ran well together; at the finish the mare went away.

SECOND DAY, 5TH MARCH.

THE BUGGY STAKES. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Tucker's b. w. g.	... <i>Toprail</i>	10	7	Mr. Chichester
Mr. Campbell's nunes b. c. b. g.	... <i>Selim</i>	10	0	Mr. Campbell
Capt. Vibart's gr. c. b. m.	... <i>Sprite</i>	10	0	Owner

Toprail had it at all his own way. Won by a length. Time—57s.

MERCHANTS' PURSE. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Chichester's br. c. b. m.	... <i>Butterfly</i>	10	7	Capt. Barber
Mr. Torkington's b. c. b. m.	... <i>Vivandiere</i>	10	12	Owner
Mr. Chichester's ch. w. g.	... <i>Brigadier</i>	11	1	Owner
Mr. Tucker's b. w. h.	... <i>Bucephalus</i>	13	0	Owner

Butterfly, well ridden, made the running the whole way. *Vivandiere*, a little too late, lost the race by a couple of lengths.

THE LADIES' PURSE. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mrs. Musgrave's b. c. b. m.	... <i>Mouse</i>	10	7	Mr. Torkington
Mrs. Vibart's b. c. b. g.	... <i>The Squire</i>	11	0	Mr. Chichester
Mrs. Frith's gr. c. b. m.	... <i>Georgie</i>	9	0	Mr. Sheppard
Mrs. Bond's gr. c. b. h.	... <i>Springs</i>	10	0	Mr. Campbell
Mr. Beadon's ch. c. b. m.	... <i>Beauty</i>	9	7	Mr. Flowden

Mouse won by a length, amidst the cheering and screaming of the occupants of the stand.

THE LILLIPUTS. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.		
Capt. Beadon's ch. p.	... <i>Budmask</i>	...	9 7	Mr. Torkington	...	1 1
Mr. Tucker's ch. p.	... <i>The Violet</i>	...	9 7	Mr. Sheppard	...	2 2
Dr. Greenhow's b. p.	... <i>The Unknown</i>	...	9 7	Capt. Vibart	...	3 3

Won by a short head with difficulty.

THIRD DAY, 6TH MARCH.

STEWARDS' HANDICAP. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.		
Mr. Tucker's b. w. g.	<i>Toprail</i>	...	10 10	Capt. Barber	...	1
Mr. Chichester's b. o. b. m.	<i>Butterfly</i>	...	10 10	Owner	...	2
Mr. Torkington's b. s. h.	<i>The Cure</i>	...	10 3	Owner	...	3
Mr. Campbell's b. o. b. h.	<i>Selim</i>	...	9 4	Owner	...	4

Betting eight to one against *Toprail*, even on the mare; two to one against *The Cure*; five to one against *Selim*; *Toprail* winning with great difficulty by three-quarters of a length.

Time—55s.

TALLYHO STAKES. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.		
Mr. Tucker's b. w. h.	... <i>Bucephalus</i>	...	11 3	Capt. Barber	...	1
Mr. Chichester's ch. w. g....	<i>Brigadier</i>	...	10 8	Owner	...	2
Mr. Nichollett's gr. o. b. m.	<i>Astonishment</i>	...	10 0	Mr. Flowden	...	3

Captain Barber rode the big horse well.

FOURTH DAY, 7TH MARCH.

MOOLTAN STEEPLE-CHASE.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.		
Mr. Torkington's b. o. b. m.	... <i>Vivandiers</i>	...	10 4	Owner	...	1
Mr. Apperley's names br. w. g....	<i>Game Cock</i>	...	12 1	Mr. Apperley	...	2
Mr. Tucker's b. w. h.	... <i>Bucephalus</i>	...	13 7	Owner	...	3
Mr. Chichester's ch. w. g.	... <i>Brigadier</i>	...	10 11	Owner	...	4

This was one of the nicest races I remember seeing in India. The course was about a mile long, with nine or ten as pretty jumps as a man unambitious to break his neck would care about going over. From the starting point, first, came a four-foot wall, then a hedge made of kuraila bushes bound with reeds, after that the jump of the race, a nasty piece of water some fourteen feet broad. What made it worse was that you could not possibly see it before you came right on it, the ground on the take-off side being slightly higher than on the other, without a bush or stone to denote the whereabouts. The three Australians came well together over the two first jumps. *Game Cock*, on approaching the water, shot a head, but checked himself on the edge; then gave a spring, falling short; horse and rider rolled over together on the opposite bank. *Bucephalus* coming up next, landed on *Game Cock*, fell with a tremendous crash, throwing his rider, who performed a somersault before touching the ground; *Vivandiers* coming next, added to the confusion by rolling over the other two. *Brigadier* escaped with the greatest difficulty. Nothing but the rider's presence of mind saved him; *en passant*, giving the rider of *Game Cock* a slap on the head which did not improve his personal appearance.

All three of the Field Officers managed to pick themselves up, and off they went again greatly shaken. *Vivandiers* came up, with Mr. Chichester vainly trying to coax his horse over the double; she got over, leaving the rest there.

Bucephalus again fell. *Game Cock* fell into the ditch twice before getting over. By this time the race had been virtually won; the rest of the fences, including the Bull Finch, were comparatively trifling jumps for such horses.

GALLOWAY STEEPLE CHASE.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Pearson's ch. p.	... <i>Ram Buz</i>	... 10	7	Mr. Chichester	... 1
Mr. Torkington's gr. p.	... <i>Mokenna</i>	... 9	13	Owner	... 2
Capt. Beadon's ch. p.	... <i>Budmash</i>	... 9	0	Mr. Plowden	... 0

The Galloways were exempted from going over the two big jumps—the water and double.

SELLING STEEPLE CHASE.

		st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Apperley's names ch. c. b. g.	<i>Springbok</i>	... 13	1	Mr. Apperley	... 1
Mr. Chichester's ch. w. g.	<i>Brigadier</i>	... 10	11	Owner	... 2

Mr. Torkington's c. c. b. mare *Vivandiere* pulled up at the first fence and retired.

Springbok came to the water jump at a tremendous pace, and fell, throwing his rider, who soon picked himself up. *Brigadier* could not be coaxed over; so the first horse was left to himself; he, nevertheless, had four falls before passing the winning post. The cool determination with which Mr. Apperley always got up and tried again showed that he had the right stuff in him.

RACES TO COME.

BANGALORE RACE MEETING, 1868.

STEWARDS.

COL. THORNHILL, Staff Corps.	CAPT. MESHAM, Staff Corps.
DR. ORR, C. B., Deputy Inspector.	CAPT TWISS, R. A.
MAJOR PEARSE, Mysore Commission.	LIEUT. TURNER, 16th Lancers.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—Bangalore Derby. 500 Rupees from the Fund. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. 1½ milo. Winners once 7 lbs., oftener 10lbs. extra. Entrance 1st May 50 Rupees, 1st June 75 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start.

SECOND RACE.—Colonial Maiden.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all Colonial Maidens. Weight for age. 1½ milo. Winners once 7 lbs., oftener 10 lbs. extra. Entrance, 1st May 50 Rupees, 1st June 75 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start.

THIRD RACE.—The Welter.—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses the property of Officers stationed at Bangalore. Arabs 10 stone. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. 1½ mile. G. R. Entrance 50 Rupees, p. p., with a Sweepstakes of Rupees 75 for each horse declared to start. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—Hack Stakes.—100 Rupees from the Fund. For all hacks. Arabs 10 stone. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. G. R. Entrance 15 Rupees. Winners to be sold for Rupees 500. To close and name the day before the race.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—The Omnibus.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses. Weight for age. 2 miles. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 12 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Horses that have not won previous to the meeting allowed 7 lbs. Entrance 200 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st August, and name the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.—The Maiden Stakes.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For Arabs that have never won. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 200 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st August, and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—Charger Stakes.—200 Rupees from the Fund. For all Officer's Chargers that have been regularly ridden on parade for three months before the meeting. Arabs 10 stone. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. G. R. Entrance Rupees 30. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—Bangalore Stakes.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all maiden horses. Weight for age. Winners once 7 lbs., oftener 10 lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 1st May 50 Rupees, 1st June 75 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start.

FIFTH RACE.—Hack Stakes.—75 Rupees from the Fund. For all hacks. Arabs 10 stone, Australians 11st. 7lbs. $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. G. R. Entrance 15 Rupees. The winner to be sold for Rupees 400. Winner of the Hack Stake on the 1st day excluded. To close and name the day before the race.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 12TH SEPTEMBER, 1868.

Purse of Rs. 500 presented by Aga Ally Iskar. For all Maiden Arabs purchased from his stable from the horses imported by him this year. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 1st May 5 G. Ms., 1st June 10 G. Ms., 1st July 15 G. Ms., when the race closes. Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for each horse declared to start. Three horses, the property of different owners, to start, or the purse will be withheld.

FIRST RACE.—Grand Stand Stake.—600 Rupees from the Fund. Handicap for all horses. $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 200 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st August, and name the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.—Merchants' Purse.—Value———Given by the merchants of Bangalore. Handicap for all maiden horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 100 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st August, and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—Whim Plate.—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Weight for age and inches. Winners of one previous season 5 lbs. extra, of more than one previous season 10 lbs. extra. Entrance 100 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st August, and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—Little Weller.—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all Arabs the property of Officers stationed at Bangalore 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 50 Rupees. G. R. To close and name the day before the race. Professionals may ride, carrying 7 lbs. extra.

FIFTH RACE.—Pony Race.—50 Rupees from the Fund. For all ponies 13-2 and under. Catch weights over 9 stone. R. C. Entrance Rupees 10. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—Hurdle Race.—250 Rupees from the Fund. Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Australians 11st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. Round the Course and a distance. G. B. Over 5 Hurdles. Entrance 50 Rupees. To close and name the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.—Winning Handicap.—300 Rupees from the Fund. Forced for winners, optional to losers. For all horses that have started during the meeting. 2 miles. 50 Rupees for each race won. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start. To close and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—Consolation Purse.—300 Rupees from the Fund. Handicap for all horses that have started during the meeting and not won. 1½ mile. Sweepstakes of Rupees 75 for each horse declared to start. To close and name the day before the race.

 RULES.

1. The decision of the Stewards is final.
2. W. I. T. C. Rules (as in force at present), local Rules excepted.
3. Winners of Whim Plate, Welters, Garrison Stakes, Hurdle and Hack Stakes, not forced for Winners' Handicap.
4. Winners of all Lotteries to pay 5 per cent. to the Fund.
5. If there is a deficiency of public money, a percentage to be deducted.
6. Two horses *bona fide* the property of different owners to start, or the public money will be withheld.
7. All communications to be addressed to Major E. B. Ramsay, Bangalore.

E. B. RAMSAY,
Secretary.

 POONA RACES, 1868.

 FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, THE 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—The Derby. Rupees 1,000 from the Fund. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Horses landed after 1st September, 1867, allowed 4 lbs. Winner of a race before the meeting to carry 5lbs. extra, oftener 7lbs.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	... 5 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st June	... 10 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st August	... 20 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for each horse declared to start. One mile and a half.

SECOND RACE.—The Maiden Galloway. Rupees 400 from the Fund. For all Maiden Galloways. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 9 stone.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	... 3 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st July	... 5 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st August	... 10 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st September	15 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for each Galloway declared to start. One and a quarter mile.

THIRD RACE.—*A Purse* of Rs. 500, presented by Messrs. Ludha, Ebrahim & Co. of Poona, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 500. For all horses 8st. 7 lbs. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. Nominations to be taken on the 1st June. To close the day before the race. One mile.

4TH RACE.—*Pony Race.* Rupees 100 from the Fund. For all Ponies 13-1 and under. Catch Weights. G. R. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the race. Half mile.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 19TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*Thousand Rupees Purse*, presented by the Honorable S. Mansfield. For all Horses. Weight for age. Winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 5lbs.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	...	5 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st June	...	10 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st August	...	20 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for each Horse declared to start. One mile and three quarters.

SECOND RACE.—*His Highness Aga Khan's Purse* value Rs. 500. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winner of the Derby to carry 7lbs. extra.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	...	5 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st June	...	10 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st August	...	15 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for each Horse declared to start. One mile and a half.

THIRD RACE.—*The Welter.* Rs. 500 from the Fund. For all Horses. 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

Entrance for horses named on 1st August 5 G. Ms. After that date 10 G. Ms. To close the day before the race. R. O. G. R.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Auction Stakes.* Rupees 500 from the Fund. For all Horses R. C. Entrance 10 G. Ms. Rupees 2,000. To carry 10st. 7lbs. allowed for every hundred rupees.

The winner to be put up to auction immediately after the race. Any surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund. To close and name the day before the race.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, 22ND SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Grand Stand Stakes.* Rs. 1,000. For all Horses. Weight for age. Winners during or before the meeting to carry extra. Once 5lbs., twice 7lbs., oftener 10lbs.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	...	5 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st June	...	10 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st July	...	20 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st August	...	30 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for each Horse declared to start. Two miles.

SECOND RACE.—*His Highness Aga Khan's Cup*, value Rs. 500. For all Arabs. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winner of the Derby, the Grand Stand Stakes, or any Cup, Plate, or Purse during the meeting to carry 5lbs. extra for each race won.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	... 5 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st June	... 10 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st August	... 15 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for each Horse declared to start. One mile and three quarters.

THIRD RACE.—Maiden Stakes. Rupees —, presented by the Merchants of Poona. For all Maidens that have never started before the meeting, or never won before the race. Weight for age R. C. Nominations to be taken on the 1st May at 50 G. Ms. H. F., and name the day before the race. Open until 1st August on double entrance and forfeit.

FOURTH RACE.—The Charger Stakes. Rupees 400 from the Fund. For all *bona fide* chargers in possession of, and ridden by, the owner three months prior to race regularly on parade. The property of Officers of the Division. Entrance 5 G. Ms. G. R. Three-quarter mile.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—The Chief of Jukhundee's Cup, value Rupees 1,000, presented by H. H. Ramchundra Row Appa Sahib. For all Horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra, and of every other race before or during the meeting 3lbs. up to 9lbs. Horses that have run once during the meeting, and not a winner, allowed 5lbs., twice 10lbs., oftener 1st.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	... 5 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st June	... 10 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st August	... 20 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for each Horse declared to start. Two miles and a half.

SECOND RACE.—The Whip. Rs. 400 from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the race. R. C. The winner of either of the Cups, Purse, or Grand Stand Stakes to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 5lbs.

THIRD RACE.—A Free Handicap. For all Horses which have started during the meeting. The handicap to be published by 10 A.M. the day before the race. Acceptance to be given in with the entrance of the day. Rs. 500 from the Fund, with an entrance of 15 G. Ms. One mile and three quarters.

SECOND RACE.—The Hacks. Rupees 200 from the Fund. For all untrained hacks. 11st. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the race. Three quarters of a mile.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, 26TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—The Arabian Cup. Value Rupees 1,000, presented by Shaik Essa Bin Kalliffa. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra.

Entrance for Horses named	on 1st May	... 5 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st June	... 10 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st July	... 15 G. Ms.
Ditto	ditto on 1st August	... 20 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for each Horse declared to start. Two miles.

SECOND RACE.—The Zoroastrian Cup, value — presented by—.

For all Maidens. Weight for age. The winner of the Derby, the Grand Stand Stakes, Cups, Purse, or Plate to carry 3lbs. extra for each race won.

Entrance for Horses named on	1st May	...	5 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st June	...	10 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st July	...	15 G. Ms.
Ditto ditto	on 1st August	..	20 G. Ms.

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. added for each Horse declared to start. Three miles.

THIRD RACE.—The Galloway Plate. Rs. 400 from the Fund. For all Galloways; 14 hands to carry 9st. Entrance for a Horse named on 1st June 5 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the race. With an entrance of 10 G. Ms. One and a half miles.

FOURTH RACE.—The Ladies' Purse. Rs. 300 from the Fund. For all Galloways 13.3 and under, Winner of the Maiden Galloway or Galloway Plates excluded. Weight for inches 13.3. To carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance Rs. 75. To close and name the day before the race.

SIXTH DAY, TUESDAY, 29TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—The Galloway Handicap. Rs. 500 from the Fund. For all Galloways that have started during the meeting. Entrance 10 G. Ms. with 2 G. Ms. forfeit for not standing the handicap. Entrance to be sent in by 8 A.M., and the handicap will be published by 10 A.M. the day before the race. Acceptance to be sent with the entrance of the day. One and a half miles and a distance.

SECOND RACE.—The Winners' Cup. A Forced Handicap for all winners during the meeting Rs. 500 from the Fund. 2 miles. Forced for winners at 5 G. Ms. for each race won, with an extra 5 G. Ms. if declared to start. Optional to losers at an entrance of 10 G. Ms. 5 G. Ms. forfeit for not standing the handicap. Nominations of losers to be sent in by 8 A.M. The handicap to be declared by noon the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—The Beaten Plate. Rs. 500 from the Fund. A handicap open to the beaten Horses of the meeting. 10 G. Ms. entrance. H. F. One and a half miles. Weights to be announced by noon, and declaration as to standing or not to be made with the nominations of the day.

FOURTH RACE.—The Cheroot Stakes. Rs. 50 from the Fund. Post entrance. Rs. 10. For all untrained Horses. Catch Weights G. R. R. C. Cheroots to be kept lighted from starting until race is decided.

RULES.

I.—The W. I. T. Club rules to be adhered to, unless specially provided for.

II.—Owners of Horses running during the meeting (Ponies and Hacks excepted) must pay Rs. 50 to the Fund. In confederacies each confederate must subscribe Rs. 50.

III.—No Horse to start unless he has paid his entrance previously.

IV.—If only two Horses *bona fide* the property of different owners start for any race, half the public money will be withheld. No public money will be given for a W. O.

V.—Three Horses *bona fide* the property of different owners, and from different stables, must start in races for the Grand Stand Stakes, Cups, and Purses, or the prizes will be withheld.

VI.—A rateable reduction will be made from the amount added by the Fund, should the subscription fall short of the amount advertised.

VII.—Winners of Lotteries to pay Rs. 15 to the Fund.

VIII.—After the Course has been put in order, a fee of Rs. 5 will be demanded for every Horse ridden or exercised thereon.

IX.—In the event of any race not filling, the Stewards have power to make another.

X.—The races to be run in the order they appear in the published prospectus.

XI.—Should the weather prove unfavorable, the Stewards have power to postpone the meeting for 10 days at a time, or should the races have commenced, from day to day.

XII.—The decision of the Stewards is final on all points whatsoever, any rule or practice to the contrary notwithstanding.

XIII.—A day, not less than a week after the date on which the last race of the season is run, will be fixed by the Stewards on which all accounts will be settled.

J. H. HENDERSON,

Honorary Secretary, Poona Races.

Poona, 20th October, 1867.

HYDERABAD RACES, 1868.

STEWARDS:

COLONEL KNOX, 18TH HUSSARS.

MAJOR HENDERSON, BOMBAY ARMY.

MAJOR PETTON, Q. M. G.

COLONEL BLOMFIELD, M. S. G.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—H. H. Aga Khan's Purse. Rs. 1,000, presented by H. H. Aga Khan, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for each Horse declared to start. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. 3 Horses from separate stables to start, or the purse will be withheld. 2 miles.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

SECOND RACE.—The Galloway Purse. Rs. 250 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each Horse declared to start. For all Maiden Galloways. Weight for age. W. I. T. C. Standard reduced 7 lbs. 1½ mile.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 50
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 150

THIRD RACE.—The Desert Stakes. Rs. 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 150 for each Horse declared to start. For all Arabs and Country-breds. Weight for age. Previous winners of one season (prior to 1st

May, 1868.) 3lbs., of two seasons 8lbs., of three or more seasons 1 stone extra. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the purse will be withheld. 1½ mile.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

FOURTH RACE.—*The Great Welter.* Rs. 300 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each Horse declared to start. For all Horses. Arabs 10st. Previous winners of one season 5lbs.; of two or more seasons 10 lbs. extra. 1½ mile. G. R. Any horse running to be claimable at 9 P. M. on the last day of the races for Rs. 1,500.

Entrance on the 1st of September	Rs. 50
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 100

FIFTH RACE.—*The Pony Plate.* Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for all ponies 8st. 7lbs. ¾ mile.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*Mowl Ali Trial Stakes.* Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 150 for each Horse declared to start. For all English, Colonial, and Country-bred Maidens. Weight for age. 1 mile.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

SECOND RACE.—*The Bedouin Stakes.* Rs. 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 150 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. 1½ mile. The winner of H. H. Aga Khan's Purse 5lbs. extra. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the added money will be withheld.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

THIRD RACE.—*The Galloway Plate.* Rs. 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each Horse declared to start. Weight for inches. W. I. T. C. standard reduced 10lbs. Winners of one previous season 5lbs., of more than one previous season 10lbs. extra. 1½ mile.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 50
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 100

FOURTH RACE.—*The Criterion.* Rs. 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 150 for each Horse declared to start. For all Horses. Weight for age. Winners of one season 3lbs; of two 10lbs; of three or more seasons 1 stone extra. Maidens allowed 1 stone, and the scale for Arabs only to be reduced 1 stone. No horse to carry less than 6 stone. 1 mile. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the added money will be withheld.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

FIFTH RACE.—*The Secunderabad Stakes.* Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for all Horses. Arabs 10 stone. 1½ mile. G. R. Any horse running to be claimable at 9 P. M. on the last day of the races for Rs. 1,500.

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, 18TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Nawab Salar Jung's Plate.* Rs. 1,000, presented by the Nawab Mookhtar-ool Moolk Salar Jung Bahadoor, K. S. I., added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for each Horse declared to start. For all Maiden Horses. Weight for age. 1½ mile. Winner of Aga Khan's, Bedouin or Trial Stakes 5lbs extra; of two of those races 8lbs extra.

Entrances on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

SECOND RACE.—*The Haji Purse.* Presented by Haji Abdool Wahab, value Rs. 500, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each Horse declared to start. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Previous winners 4lbs. extra, and of Aga Khan's Purse or the Bedouin Stakes 7lbs. extra; the winner of both 10lbs extra. 1½ mile.

Entrances on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of September	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

THIRD RACE.—Rs. ... presented by ... added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for each Horse declared to start. For all Horses. Weight for age. English and Colonial horses to carry 1 stone in excess of the W. I. T. C. standard. Should no Arabs or Country-breds declare to start, the stone in excess no to be carried by other classes. 2 miles.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 150
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 300

FOURTH RACE.—*The Whim Plate.* Rs. 250, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each Horse declared to start. For all Horses. Weight for age and inches. 2 miles.

N. B.—No class penalty to be carried by English or Colonial horses.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 100
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 200

FIFTH RACE.—*The Auction Stakes.* Rs. 200 from the Fund. For all Horses. Entrance Rs. 75. 1½ mile.

If to be sold for Rupees 1,200 to carry 8st 7lbs.	} <i>N. B.</i> —These weights not to be affected by the class or sex of the animals, or by maiden allowance.
Ditto ... ditto 1,000 " 8 0	
Ditto ... ditto 800 " 8 7	
Ditto ... ditto 600 " 8 0	

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, 21ST NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Hyderabad Gold Cup.* A piece of Plate value Rs. 1,200, presented by the Minister of His Highness the Nizam, with Rs. 1,500 in specie, added from the Fund, and a Sweepstakes of Rs. 250 for each Horse declared to start. For all Horses. Weight for age. Horses that have never started before the meeting allowed 5lbs., and the scale for Arabs and Country-breds to be reduced 7lbs. Maidens allowed 1 stone. No horse to carry less than 6 stone. 2½ miles. To close and name on the 1st July at Rs. 250, but horses may be entered up to the 1st October at a subscription of Rs. 500. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the added money will be withheld. If more than three horses start, the second horse to receive Rs 500 from the Fund.

SECOND RACE.—*The Durbar Stakes.* A Sweepstakes of Rs. 500 for all Maidens Arabs. Weight for age. Winners of 1, 2, or 3 advertised races of the meeting 5lbs., 10lbs., or 1 stone extra. 1 mile. Nominations to be taken on the 1st July. To name or declare H. F. at 12 noon, the 11th November.

THIRD RACE.—Garrison Stakes. Rs. 250 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50. For all Horses the property of Officers of the Secunderabad Garrison. To be ridden by the same. Weight for Arabs 10 stone. 1½ mile.

FOURTH RACE.—Trimulgherry Stakes. A Handicap for all Arabs that have started during the meeting. Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to an entrance of Rs. 25, and Rs. 50 in addition for every horse accepting the Handicap. 1½ mile. Top weight not to exceed 10 stone 7lbs.

FIFTH RACE.—Bolarum Stakes. A Handicap for all Horses that have started during the meeting. Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to an entrance of Rs. 25, and Rs. 100 in addition, for every horse accepting the Handicap. 2 miles. Top weight not to exceed 10 stone 10lbs.

FIFTH DAY, WEDNESDAY, 25TH NOVEMBER, TO BE RUN ON THE CHUDDERGHAUT COURSE.

FIFTH RACE.—The Stewards' Purse. Rs. 750 from the Fund. 2 miles. Highest weight not to exceed 11 stone.

SECOND RACE.—The Lottery Stakes. Rs. 750 from the Fund. 1½ Mile. Highest weight not to exceed 10 stone. All horses that have won during the meeting will be entered by the Stewards for one of the above two races at an entrance of Rs. 50 for each race won. Losers can enter at 12 noon, the 23rd November, at an entrance of Rs. 100, and will be handicapped by the Stewards into one of the above classes.

THIRD RACE.—Consolation Stakes. Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 75. A Handicap open to all horses that have started and not won during the meeting 1½ Mile. To close at noon on the 23rd November. A forfeit of Rs. 25 for not standing the handicap.

FOURTH RACE.—The Hyderabad Steeple Chase.—Rs. 500 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each horse declared to start. A steeple-chase over above 2 miles of fair hunting country. Arabs and Country-breds 10s. 7lbs., other classes 12st. Previous winners of hurdle races or steeple chases 7lbs. extra. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the purse will be withheld.

N. B.—No maiden allowance.

Entrance on the 1st of July	Rs. 50
Ditto 1st of October	Rs. 100

RULES.

1.—W. I. T. C. Rules (as in force at present), local Rules excepted. The decision of the Stewards is final on all points.

2.—Owners entering 1 horse to subscribe Rs. 50, and for over 3 horses Rs. 100. For the Auction, Pony, and Garrison Races to subscribe Rs. 25. Subscribers of less than Rs. 15 will not be admitted to the stand or enclosures, or allowed to take part in the lotteries.

3.—Winners of every race value Rs. 100 to pay Rs. 30 to the Fund. Winners of races of less amount to pay Rs. 15.

4.—The winners of each lottery to pay 5 per cent. to the Fund.

5.—Halli Sicca Currency. Payments to or by parties at a distance to be reckoned at 7 per cent.

6.—Where not otherwise specified for all other than Maiden races, Maidens of the meeting allowed 7lbs., of the season 4lbs.

7.—Horses landed in India after the 1st May, 1868, allowed 4lbs.

8.—With the exceptions named above, all declarations of starting and entrances of the day to be sent to the Secretary, so as to reach him at the race stand by noon the day before the race, at which hour they will be opened by him in the presence of a Steward. The last day's declarations to be sent to the public rooms.

9.—All entrances, when not otherwise stated, to be H. F. if declared by the 1st October.

10.—The timing of other people's horses in their private trials or gallops is strictly prohibited. Offenders will be fined not less than Rs. 100 for the first offence, and warned off the course with their horses and all connected with them for the second.

11.—No cups or equivalent for half value of the same will be given for a walk over.

12.—The racecourse and grounds adjacent being in charge of the Stewards, they will receive all applications for, and appoint sites for the different encampments during the races. Such application to be sent to the Secretary by the 15th October, between which date and the first November allotment will be made.

N. B.—No change will be made in this prospectus. Gentlemen requiring stables are requested to communicate with the Secretary, (before the 1st August) who will cause the required number of boxes to be prepared. No stables or tents will be allowed to be built or pitched inside the course.

It is notified that the Government of H. H. the Nizam intends to present two purses of Rs. 2,000 each for all horses bred in His Highness's dominions, to be run for at the Hyderabad Races of 1869-70, and similar races annually thereafter. Particulars have been already published in the newspapers, and can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary.

NOTICE.—Mr. Malcolm M'Leod of the Burmah Police, late of Australia and Simla, at present an Assistant Superintendent of Police in Akyab, British Burmah, having failed to meet his engagements, due for both entrances and lotteries at the late Hyderabad meeting amounting to Rs. 6,966-13-2, has been declared a defaulter, and is posted as such.

C. WALFORD,

Honorary Secretary.

Trimulgherry, 15th March, 1868.

Vol. I.]

No. 377
THE N. 376

[No. 5.]

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MAY 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.—*Juvenal.*



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CALCUTTA:

CALCUTTA CENTRAL PRESS COMPANY, LIMITED,
5, Council House Street.

1868.

To Our Subscribers.

ALL communications for the Editors, *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, to be addressed to the Editors, *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, care of COLONEL M. TURNBULL, ALLIPORE, CALCUTTA.

All payments to be made to the same gentleman, drafts being forwarded in registered letters.

Subscriptions and other payments will be acknowledged in the number of the Magazine next published after they have been received.

Subscribers are particularly requested to give early notice to the Editors of any change in their addresses, as also to intimate to them, immediately, any delay or default in the delivery of their numbers of the Magazine.

I hereby authorize W. Apperley, Esq., to sign all receipts and cheques for the Proprietors of the "*Oriental Sporting Magazine*."

CALCUTTA, }
The 27th April, 1868. }

M. TURNBULL,

We have received numerous applications for the first and second numbers of the "Oriental Sporting Magazine" (New Series), which, we regret to say, we have been unable to comply with, these numbers being out of print. Being uncertain of the success of our undertaking, but a small edition was struck off. Applicants' names, however, have been registered; and if a sufficient number of applications are received, these numbers will be re-printed.

During the absence of Colonel Turnbull from Calcutta, communications may be addressed as usual, as arrangements have been made for their disposal.

To Advertisers.

THE large circulation of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* with Messes and Book Clubs, and the frequency of its issue, viz., TWELVE times a year, give it peculiar advantages for all advertisements, but especially those of a permanent character.

All advertisements should be forwarded to the Manager, Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited, 5, Council House Street. The Magazine is issued punctually on the 15th of every month, and advertisements for any particular number should be sent to the Press on or before the 12th of each month.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We beg to acknowledge the following Subscriptions since the last issue.

NAMES.	ADDRESS.
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Aitchison, F., Esq.	... E. I. Railway, Howrah.
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Trench, H., Colonel	... Kurnaul.
Wallace, G. J., Esq.	... Calcutta.

*A list of additional Subscribers to the "Oriental Sporting Magazine"
since the publication of the last Number.*

Names.	Address.
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Secy., Book Club, Chittagong	Chittagong.
Stack, C. E., Capt., 3rd Bombay	Light Cav., Poona.

THE
Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. I.]

MAY 15, 1868.

[No. 5.]

PROPOSED STUD BOOK.

IN our last number appeared a proposal from Major Brown on the subject of a Stud Book for India. The question was taken up by the Club and the Secretaries of the Madras and Bom-

ERRATA IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

Page 280, line 23, for "out of" read "by."

" " 28, for "Master, Mr. Grath" read "Master McGrath."

... by a few words
... It is thought
... o Waler in this
... ny instances is un-
... es of a change
... their claims upon the cases of English horses which are not fair specimens of their class. No one supposed that *Morning Star* was not able to make a race of it, giving a stone to any Waler in India, but because *Silver Star* cannot do the same, there is an outcry to change the weights. We do not mean for a moment to say that those who wish for the change do so on account of *Silver Star* alone; we morely take her as an example of an English mare, undoubtedly fast, very game, and whose only fault is that she cannot carry the weights that are put upon English horses in this country. Another mare of the same stamp, *Wild Duck*, has lately arrived from England. No person having seen her would suppose that she could carry even weights with the best Walers we have in India; but it seems to us worthy of consideration whether the weights should be altered without some stronger reason than the fact of *Silver Star* having left the Turf, and *Wild Duck* having come out, and being manifestly unable to carry the weights at present put upon horses of her class. *Mayfair* is, in our opinion, an additional reason for pausing before introducing a change. She ran last cold season remarkably well for a freshly-landed horse;

and we will be greatly surprised if her running next season does not show many that it is not as yet absolutely necessary to make an alteration in favor of English horses. If the weights were changed, we are convinced that before long there would be just the same outcry for a re-change to the old system as there is now for giving it up. English horses are undoubtedly to be had capable of giving Walers a stone and a beating, and the only thing required is to make it worth one's while to pay the price that such horses are worth in England. We should then have weight carriers, instead of weeds, imported for racing, and the public would have the satisfaction of seeing a horse or mare racing that would afterwards prove valuable for stud purposes, instead of looking at mares like those alluded to above, who are certainly pretty, but who would, if sent to the stud, produce even greater weeds than are bred at present.

In our number for February appeared some correspondence between Nestor and Pegasus upon the same subject. As will be seen from the Prospectus of the next Calcutta Meeting, a race has been given by the Stewards to be run for by English Maidens; and as there are several newly-imported English horses, we hope the race will fill. Though Nestor, who advocate a change of weights, considers this race to be a step in the right direction, we cannot agree with him, as the question at issue is the relative merits of English and Australian horses as regards one another, and not the superiority of any one English horse over those of the same breed, which alone will be tested by the race in question. A race for all Maiden horses, with conditions similar to those of "the Colonial Stakes," would, in our opinion, be more like a step in the right direction than any race which still keeps English horses running by themselves.

We hope that if any reduction be made in the weights to be carried by English horses when running with Colonials, that the length of time the horses have been in the country will be taken into consideration; that is, that an English horse during his first season's racing should not give so much to Walers as in his second, and that in his third year he should have to give the maximum amount, which, we hope, will remain as at present—1 stone.

FRESH ARAB HORSES.

THE effect of the removal of the embargo upon the exportation of Arabs is becoming felt already. Three batches have arrived in Calcutta; and though there are a great many ponies amongst them, and several very low caste horses, yet there are a few horses such as have not been in Calcutta for several years. Hadji Mahomed has sent 20 horses, Hadji Abdool Wahab about 40, and Esau Bin Curtas, who seems to have got all the racers, has about 20, and, we believe, is expecting some more. We confess to a weakness about a certain brown horse of his, who will, if we mistake not, make somebody nervous about the result of next year's Derby.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

THREE cheers for the *New Oriental Sporting Magazine*.—Hip, hip, hurrah!—and now three cheers more for the *tria juncta in uno*, its Editors. Thanks, gallant, noble, and learned gentlemen, for undertaking the office. In the name of all good and true sportsmen, I thank you. India sadly wanted a Sporting Periodical, and that want was *not* supplied by the *LATE Oriental Sporting Magazine*. Peace to its manes; its best friends never thought it would survive a twelvemonth; but it did, and dragged on a weary existence—to the end of its second year. Its death was a happy release. Once more, peace to its manes.

Under the present management, the *New Oriental Sporting Magazine* must succeed; it contains all the elements of success,—energy and great local experience, prudence, tact, business-like habits, and general information. One thing only is now needed—public support; and this will, I feel sure, be freely accorded to it if the promises given by the Editors in their opening number are fulfilled, and that they will be fulfilled. Have we not the guarantee of Dumb Jockey, Pegasus, and Hafiz,—names of trust? No. 1 has just reached me, and gladly would I contribute my quota to a future number; but, though the spirit is willing, time is wanting, as hunting three times a week, with an occasional bye-day, leaves but little leisure for writing papers, as poor old Abel East used to call them, for a Sporting Magazine. By the way, that gives me an idea. Why should I not tell you something about what occupies a great deal of my time and thoughts just now, namely, hunting. Last year (my first in England since my return from India) I spent in London, *i. e.*, “the season,” and then the winter; therefore I was obliged to get hunting as best I could. I first tried hunting from London, but found it ruinous work, and by no means satisfactory. I then tried a week at a time at Leamington, and found it *most* satisfactory. Luckily for me, I had a friend at Leamington who was always ready to put me up, and who, being a Northamptonshire man, knew the country about Rugby right well, and, being a hunting man himself, was able, not only to hire good hunters for me, but to show me the way across country. I shall never forget my first night at Leamington. We had had a capital day with that finest of packs, the Pytcheley. The meet had been at Ashby St. Leger. I had “negotiated” my first brook, (for I had never before hunted in a brook country,) and had got across a stiff line successfully. Got home by train from Rugby in time for a good and most comfortable dinner, during which, and after it, over our whiskey-punch we discussed the events of the day, and then, just tired enough to be glad to get to bed, I wished my host good night. There was a fire burning in my bedroom,—not a great furnace, but a nice bright little fire, and never, as I before said, shall I forget my feelings when I blew out my candle and jumped into bed! With the fire burning cheerfully, I looked around the room, stretched myself, and then, with

the feeling of present comfort, and a recollection of the past enjoyment of the day, I could hardly resist giving a loud whoop of joy! To this excitement succeeded a delicious languor. Each incident of the day passed across my mind; how cleverly my little horse had jumped through a very awkward place; how gallantly he had cleared a hedge with a rail run through it, and a ditch at the off-side; how very nearly he was into "a double," over which I followed "the master" of the Pytcheley, the best gentleman huntsman in the world, and the best rider across country I have ever seen; how my heart failed me as I saw the said master put his horse at a stiff post and rail with a deep wide ditch full of water on the off-side, feeling I was bound to follow (whether I *did* so or not, I decline to state.) In the midst of these and other such reflections, I fell off to sleep, and slept the sleep of the just; but, oh! every pleasure has its drawback. The awakening was terrible. I hadn't been on horseback for some months, and the violent exercise I had undergone made me feel the following morning, when I got out of bed, as if not only I was a cripple myself, but, as they say in Ireland, "as if cripples had been kicking me all over;" and such was my feeling for the greater portion of the day. But another good run with the Pytcheley the following morning completely recovered me. I have since had many a good day's hunting; but I don't think I enjoyed any so much as the first, *and* the half hour I lay in bed after it. For any man returning from India, really fond of hunting, there is no doubt that Leamington is the place to go to; the Pytcheley and Mr. Talby's hounds being within reach,—and no finer packs are there in England,—with a glorious country to hunt over large fifty acres grass fields with big fences between, nearly all in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire; and close to Leamington are the Warwick and North Warwick Hounds, not to mention the Atherstone. I never cared to go with any of these packs, although I tried them all; but, then, my time was limited; so I naturally preferred the best. There is a good club in Leamington where old Indians muster pretty strongly, some of them having left their mark as first flight men across country; the names of Simson, Probyn, Wake, &c., &c., being respectfully mentioned when "good men" are discussed.

This year I fixed on Cheltenham as my winter head-quarters; and although I came here prejudiced against the place as a hunting locality, I am bound to admit I was mistaken. I have had two days a week regular hunting, and very often three days a week. The station pack, "the Cotswolds," meet three times a week within easy reach; but these seldom give real sport. The country is against it; very hilly; indeed, in parts mountainous, with large dense woods within a mile of each other; so that the Cotswold hounds seldom taste blood. There are one or two good meets, such as Puzedown, which is a cover some miles from any wood, and a good country to cross. The fences are all stone walls, from three to four and a half feet high; all perfectly safe; as if your horse doesn't clear the wall, he knocks it down. A horse

seldom or never falls at one of the Cheltenham walls, and in consequence the regular attendants of the Cotswold hunts ride very boldly over their own country; but when the scene is changed, and it is a vale meet, these same stone-wall jumpers are nowhere! Fortunately, a hunting man residing at Cheltenham has not to trust entirely to the gallant Cotswolds. Several other packs are within reach. Lord Coventry's, the Heythorp, the Vale of White Horse, the Berkeley, and last, but not least, that princely pack of hounds, the Duke of Beaufort's. These last named always give sport. I had a capital day with them the day before yesterday. They met at "Lashbro' gate," about five miles from the Mailsworth Station, on the Bristol Road. I, of course, had to go down by rail. There was a large field out, among them a party from Badminton. The Duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Worcester, acted as huntsman, and dressed as such in the green velvet livery of the Beaufort Hunt. The hounds found almost immediately, and, after a good hunting run of an hour and twenty minutes, killed their fox. In the grounds of Estecourt House there was a great deal of fencing, and several ladies rode in the front rank. A Miss G., on a powerful grey horse, riding most brilliantly, and yet quietly. The fences were varied—stone walls, hedges, and ditches, with an occasional double. I myself only got on pretty well. I was riding a flighty four-year-old belonging to a friend who had asked me to give the mare a lesson in hunting. I had her out twice before, the only times she had ever been out hunting. On these occasions I went with the Berkeley Hounds, and got on pretty well, as it was in the vale, but the mare had never seen a stone wall, and we came across several on this occasion, and I had to fight her at the first five or six, after which she found out how easy they were, and took them flying. The following day, yesterday, I hunted with the Berkeley Hounds, and got rather a nasty fall off a very clever little horse of my own; it was a hedge with a wide ditch on the off-side, and a drop. The hedge was very thick and stiff; and although I went fast at it, and my horse jumped strong, he could not get through clear, and turned over into the next field. I fell under him, and, in his rolling, he struck me with the pommel of the saddle on the inside of the thigh. I thought the bone was broken,—the pain was so great, and the whole leg was so numbed; but I managed to get home, and the result is leisure to write this account of my doings, which may interest some of your readers, inasmuch as it may recall to their memories some pleasant days they have had in Merry Old England.

CASTOR.

SPORT IN "THE BACK RANGES" OF NEW ZEALAND.

ON a lovely morning in the early part of 1864 the following party might have been seen entering one of the many defiles that led to the remote parts of the Mackenzie country in the province of Canterbury, New Zealand. In front, mounted on strong, active *walers*, up to any amount of stock riding, were my cousin Jamie Thompson, a large *run holder*, Joe Sheath, his brother-in-law, and myself, while keeping a little behind were two brawny shepherds, Donald Ross and Thomas Walker, the latter a six-foot-two specimen of colonial manufacture. To all my readers who have studied the Natural History of New Zealand, knowing, as they do, that *there is not a single indigenous quadruped upon the island*, it may be a little surprising when I inform them that the object of our expedition was a *wild bull hunt*. Their surprise will be lessened, however, when this apparent anomaly is explained. True it is that when Captain Cook first discovered these islands not a quadruped was to be found upon them, but from his and succeeding ships the different animals now found in the country were introduced; but even at the present day, unless in the Acclimatization Society's Gardens at Christ Church, Wellington, or Auckland, no wild animal, properly speaking, is to be found. From the various sheep and cattle runs adjoining the hills, however, many members of the different herds stray away, and find themselves, by-and-bye, in the almost impenetrable gullies, ravines, and valleys of the back mountain ranges. Lots of sheep and cattle are yearly lost in this way, and parties are often made up, like the one just mentioned, for the purpose of trying to drive as many back to the plains as possible. The *modus operandi* is generally to secure as many sheep as the dogs and men together can collect. If not very wild, we try to drive them before us to the low country. If they manifest, however, as they generally do, a strong disinclination to return to the "flesh pots of Egypt," they are shorn on the spot by the shepherds, and the wool, sometimes of three or four years' growth, is carried down to the "run" on packhorses. Although there are thousands of sheep, cattle, and even horses in these back ranges, the country is so rugged, rocky, and wild, the rivers so brawling and impetuous, and the gorges, the only outlets to the plains below, so narrow and dangerous, that very few are ever brought back by the numerous parties who go for the purpose of reclaiming those "poor lost exiles from the fold." The only way to get the cattle is to shoot all the bulls, who are very fierce, and will battle for their wives and children with great bravery. They are perfectly wild, and afford great sport. Their scent is very keen; and unless you get the weather side of the flock, the old patriarch bull is off up some rocky defile, with all the herd at his heels, long before you can get within range. If you manage to shoot the leaders, however, you may, if you are very persevering, and don't mind going without rest or sleep for two or three days and

nights, manage to get a score or two down to your paddock, when you feed them up, and eventually drive them over to the West Coast to feed the hungry gold-diggers. It was with this object in view, then, that we now had started; and though we scarcely expected to come back with a score or two of fat beeves, yet we determined, at all events, to have some sport, and a rump steak, if possible, from some bellowing descendant of an Ayrshire cow.

The morning was lovely, the air bracing as it always is in New Zealand; the odour of bacon and eggs yet lingered lovingly about our moustaches; our flasks were full; our guns in beautiful order; we were well supplied with ammunition and "tucker;" and so we determined to enjoy ourselves. We were now crossing the "Limestone Range." At intervals of about 100 yards, we came upon a circular cavity in the ground, sometimes of unknown depth, covered with ferns and brush, and requiring great caution in avoiding them. This is a most remarkable feature in this part of the country. The holes are in thousands, and quite conical, narrow at the bottom. It just looked as if some giant of ante-diluvian times had left the marks of his walking-stick during a morning ramble over the island. We saw lots of wild pig and some fine tuskers; but, alas! the hog spear is a stranger there, and "tell it not to *qui hys*," publish it not in the *Sporting Magazine*, "we snoot our pigs, and don't even have nightmare after it." Pigeons, cows, parrots, "more porks," so called from its cry, and many other birds were chattering and screaming in the "bush" as we passed, but our goal was the "back ranges," and soon we entered the first defile.

We were picking our way along the bed of the "Pakikhi," a snow stream at present nearly dry; but how long to remain so we knew not, as a few hours of warm sun in the hills, a hot wind, or a rainfall might transform the present gentle stream into a yellow foaming torrent, carrying away trees and boulders in its impetuous course. Huge boulders lay strewn in the defile, with many a likely pool, where, had it been in England, the disciples of Isaac Walton would have turned up their eyes in rapture at the sight. But, alas! New Zealand, though highly favored in many respects, has not only no indigenous quadrupeds, as already mentioned, but the rivers also are totally destitute of fish. Eels are found in one or two muddy creeks, and at certain seasons whitebait abound at Wellington and in the Avon at Christ Church, but beyond these not a single fin is to be found in the rivers of New Zealand. Hastily emerging from the narrow rocky gorge, we found ourselves at the back of the first range. High in the distance, towering like Saul above the people, rose the hoary summit of Mount Cook, where human foot has never yet trod, and surrounding him like the white-crested waves of an angry sea, rose the innumerable peaks of the snowy ranges. Before us rose an open plateau, extending upwards, and covered with the rich *tussocky* grass of New Zealand. Here and there we had to avoid a moss-covered spring, which bubbled forth from unknown depths. Now we

floundered over a heap of *debris*, the evidence of some mighty convulsion of nature, and again we floundered through a clump of *spear grass*, or turned aside to avoid the *wild Irishman* or *lawyer*, both prickly bushes, which keep a tenacious hold of your *kupra* when once they *pucker*ao. We ascended this steep, and beheld the waters of the Ohou dancing at our feet. Beyond a succession of rocky passes leading to little well-sheltered nooks and valleys, where we well knew we would find our game. Hastily descending, we picketed our horses, pulled some grass and "matawa" branches for a bed, erected our tent, spread our blankets, and were soon seated round our camp fire discussing the inevitable *pannikin of tea*, a bit of *dampier*, and demolishing a fine fat paradise duck which ~~we~~ had potted as he came along. Not forgetting to give the dogs a bone now and then, we gradually slackened our jaws, and while Donald produced his "Cutlie," and Tom his "dudeen," we betook ourselves to our meerschauuns; and after a judicious "nobbler of square" we turned in as we were, with our saddles for a pillow, and snugly rolled in our coarse blue blankets, we "dreamed the happy hours away." It might have been about four o'clock in the morning, when, as if by one impulse, we all started up to a sitting position, rubbing our eyes, and asking "What is it?" "Odsirs, that's something uncanny surely," quoth Donald, fumbling at the same time for his pipe, and striking a light. By this time Tom had opened a corner of the little tent, and hastily drawing in his head, exclaimed in an excited, whisper:—"Well, may I never taste grog if there aint a score o'bullocks down by that gnio tree." (All cattle are called bullocks in the colonies, as a general rule.) "Down Dash," quoth Donald, as a growl from that worthy "Colley" was about to expand into a bark:—"Y'ell spoil the chance o'yer brakfast if ye diinna hand yer wheesht." One of the bulls bellowing had awakened us; and when Tom made the agreeable discovery of their proximity we immediately prepared for action. We had all double barrelled rifles, for Sheath had quite a battery at home, his father having been a partner in the firm of "Hollis and Sheath," the Army Contractors. Looking to our caps and nipples, we cautiously sallied forth in different directions from the tent, crawling among the long grass, with no fear of snakes, for there isn't one in the island, whether owing to the exertions of a second St. Patrick or not, I cannot say. There was little or no wind, and what there was, was from the right direction. It was intensely cold, and in the dim grey of the morning the bullocks loomed before me nearly as big as elephants. There were only a few cows in the herd, the majority being cart bullocks, who had strayed from Mr. Knight's run. As I was now so near, I could see the brand on the shoulder. Selecting a huge brute, who just then raised his head, and was evidently getting uneasy, I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing him stagger. Bang, bang went the other guns, laying two bulls on the sward. Bark, bark went the dogs, as the herd with a stamp and a bellow made for a rocky gorge to the right, and Tom the shepherd,

forgetting himself in the excitement of the moment, rose to his feet with a wild hurroo, and was about to make a move after the retreating foe, when the bullock I had hit, and who had scarce stirred from the spot, being evidently flummoxed, seeing Tom's athletic figure, lowered his head, and summoning up his energies for a rush, made straight at poor Tom, who thought it was all up with him; but a lucky shot in the foreleg from my remaining barrel stopped the bull's career, and brought him thundering to the ground. A bullet through the head soon settled him. Donald being well aware of the nature of the country, proposed having breakfast ere following the bullocks through the pass, and no one objecting, we soon had a "beef collop" sputtering on each of our ramrods. There being no dishes to wash up, we were soon again on the trail, and for several hours we wandered from glen to glen, through rocky gorge and deep ravine, without seeing the objects of our quest. Sometimes we saw a few wild sheep perched on a point far above us, but the slightest sound made them scamper off from rock to rock like a herd of chamois, till they were far beyond our reach. At length, just as we were getting very hot, cross, and tired, we entered a narrow valley, seemingly enclosed on all sides by an almost impassable barrier of hills—so steep and rugged were they; and peering cautiously round the corner of a huge jutting crag, we discovered a whole herd of fine fat cattle lolling about in the sun, cropping the crisp dry pasture, or lazily switching their tails, and chewing the cud of bovine reflection. "Wheesh!" said Donald in a whisper, "thao's auld sojers. I've seen that muckle ane rubbin' himself upo' the cabbage tree before noo, or I'm mista'en."

Hastily telling me to remain where I was, my cousin and Donald moved off under cover of the rocks and bushes to the right, Tom and Joe taking the left, while I remained behind to guard the pass, and prevent the cows leaving the valley. We had them in a nice trap as we thought, there being only one exit, and that I thought effectually closed by my worthy and redoubtable self. Alas, for the short-lived delusion! The stillness was now intense, scarce a breath of air was stirring. Far off I heard the murmur of a brawling stream softened by distance, till it seemed like the hum of fairy wings.

Slowly the smoke curled upwards from my pipe. I was fast sinking, and everything else, into a state of beatific forgetfulness of bulls, when a Maorie hen ran right under my legs, and gave me such a start that before I could pick up a stone, she had vanished in the fern and under-wood. I was just recovering my equanimity, when bang, bang, bang went the guns up the valley; and then I heard Donald and my cousin yelling out my name at the top of their voices. Thinking my presence was wanted, I stepped from behind my boulder, and, to my intense surprise, found about thirty head of cattle within twenty yards of me. My first feeling was that of deadly fear, but I had little time for feeling of any kind. When they saw me, they made a momentary halt, as if to balance the odds; but a huge bull, who seemed the leader, gave an angry stamp, and with a bellow that made me shake, he made straight at me.

Taking a hasty aim about an inch or an inch and a half below the base of the horns, I let him have both barrels. I had not a moment to lose. With the agility of a goat, I tried to leap back behind the rock. My foot struck a stone hidden among the grass. A pounding, crushing operation ensued, as if I were in a sugar mill passing between the cylinders; and I remember no more. When I recovered consciousness, I found that I was half-drowned with water, nearly choked with gin, and almost suffocated with tobacco smoke, which Donald was blowing up my nostrils to "bring me to," as he called it. The first words I heard were—"Well, are ye better? Why the dickens did ye get in the way? Did ye not hear us shouting to you to cut and run?" I gave a grunt, and feeling more like a disjointed mummy than anything else, was soon able to sit up, and with "great tribulation and groaning of spirit," as Dominie Sampson would say, at length we reached our camp. I rested next day, while the others secured about a dozen sheep, which they were lucky enough to find. And the following day I felt ready for anything. We camped out for nearly a fortnight, and many a weary tramp we had. Nalker one day got tossed up to a greater altitude than he ever wished to attain again. Joo tumbled down a *gentle* declivity, about one hundred feet high, and covered over with sharp-pointed rocks. Next morning he had as many black and blue marks to count as I had. Donald one morning stuck fast in a "lawyer bush," and was not extricated till he had left the best part of his breeks behind him. Jannie Thomson alone, whose legs seemed made of cast steel, met with no mishap; but even he was like to give in, when one morning we found our horses had decamped during the night, and so without a single cow or bullock, and with only a dozen sheep for our pains, we started homewards. Altogether we shot eleven head of cattle, all bullocks or bulls; and notwithstanding we failed in the main object of our expedition, I would never wish to have better sport than we had during that fortnight in the back ranges of Canterbury. Since then I have shot many a bull, laid low many a "tusker," and even once exchanged shots with a bushranger; but I have never been at such close quarters as I was with that bull in the "Ohou gorgo." Bad as I was, however, the bull got the worst of it, as two or three days after we shot him, I found a bullet flattened on his forehead; the other barrel must have missed him. Barring pigs, the bull is the only animal in New Zealand that affords much sport. However, there is duck-shooting and eel spearing, and rabbits, pheasants, quail, and many other kinds of game are being largely imported, and I doubt not that in a few years, besides its delightful climate, cheap living, and beautiful scenery, any East Indian paying New Zealand a visit will find work enough for his breech-loader in "forest, lake, and lowland plain," as well as in "The Back Ranges."

MAORI.

Chumparun, 13th March, 1868.

PANTHER KILLING IN THE DECCAN.

As small contributions in the way of original matter for your journal appear not to be rejected by the Editors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, I think that some account of our sport the other day in this station of the Deccan, *the station*, by the bye, *par excellence*, (perhaps the popular song, *air*—Kafoozelum, of "Oh Secunderabad, the station of the Deccan," is now as familiar in Bengal as it is popular here,) may be interesting to some of your readers.

Be it known that Secunderabad has, of late years, been infested by panthers. They have become so knowing that the usual plan of tying up a goat, and sitting up over it all night, or any other such contrivance to get a shot, has become positively futile; and their numbers have so increased, that few in the station have not cause to lament the loss of some pet.

One of our great Nimrods having become furious at the loss of his favorite puppy, vowed vengeance against the whole genus. Traps were set in three different places, baited with goats, each goat relieved by a fresh one after every twelve hours, as it has been found that, after that period has elapsed, the goats get accustomed to their position, and give up bleating. One morning the door of one of the traps was found shut. Great was the excitement; but on peering through the crevices of the trap, we were somewhat disappointed at finding that, instead of a *cheeta*, we had caught a hyena. But Nimrod cheered up all drooping spirits by his account of the exciting chase a hyena would lead us ere a spear touched him, till one of the party was sceptical enough to doubt his ever having seen one run. Whether Nimrod had or not, however, the hyena, on being let loose, gave very average sport; and as in this large station we are by no means destitute of griffs, desperate was the riding, and many were the shaves the hyena had ere Nimrod's spear drew blood. A few small dogs now pluckily seized him by the ears, and his miserable existence was soon ended.

On the 4th February, five days after this, a panther was brought in, whose very lively growls and springs against the bars of his wooden cage gave one some idea of his temper and his strength. There was a long consultation how he should be killed, and whether the station of the Deccan could produce many riders for the spear. Nimrod himself had great belief in his dogs; their pluck, like their number, was great. A circular was sent round inviting all and every one to be present on the Moula Ali plain, at 4-30 p. m., on Thursday, the 5th February, when the panther would be let loose, and all who wished might ride. Spears rose to a premium, and at the appointed time the gathering was very considerable. The "varieties" in the "get up" of our sportsmen were amusing. There was the man in the white hat who did not look like going; indeed he

confessed that such was not his line. Then there was a gallant, though young and inexperienced, Officer of a Cavalry Regiment who was observed dashing about excitedly, revolver case (box and all) in hand. A third, our latest arrival, turned out in spectacles; he confessed that he *was* a mighty hunter, and that he had done well on the march here from Bombay; but on enquiry it appeared that what he had actually brought to bag was one cobra and one blood-sucker. Truly he was a promising youth. Our greatest sportsman (of Bolarum reputation) was conspicuous by his absence, and many were the enquiries "Where's N—?" Otherwise the contingent force of that out-station was well represented. The Ressaldar Major of the Regiment, Ahmed Buksh Khan, and his two sons have long had great names in the hog-spearing line, which they well upheld on the present occasion, and they were backed by some thirty spears from their regiment, distinguishable by long spears and long beards, and horses slightly gummy. There was the usual crowd of natives on foot, who pressed around the cart that carried the panther and his cage. The fair sex were rather unfair in not attending. However, from what had occurred on some former occasions, perhaps they thought absence of body was likely to serve them even better than presence of mind.

During the day a second panther, which had also been caught in a cage, was brought into cantonments. This panther had an old and severe wound on its head still open, and consequently he was unlikely to run well. The plan decided on, therefore, was to spear the first, and to let the pack of dogs before alluded to, of which our Nimrod is justly proud, polish off the second.

The crowd having been driven with difficulty to some distance, and those who were going to ride being stationed some fifty yards from the cart, a gallant Private of the 21st Fusiliers, who had volunteered to undertake the somewhat perilous duty of opening the door of the cage, got on top, and, with a native shikarry armed with a bear spear to defend him, he proceeded to pull up the door. The panther, contrary to the usual custom of his species, *viz.*, either sulking in the cage, or sitting outside close to it, at once bounded forth, and the roar of the crowd started him off rapidly in the direction we wished him to take. The shout of "he's off," "he's off" forced the start; and ere he had covered a hundred yards of ground, he was speared. Ahmed Buksh Khan's two sons taking first and second spears in a very good style, their light weights and speedy horses beating all others, though the ready manner in which they started their horses off was very creditable, and perhaps gave them a slight advantage. Once speared, spear followed spear in quick succession, and soon the beast breathed his last, not having behaved in the plucky and vicious manner panthers are supposed to do on such occasions. He nearly got hold of the hind quarters of one horse in a spring he made at him, and once got beneath the legs of another, which he slightly clawed. However, altogether the death was highly satisfactory, and everybody congratulated every one else. Feeling intensely blood-thirsty, and

with a general contempt for all panthers, we rushed off to the other, regretting that he was not as big as the one that was slain, that we might spear him too. The plucky pack, who had scarcely ceased barking from the time they first came on the ground, and who had done their utmost to get off after the first panther, were now held in leashes some twenty yards from the cage (No. 2). The door was opened in the same manner as the last had been, and the cart being violently shaken, the panther half jumped, half fell out, and the barking of the dogs started him off at once. These, on being loosed, pulled him down in a fine style, about five at once hanging on to each leg, and ten on to his head; he was tolerably powerless, and the crowd closed round in a ring some five yards in diameter, as though it were a bandicoot instead of a panther. The dogs having torn at him for about quarter of an hour, he gradually got weaker; but having seized one of the dogs in his jaws, a zealous native hit him with a stick to make him let go. One of the soldiers near, not looking on this as fair play, hit the native, and a scene ensued which might have had serious results, for many natives tried to seize the soldier, and other soldiers came to his rescue. There was a great scuffle round the panther. Half the dogs were bewildered, and let go, but luckily the other half held on; and when, with some difficulty, order was restored, the panther was nearly exhausted, and two stabs with a shikarry's knife by our Nimrod put an end to his struggles. Strange to say, no dog was killed, nor were any very severely hurt, though some were bitten and scratched.

It being now 6 P. M., everybody dispersed, feeling elated at the successful result of our

“SPORT.”

RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND IN LOWER ASSAM.

THOUGH the current year's numbers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, already published, have not been sent to me, and my name not included in the list of subscribers, though I have paid my year's subscription in advance, I am glad to see that the Magazine is in good hands, and likely to become a permanency. By the merest chance, I saw the first two numbers at a friend's house, and then became aware of the change it had undergone, and its prospects for the future. Being a hard-worked individual, I have little time to spare to copy out old journals, or to record late sport, though I have plenty of both at hand; and if I thought my handwriting could be deciphered by the printer's devils, I would prefer to send the journals down to re-copying them. However, I continue to extract from journals kept in Burmah, and will also add an account now and then of sport in Assam.

August 2nd, 1862.—This was the height of the monsoon, and I thought it would be a good experiment to see whether any sport could be had in the higher ground, whilst the lower was all under water. I thus persuaded Hill to accompany me from Shoayghein to Myetchin. We hoped for a break in the monsoon, as there is one usually at this season of the year. We went in my little boat, and on the fourth day got into the *yehgyo*, or water-course, which ran from the river into a bheel, where there was a Karen village, and within two miles of our bungalow at Myetchin. The whole country was under water, and we just got ourselves comfortably settled in a Karen's house before dark. The mosquitoes were awful; so we had our dinner under the curtains. We heard the elephants had arrived, and would come for us at day-break. During the night heavy rain fell; and so far from a break, judging by appearances, the monsoon intended to set in heavier than ever. Early in the morning the elephants appeared, and we got our baggage and ourselves safely housed at Myetchin, but we could not do any shikar on account of the rain, which fell in torrents the whole day. We had to drag logs of timber under the house for the servants to cook upon, as there were six inches of water under it, and the whole country looked a lake. We were somewhat discouraged, but determined to persevere for a few days.

August 3rd.—A tiger kept prowling about the house all night, causing the elephants to keep up an incessant trumpeting, and banishing from us all sleep. We started at 6, notwithstanding that it was raining hard. We hunted for the tiger a good while, but saw no signs of him. As soon as we entered the tree forest, we kept putting up sambur and thamine; but the grass was so high, that we only heard their rush, but did not get a sight of one. After crossing two nullahs with difficulty, we got into higher ground, where the grass was less formidable. The rain also ceased. Hill immediately bowled over a sambur, which we padded. I then bagged one, after missing in the most disgraceful style two; but I was trying a new breech-loading rifle which Westley Richards had made to my order, and the truth is that I funked it. It was a beautiful weapon, with Whitworth's barrels (double), but the recoil was too great; and being to me a novel principle, I did not half like using it, though now I think of using nothing else. In 1862 breech-loaders were not as well known as they are now. I need say nothing of the great comfort they are to a sportsman, particularly to one who has to shoot out of a howdah: they are so easily cleaned, and so safe, that in time they must supersede the old muzzle-loader. We continued our sport, but shot infamously. The elephants were very unsteady, and kept slipping about so in the soft mud, that correct shooting was impossible. I actually missed a deer swimming along. We missed, I should say, to-day at least twenty animals; or if we hit some of them, we failed to bag. Near home we got a thamine between us.

August 4th.—We tried new ground to-day, but our progress was very slow. Several of the nullahs could not be crossed, and we went in a

zigzag in grass where an elephant could have safely hidden himself. We saw plenty of fresh marks of elephant, bison, and sine or wild cattle, but did not come across any. We each shot a sambur, but Hill was getting disgusted and losing loather.

August 5th.—As it was raining hard this morning, we waited in the hopes of its clearing up; but as it did not, Hill would not come out. So I went out alone come across any. I might just as well have followed Hill's example, for I only got a young buck thamine without horns. I certainly put up a lot of beasts, but I did not see one, and the one I got I shot close to home.

August 6th.—Still raining. Hill disgusted, and would not venture out again. So as soon as it cleared up a bit, we returned to the river. I went on to Tongho, and he back to Shoayghein. Thus ended our monsoon trip.

February 16th.—Colonel Fytche, Hill, and Lloyd went to Myetchin. I was to have gone too, but my subordinate had misbehaved at Shoayghein, and I had to remain behind and take charge till I could get down another man. They had pretty fair sport, killing some ten or twelve deer between them in three or four days.

April 4th.—I had gone to Shonyghein by water; and hearing that Lloyd and Turner, of the 68th, would be at Chowtyah on the 5th, I started my traps on the 3rd, and rode to Thaben on the 4th, getting there at 6 p. m.

April 5th.—Started to meet Lloyd and Turner at Chowtyah. Shot *en route*. The ground was in famous order for shooting, the grass having been nicely burnt. I fired very well to-day, and bagged one fine buck dalaël and two samburs, and lost one buck sambur; wounded and missed two does. Found Lloyd and Turner in camp; the former had shot a very large boar.

April 6th.—We went to the old ground to the south-east of Chowtyah, and found the game very plentiful. Almost at first starting I bagged a fine buck sambur. In quick succession Lloyd and Turner each bagged a sambur. I then got a pig, Lloyd another, and close to home I got another buck sambur, disgusting Lloyd with my luck. I astonished myself to-day. Two peafowl flew up into two trees. Turner got under one of them; and whilst he was trying to see where the bird was perched, I took a careful shot at it with the large rifle. I was about eighty yards off, and down fell the bird almost on the top of Turner. Having made one lucky shot, I thought I would try another, and with the left barrel fired at the other bird, which was a good hundred yards off, and, to my amazement, brought it down too. These were about two of the luckiest shots I ever made.

April 7th.—Turner left for Shoayghein, and Lloyd and I shot our way back to Myetchin. On the Koonchoury saw lots of marks of big game, and one of Lloyd's native officials came upon two bison, but we only saw deer and pig. Of these Lloyd got three deer and two pigs, whilst I got two samburs, one dalaël, and one pig.

April 8th.—Followed up elephants and bison, but did not come across them. Going home, Lloyd bagged a thamine and a dalaël, and I one small thamine.

April 9th.—Shot across to Tuen. We saw very little game. Lloyd got a sambur and a pig, and I a pig and a dalaël.

April 9th.—We could not remain out any longer, so shot our way to Monksedank, where we had horses waiting for us. We came to a patch of very high grass, the only bit not burnt for miles around. This was full of bison; but they were very difficult of approach, as we made such a noise going through the grass; and, moreover, owing to its height, we could only see the tips of the horns of the bison. I got two very fair shots. One I knocked down, but it got up and bolted. The other was badly wounded, but it too got away. Lloyd was equally unlucky. He hit one, but lost it too. We told the shikarries to keep a sharp look out, and that we would return in about ten days. We then went on to Monksedank, and thence to our homes in Tongho.

April 20th.—Rode out to Tuen, Lloyd and Tongue, of the 60th Rifles, having gone on ahead. On my arrival there I was glad to find that two out of the three bison wounded by us on the 9th had been picked up dead, and that the third had been seen that morning on the point of death with a broken shoulder blade. The two heads were nothing much: one much larger than the other. This Lloyd claimed; so I took the other.

April 21st.—We started towards the jungle where the wounded bison had been seen. No sooner had we got into it, than we saw several hundred vultures congregated together on every tree they could find in the plain; so we guessed what had happened; and on going to where they were, we found a magnificent bull bison just dead. He was far the finest of the three; and as Lloyd had wounded only one, and had claimed one of the heads already found, I took possession of this. The bullet had struck it rather high up, but right in the centre of the shoulder blade, breaking it and passing into the intestines. He was very emaciated, full of maggots, and the poor creature appeared to have died in great agony; but he was a very fine specimen of his kind. We beat for bison all day, but the shikarries had over-done the burning, and the bison were in the jungle full of creepers, through which we could not go; and though we saw three to-day, we did not get a shot. Lloyd bagged two deer, Tongue one, and I one.

April 22nd.—Out again this morning, saw two very fine bison; but the jungle having been burnt too much, they had no cover, and we could not get near them. I got two sambur to-day, Lloyd two, and Tongue one. Having lots to do in Tongho, we determined, as the bison ground had been spoilt by over-burning, to return the next day, which we did.

May 3rd.—Rode out to Zaoogom, on the Puechoing, about 33

miles from Tongho. I got there about two, and the shikarries turned up in the evening. This evening, whilst seated outside the house, I felt distinctly the shock of an earthquake.

May 4th.—Made for Myetchin across country. We had gone but a very short way, when we put up a tiger. I got a snap-shot at it, but missed. I then attempted to stalk a thamine, but he objected to being shot. I then got on the *hathi*, and just as I had passed through the tree jungle, up got two sambur, a very fine buck with good horns, and a doe. The buck I shot through the rump as he was running away, and the doe I shot dead with the left barrel. I left her where she fell, and hunted for the buck. I soon found him standing under a tree very sick, and had no difficulty in accounting for him. This buck was the finest I bagged in Burmah; but, comparing it with the sambur of the Neilgherry Hills, it was a very poor one. I saw lots of marks of bison, buffaloe, and sine, and hope to find them in a day or two. I got to the hut at Myetchin at 12, having only seen one dalaël, *en route*, and missing him, after bagging the two sambur, I went out again at 5, and soon came across thamine. I got within sixty yards of them, and then disgracefully missed them, firing right over them. I went on to the open *quirc*, and saw a lot of dalaël in the dry bed of a hheel; got to within hundred yards of them; made a capital shot at a buck, and rolled him over dead with a ball behind the shoulder. Ho was the best I ever got. I then tried to stalk various thamine in the open, but could not get within shot.

May 5th.—Came across numerous sambur dead. On enquiry, I find they are dying, by the dozen, of small-pox. Water too is very scarce. I started very early, determined to shoot at nothing but big game. Of course passed very many sambur, thamine, and dalaël, several within easy shot. They stopped to look at me, as if they were cognizant of my intentions. I felt very much tempted to fire once or twice. Indeed, had I come across one with a fine head, I should doubtless have been tempted; but as those I did see were not worth shooting, I let them go. I made straight for the Nga Eine; and if I had shot all the big game I saw this day, I should have been in luck. Besides deer and pig, I put up seven bison, three buffaloes, and one tiger. Before I entered the tree jungle, and close to home, I did fire at a dalaël, and hit it very fairly as it was bolting. It picked itself up, and stood quite still, whilst I took pot shots at it at about sixty yards off. I missed it clean each time; and after the third shot it ran away, and I lost it, as I well deserved.

From the edge of the jungle to beyond the Nga Eine, I refrained from firing at deer, and it was not till I got to Zelooke that I came across bison. The first one got up in front of my spare elephant carrying my breakfast, and a long way from me. I tried to get a shot at it, but could not. When near the entangled jungle, I saw two bison—a bull and a cow—make for a clump of trees, and stand under them. I jumped off the elephant and followed on foot, Mong Wine, the shikarry, leading the way. We had an awful sweat of it,

the thorny creepers impeding our movements and cutting us badly; but by great perseverance we made what I imagined to be a capital stalk; and on looking up to see where our quarries were, lo! and behold! they were gone. On looking about, I soon ascertained the cause. The head shikarry, Shoaygah, finding the stalking so difficult, had quietly mounted my elephant, sat down in my howdah, and followed close behind us, and of course had frightened the bison off. I abused him like a pick-pocket, and made him trudge on foot after us a good long way to teach him better manners. I don't suppose we had gone a mile further when up got another bison; but he took good care never to get within range. It was fearfully hot. I was in a beastly rage and altogether disgusted, but very blood-thirsty. About 12 o'clock, just as I had crossed over a nullah, I met a huge bison face to face. He was not more than ten yards off and looking up at me; I aimed right between his eyes, but he threw his head up as I fired; and as he passed me, I gave him the left barrel behind the shoulder. He ran about ten yards and then lay down. On my going up to him, he jumped up and ran across me again. I fired right and left into him with the breech-loader, and he fell dead. On examination, he proved a splendid fellow, standing twenty hands one and a half inch to the top of the dorsal ridge. On inspecting him carefully, I was puzzled to think what had become of my first shot. I could see no signs of the bullet anywhere on the head. The shikarries declared I had missed, but I did not think so, as I had the Lang sight well between the eyes when I pulled the trigger. Seeing blood pouring through his mouth, I opened out the jaws and discovered that when he threw up his head, the bullet had gone clean in through the right nostril, cutting the palate all along, and sticking in the throat at the junction of the head. I then breakfasted, got under shelter, and dried my shirt in the sun, and it was wet through with perspiration; cut up the bison, and went on again. After trudging a long way, and seeing no signs of bison, I was idiot enough to fire at a huge boar whose ivories I counted. It was the easiest shot possible, but I missed clean, firing over. No sooner had I fired, than up sprang a bison, and was soon lost to view. How I swore at myself and the pig to be sure! Presently up got three buffaloes. The mahout did not see them, and would not stop the elephant; so I had to take snap-shots. With the first barrel I missed, with the second broke the hind leg of a cow, and followed them up as fast as I could. I put them up frequently, but could not get a second shot. Whilst I was intent on following up these brutes on the edge of a nasty tree jungle, and with a steep nullah behind me, right in front, with a roar, sprang an immense tiger. My elephant spun round, and tried to bolt into the tree jungle, where I must have been swept off, howdah and all, to a certainty; and although the tiger passed me at a full gallop through an open space, giving me a clear view of him for a good thirty yards, I thought discretion the better part of valour, and let him go without

the usual salute. The elephant was so unsteady, that I was afraid to fire. The day was so fearfully hot that I could not stand the sun any longer, and I told the mahout to go home, and gave up all idea of sport. Not far from our shed another bison loomed in the distance. I was doubtful whether to get off and stalk, or to keep on the elephant, but the bison saved me the trouble of deciding by walking into a clump of high grass; and having a large bush most conveniently right between us, I pushed on. At last, when I judged I was close enough, I made the mahout take the elephant on one side, and there was a noble bison standing broadside on within fifty yards. A right and left from Lang made him reel, but he ran on. I soon came up with him again, and three more shots from the breech-loader did for him. In bulk he was even larger than the bull killed in the morning, but not so tall, nor had he so fine a head. To the top of the dorsal ridge he measured nineteen and a half hands. I cut off his head, and then went home. Next day moved to Kyankoe, and next to Shoayghien.

May 12th.—I persuaded Hill to come back with me to Myetchien. We determined to go *vid* Thabud and Chowtyah. Like a fool, I tried short cuts, and the consequence was I did nothing, but lose the road the whole day; and at last, when we did reach Thabun, we had gone many more miles than there was any necessity for, had I stuck to the beaten pathway. We got to the Zyat, a tumbled-down place, at half-past one, and had just time to get it made somewhat waterproof by the villagers, when the rain came down in torrents; such a Godsend.

May 13th.—We started for the elephant jungle, and agreed, if we saw a *kathi*, to get off our own, and to meet him on foot. As there were lots of trees about, it was quite safe shooting. We also agreed to fire at large game only. Before we got to our shooting ground, I saw three porcupines, and not having seen one for many years past, I was dolt enough to fire at one, and of course missed it. Hill then, following my bad example, fired at a sambur, and in so doing disturbed a bison. As Hill had never bagged a bison, I was anxious he should get the shot, and told him to follow the trail closely, whilst I kept on one side. Presently, in magnificent tree jungle, free of all undergrowth, an immense bull elephant, with long, straight tusks, came right up to Hill, who got so excited, that he forgot our agreement; and although I was hurrying up to his assistance as fast as I could, he could not resist the temptation, and let fly at the hardest part of the elephant's head, who thereupon wheeled about and went off, with tail in air, trumpeting like mad, but not the least injured. Of course we never saw him again. We lost the bison too. All day we hunted for bison; but, although they are evidently very numerous, we did not come across them. The country is cut up by ravines, and there are very fine forests here, in which it is plain elephant's line. We gave up all ideas of sport, and were making for our encampment, when in front of us, in an open quire, we saw the much-coveted wild cattle or sine. We drew the elephants back into the tree jungle. Fortunately we had not been twigged. We made a long detour to get to the wind-

ward of them, and after a careful stalk got to within hundred yards of the only big bull we could see. We fired as nearly together as possible, and heard the balls tell pat, pat. Hill shot it through the stomach, and I broke the hip-joint, but, to our great disgust, it bolted, dragging its hind leg behind it. We followed after it as fast as we could get over the ground, and came upon it under the half-mile. It was standing under a tree facing us; and it was a pretty sight to see it paw the ground, hear it snort, and then advance towards us preparatory to charging. We were quite safe. There were lots of trees about, and all we had to do was to jump behind one if the need arose. As it was, we advanced together on him and opened fire. Hill, after firing right and left with his Nock, took my breech-loader, whilst I fired two double-barrel Lang's No. 10 bore into him. In a couple of minutes the brute was down; he had no chance against us. Here I first learnt to appreciate a breech-loading rifle, though I had long been a convert to the gun. The bull we had killed was a very handsome animal, a bright red, with white rump, stockings, and belly, and white rings round the eyes. It too had a dorsal ridge, but less than that of the buffalo even. The head was very game-like, and he stood about sixteen hands; they grow up to seventeen hands, I believe. They are very difficult of approach, living in the open as they do, and being wary, shy animals. We were delighted at getting this brute, and went to our camp quite happy.

(To be continued.)

ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT-CATCHING.

MY DEAR W.,—You ask for an account of elephant-catching. The following is a short sketch of the method adopted in the Government Kheddass under my charge in the Cuttack Tributary Mehals.

I left the Central Provinces on the 1st September, 1867, leaving my establishment to follow after me on the 1st October. Towards the end of October, I reached a place called Manghur Ghattee, in the Mohurbunge territory, which I fixed on as my head-quarters, and stayed there a few days. Having made arrangements for the building of godowns, &c., and supply of grain and coolies, I proceeded to Midnapore *en route* for the Sonapore Fair, where I had to purchase elephants for the Central Provinces Government.

I returned to Manghur Ghattee on the 1st December with forty trained Chittagong men to teach the coolies their duty, and I may here mention that the Chittagong men are the best suited of all for Khedda work, as it seems to come to them naturally, which is hardly to be wondered at when their hundred years' experience is

taken into consideration, and this has always rendered Khedda operations in Chittagong and the neighbouring districts comparatively easy.

Well, I reached Manghur Ghattee on December 1st, and found my house and godowns, &c., built, and that the elephants had arrived from Belaspore. Coolies alone were not forthcoming, as the dhan was not all cut. I however sent out parties of *Jasooses* in all directions to search for elephants. I must now tell you of what my establishment consists. First, there is a *Khelda Jemadar* and *Gomashita* at the head, with a *Naib Jemadar* as assistant. Then comes a "*Sirdar Jasoos*" and twenty "*Jasooses*." It is the special duty of these men to find the elephants, go the rounds at night, and finally drive them into the stockade.

After those come a *Sirdar* and four *shikarries*. These men assist the *Jasooses* and tie the legs of the wild elephants. Next come a *Sirdar* and twenty-four musketeers, whose duty it is to keep watch at night and prevent the elephants breaking. Lastly, three hundred and twenty coolies with forty-two *Sirdars*, technically termed *manjees* and *mate manjees*.

By making every exertion, I collected two hundred coolies by the 12th December, and having received intelligence of a herd, I sent the party off under the Khedda Jemadar, and on the 17th had the satisfaction of hearing that a herd had been surrounded two days previously. I immediately sent off letters to certain friends who had kindly promised to come out, and starting late in the evening, arrived at the *juggutheer*, as the space in which the elephants are enclosed is termed, at 10 P.M.

My tents not being up, I slept in a shed of leaves which the *Khelda Jemadar* had constructed, waking, however, every hour as the *Jasooses* arrived with intelligence that all was well.

As I dare say you do not know what a *juggutheer* is, I may as well tell you.

When the elephants are found, the coolies are placed in pairs, a party of from fourteen to twenty being under a *manjee*, and are made to form a circle round the herd, the circle being from a mile and a half to six miles in circumference. The men, two together at intervals, immediately light fires, and the musketeers are distributed among the parties. A path is cut through the jungle, so that the men may see one another, and a light bamboo railing is thrown up, which serves to frighten the elephants, who fear a trap; and, if they do break, it serves to show the place where they broke. The whole of this is called the *juggutheer*.

I woke early in the morning after my arrival, and after directing that a space should be cleared for my tent, went round to inspect the posts.

The road was rather impracticable, and went over hills eight hundred feet high, with almost perpendicular sides, and down into romantic dells, and it was good two hours, though I walked fast

before I returned to the starting point. From this I conclude that the circuit was about four miles. After fixing on a site for the stockade, and setting men to work, I went to breakfast.

The stockade is generally about a hundred and fifty yards in circumference, and made of logs of wood fifteen feet long, and about nine inches to a foot in thickness, let into the ground three feet, and bound together with fibre to three rows of bars, which are strengthened by three rows of supports, the supports, in each row, being about three feet apart. From each side of the entrance run long walls forming a funnel-shaped entrance, called the *arnee*, down which the elephants are driven.

On the night of the 22nd all was ready; the entrance well concealed by branches of trees; dry fuel collected; and we all waiting with anxiety for the coming day. This last night was an anxious one, as the elephants made a desperate attempt to break through the line, and many shots were fired, but morning broke at last, and I was relieved from my anxiety when the *Khedda Jemadar* came to report that the elephants were still safe within the *jugutheer*. I went to the stockade to see that all was right, and then gave orders that all the men should eat and make themselves ready. I loaded my guns with nine drachms and an ounce of powder respectively, dried the cartridges and caps, and having had breakfast, mounted a *koonkee* elephant, and proceeded to the stockade where the men were assembled. The driving party consisted of from sixty to eighty men, including those placed in rear of the *arnee* and stockade to light the fires. All the remainder were at their posts, where large fires were lighted, in case the elephants should attempt to break instead of moving down the *arnee*. I gave out ten blank cartridges and fifteen caps to each musketeer, and warned the men to be active; they saluted me, and asked me to pray for them, and went to their places. I took mine with seven elephants at the entrance to the *arnee* on the left side, the *Khedda Jemadar* with eight elephants taking up a similar position on the opposite side. Further out on either side were placed squads of men to hedge in the elephants, and last of all the *ooruntce* men, or drivers, went out from either side, so as to beat the whole jungle, and meet opposite the mouth of the *arnee* at a distance of about four hundred yards.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

JERDON'S MAMMALS OF INDIA.*

EVERY sportsman is a naturalist, a lover, and probably a student, very more or less diligent, of at least one branch of natural history, and the sportsmen of India already owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Dr. Jerdon for his valuable work upon the Indian Birds. The volume now before us is the second of the series of manuals which the author proposes publishing for all the vertebrated animals of India, and a notice of it will not be out of place in a *Sporting Magazine*. It is intended to comprise all available information in sufficient detail for the discrimination and identification of such objects of natural history as might be met with, without being rendered cumbrous by minutiae of synonyme or of history. Such a work has long been desired. Great as has been the quantity of information, derived from actual close observation of animals by numerous sportsmen, it is curious to see how small a portion of it has been placed on record, and how many have died without leaving behind them any of the fruits of their experience. Of the notes that have been made, the greater proportion are scattered through the pages of our predecessors, the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, and the *Indian Sporting Review*, and elsewhere, and are not available for purposes of reference. Another cause which has rendered this manual a desideratum is the want of a common nomenclature of animals throughout India. Many things have contributed to the confusion that exists in this matter: the numerous dialects of the country; the carelessness of Europeans in adopting a name for an animal; and the fact that natives are generally so deficient in powers of observation that they do not know one animal from another, or, if they do, care not to distinguish them by different names. The Bengali applies the word *khalás*, or *katás*, to *felis viverrina*, *felis chaus*, *viverra zibetha*, *paradoxurus musanga*, and several other animals; the Hindustani applies the word *billi* with the like indiscriminating liberality; the inhabitants of the Sunderbuns have no better name for their bitter enemy, the tiger, than *siyál*, or, as they pronounce it, *hiyál*, the name which belongs more properly to the jackal. The Europeans use the same words, either *leopard* or *panther*, for both *cynailurus jubatus*, or, as Dr. Jerdon calls him, *felis jubatus*, and for the great cat, *felis pardus*; but their fault is usually that of having half a dozen different names for the same animal. In either case the result is the same; a confusion as to the animal spoken or written of, which takes greatly

* The Mammals of India,—a Natural History of all the Animals known to inhabit Continental India. By T. C. Jerdon, Surgeon-Major, Madras Army, Author of "The Birds of India," &c. In one volume. Roorkee: Printed for the author by the Thomason College Press. 1867.

from the value of such notes as we possess, and destroys the interest which a sportsman knowing only one part of the country would feel in records of sport in another did he understand their language. A man who has shot *gous* on the churs of the Brahmaputra or *sambar* further to the west would take a far greater interest in hearing how *jaras* or *jerron* have been bowled over in the hills, or *parbatia* in the swamps of Cachar, did he know that all these names denote one and the same animal; and journals of most successful sporting trips in the Himalaya are naturally not looked at by men to whom the names of *hungle*, *auriyal*, *shappoo*, *koklass*, or *burrell* convey no more idea of the birds or beasts referred to than if the writer were recording great bags made of "whistle wassals" and "koochnuys."

"Velvet foot," tells of a successful shot at a "jungle sheep," and we wonder he could find nothing better to shoot at; whereas if we knew that he was speaking of our old acquaintance the *kakár*, or barking deer, we should know from experience that a snap shot, which stops such an animal in covert, is worth bragging of.

The recorded observations of the Natural History of the Mammals of India are very far from being complete, and the present is the first attempt that has been made at their collection in one volume. Dr. Jerdon notes his obligations to Colonel Sykes for his descriptions of mammals in the Deccan, Sir Walter Elliot for those of Southern Mahratta country, Hodgson for those of Nepal, Colonel Tickell, and Major Hutton, and besides those named, to the valuable notes of Mr. Blyth in the Asiatic Society's Journal, and, he might have added, those of Zoophilus in the *Indian Sporting Review*. The papers of Mountaineer in the last-named periodical, on the Game of the Himalaya, are far too valuable to have been overlooked, as are those of numerous observers, scattered through the pages of Indian Journals and Magazines for the last half-century. It is a matter of regret that Dr. Jerdon has not availed himself, to a greater extent than he has, of the labors of his predecessors. His desire to avoid prolixity and possibly the accusation of plagiarism, has frequently induced him to omit interesting details, and to render his work a less complete record of observations on the subject of which he treats, than the materials at his disposal allowed. As an instance of this, it will only be necessary to read Mountaineer's paper on the Tâhir, in No. 13 of the *Indian Sporting Review* for March, 1848, and to compare with it Dr. Jerdon's comparatively meagre account of the same animal, *hemitoaqus jemlaicus*, to make the reader wish that the latter had borrowed more from the former. The same may be said of some notes on the surprising vitality of the antelope after severe bullet wounds, which we find in another part of the same review, but which the doctor has ignored completely, though they are worthy of the notice of a student of natural history. Besides recorded observations on animals, there are many which we do not remember to have met with in print, but which are well known to sportsmen, and might have been expected to have been found in such a volume as this. We

find, for example, no notice or explanation of the curious bare patch on the throat of the *sambur*, (*rusa aristotelis*), which the natives say is caused by his stretching his neck over the canobrukes to feed,—an explanation scarcely satisfactory. We trust that the publication of Dr. Jerdon's book may lead many sportsmen and naturalists to commit to paper such like facts as have come to their notice, and to send them to this magazine, the pages of which are the natural place for discussions on Indian Natural History. It is probable that the assertion that the *sambur* is identical with the *gous* will not be allowed to pass unchallenged, and that several animals excluded by the author will ask for a place among Indian Mammals. The *Mithan*, (*bos frontalis*, or *gavæus frontalis*), will certainly urge that his haunts are sufficiently far to the west, to allow of his name being printed in as large letters as that of the cognate *gavæus ganous*. Our future numbers will probably contain many protests of this nature, and Himalayan sportsmen will consider that the line between India and non-India has been drawn so as to exclude more than one Indian mammal.

The least satisfactory part of the book is the notice of native names. A very small number has been admitted, and amongst those left out are some of the commonest and best known in many parts of India. We have not time or space to enter further into this branch of the subject, but must call on our readers to supply lists of the native names of animals for the benefit of their brother sportsmen.

The mammals are divided, *first*, into the placental, in which the foetus is nourished in the uterus through a placenta, and the implantal or marsupial; *secondly*, the placentals are divided again into three tribes according to their dentition. The typodontia, having teeth of all four kinds, are made to include the quadrumana or monkeys, the choiroptera or bats, the carnivora, and insectivora. The second tribe, diplodontia, having teeth generally of two kinds only, is composed of the rodents, the pachyderms, the ruminants, the sironia, represented in India by the Dujong only, and the edentata, represented by the scaly ant-eaters. The third tribe, isodontia, takes in the cetacea, of which Owen describes seven species, as collected by Elliot, chiefly near Vizagapatam, but of which Dr. Jerdon regrets that he cannot furnish descriptions. This classification differs greatly from that of Linnæus, and more nearly follows that of Cuvier, from which, however, it departs in some important particulars. Any one of them is probably as useful for all practical purposes as the others.

We have taken the liberty of pointing out wherein we consider Dr. Jerdon's book falls short of what a manual of Natural History should be, and, from a careful review of it, think that its compilation has been less a labor of love than was the Birds of India; but, at the same time, we think that it fills up a gap in the list of works on Natural History which has hitherto reflected seriously on the industry of Indian naturalists, and have no hesitation in saying that it should form a portion of the library of every sportsman. Although we

think that Dr. Jerdon might have done more than he has, we will not withhold from him our gratitude for what he has accomplished. Let us hope that the next contribution to the study of Indian Natural History will consist of colored illustrations.

THE MONTH.

At home the weather has been moderately favorable for hunting, and there have been some good runs, though nothing very remarkable.

There are several odds and ends connected with the Turf and its interests that are worthy of notice. The retirement of the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Jersey are a bad beginning for the season. The Duke is a great loss, as his high position and character, combined with ample means, rendered him one of the leading *gentlemen* on the Turf, and likely, by his example, to induce more of his own sort to patronise the chosen sport of a great and "a free people." This retirement does not arise from bad luck, for he has been signally successful, and won no less than £21,000 of public money last season. But he has a fine mining property which produces about £10,000 a year; and owing to great depression in the iron trade, the mines are not to be worked at present. It was necessary to retrench, and the Duke, having to choose between his hounds and his race-horses, considered the time-honored Badminton Hunt entitled to the preference. In addition to fifty-one hunters, hacks, brood mares, and young horses sold at Bristol, twenty-six horses in training have been sold at Ascot, and raised 15,480 guineas. Some of the principal sales were—*Vauban* 3,200 guineas, *Viridis* (then first favorite for the Chester Cup) 2,000, *Lord Ronald* 1,550, a two-year old 1,050, *Europa* and *Gomera* 1,000 each. The last is sound, and being five years old, can have no heavy forfeits; so she would have been worth another hundred for India.

Lord Jersey was tolerably successful last year; but there are other reasons for his retirement, though he seems to have been shamefully "let in" by trainers and others from whom he bought horses; notably by the well-known Tom Parr who sold him *Cork Jacket* for 3,000 guineas. As a lot, his horses were very bad, and realised little money, *Cork Jacket* fetching 230 guineas only! John Day is unfortunate in losing such large studs as those of the Duke and Lord Hastings, just as Danebury had risen to a point of success never attained even by *Honest John*.

Mr. Darling's lease of Epsom Grand Stand has expired, and the new lessees are charging three guineas instead of two for reserved seats for the Derby week or day, which has caused some grumbling. We see that *Hermite* and *Julius* are matched for 1,000, so as to run the two middle miles in the first Spring Meeting, *Julius* giving 1 lb to the winner of the Derby. *Speculum*, who won a mile race at

Lincoln, has now won the City and Suburban Handicap in a canter, and was backed at 12 to 1 for the *Derby* to a considerable amount. Immediately afterwards *Blueskin*, the favorite, won the Great Metropolitan, the prettiest race in England, to our fancy. *Rosicrucian* has been up and down in the market for the Two Thousand, a good deal owing to a cough. The latest betting for that race and the *Derby* is as follows.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.		DERBY.	
11 to 4 agst	Rosicrucian (offered; 3 to 1 taken).	5 to 1 agst	Lady Elizabeth (offered).
8 — 1 —	Formosa (taken and offered).	11 — 1 —	Green Sleeve (taken).
8 — 1 —	Typhoeus (taken and offered).	100 — 8 —	Speculum (taken).
100 — 8 —	Pace (offered; 100 to 7 taken).	100 — 8 —	Typhoeus (taken and offered).

As we pen these lines, the Two Thousand is a race of the past; and if Mr. Reuter "wires" the result before this is put into type, we shall enter it at the end of this paper. Some alterations to the good have been made in the terms of the Queen's Plates in Ireland, chiefly in the direction of preventing one or two good ones carrying off all, and in reserving some for Irish horses only.

The victory of the *Lamb* in Liverpool Steeple Chase coming so close after *Master McGrath's* for the Waterloo Cup, has thrown the Irish Division into ecstasies, and they are beginning to think that the days of Raugh-a-ballagh, Cawrough, Wolflog, &c., may be returning.

A telegram says that the University Boat-Race has again come off in favor of Oxford, which was to be expected, as after Mr. Gordon's death, Cambridge seemed to have a difficulty in getting up a crew at all. Certainly Cambridge has had as bad luck of late years as ever Oxford had. The race with the American College appears to have fallen through owing to inability to come to terms. The action brought by Sadler has terminated in his favor, subject to the decision of a Full Bench on a point of law, *viz.*, whether the decision of the referee is final.

The result of the Two Thousand has since reached us; it was a dead heat between *Formosa* and *Moslem*, who divided the stakes. This doubtless has seriously affected the Derby betting, but the quotations given above are the latest we have received.

Owing to the death of the Maharajah there will be no races at Mysore this year, and we regret to observe from a notice in the *Madras Times* that Dr. J. C. Campbell, the Sporting owner of *Grey Leg*, and other well-known horses, is about to retire from the Indian Turf.

The renowned *Dirk Hatterick* has just changed hands, and goes to Madras immediately, and we hope to have many triumphs to credit to his account. His improvement within the last year has been remarkable, and with the immense power which he now possesses, and his undoubted speed, he will make some of the Madras cracks gallop for anything they win.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRY IT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—There are many good and celebrated jockies in India who are unfortunately addicted to drinking.

Should the underneath recipe catch the eyes of such jockies' masters, not only might such a scene as occurred on the Barrackpore Race Course last month be avoided, but perhaps reform might result by trial, ending in lasting benefit to both master and jockey. It is not only distressing, but disgusting, to witness a man seized with a fit known to be caused by hard drinking.

Here is a recipe for the cure of drunkenness:—

Sulphate of iron	...	5 grains.	} Twice a day.
Magnesia	...	10 do.	
Peppermint Water	...	11 drachms.	
Spirit of Nutmeg	...	1 do.	

This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. It became generally known through the efforts of John Vine Hall, Commander of the *Great Eastern* steam ship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him the above prescription, which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. Thousands, it is said, have been saved by the use of this specific.

Trusting the hint may be taken as it is intended.

B.

We add the weight of our advice to that of our correspondent, and with him we say to all who need our advice—Try it.—Eds., O. S. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to the "great question," I would suggest that, as the Government are disinclined to give money or plates to be run for, they should at some of the principal race-meetings give prizes for officers chargers of the two classes, Arabs and Walers, and also give good prizes for the best colts, (suited to the service) and bred and exhibited by natives. The nearest Stud Officers could be the jurors; they are, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be

the best judges. The exhibition would do good to the races, would interest a great many people, and would teach officers what to look for. I am not at all sure that any good would arise by Government giving prizes for speed; it is not a criterion of goodness; at any rate, of general usefulness, and is not a requirement of the service. What have *Crassus*, *Volcano*, *Selim*, and other thorough breeds done to improve the breed? Their progeny are good-looking weeds, fit to carry 7 stone a mile in 1 minute 50 seconds or so, but unfit to carry a hussar saddle a long march, much less a hussar in it. *Eruption* won the last Durbungah Cup, but few officers commanding batteries would have cared to have him.

Some say we owe all to Arab and English, so we doubtless do all speed, but the cross will not mount our dragoons, or drag our guns. *Verdant Green* was so bred, and ran a good little horse; but he was not fitted for the service. Look at the sales of rejected stud horses, half of them will never measure fourteen hands; they make good draught horses for light phaetons, but are useless for anything heavier. There is a prominent fact from which our Stud Officers might have taken a hint, but have not; that is, the way in which horses for the service are bred at home; they certainly are not the offspring of *Surplice*, *Muscovite*, *Stockwell*, or any of that class, but are probably by a well-bred, big boned horse out of a cart mare. Look at the large black Yorkshire horses that make such childplay with the guns at Aldershot; look at the farmer's hack at home; he can do his ten miles an hour in harness easily, and in winter time carries his 16 stone owner to hounds, and after a hard day, is handy at the finish; he is probably by a high-bred horse, with plenty of bone out of the plough mare *Smiler*. Those are the kind of animals we want, but not such as the winner of the Produce or any other stakes is likely to produce. *Pedigree* is very good, and blood will fight to the last; but the spirit of democracy is abroad, and nature's own nobility claims to be represented. We have been trying to improve the breed by getting them as much like English race horses as possible. Fancy *Lady Elizabeth* in a limber and *Vauban* with 20 stone of soldier on his back; two *Kangaroos* would be equally efficient. Of course there are blood horses with bone, but we don't get them. *Middlesex* was the finest specimen I ever saw. There was no flaw in his pedigree, and he was an 18-stone hunter; he was too good for Government; so private enterprise took him to Australia.

There is no doubt a great disposition to degeneration in colts foaled in this country. We see it in their diminutive size and malformation, *e. g.*, ring bone, contracted feet, and spavin. The object, therefore, in selecting stock to breed from would be to pick those having most size and soundness in the parts most prone to defect.

If Government announced its intention of giving prizes or plates to be run for, nobody would more rejoice than myself, or try harder to carry it or them off; but I do think the objects in giving such prizes should be to excite and keep up the interest in horses

amongst its officers. The army is dependent upon horses, and the greater interest officers take in them the better it will be for it. In Abyssinia there has been a great demand for officers to take charge of representatives of most of the inhabitants of Noah's Ark, and I have no doubt those who have studied the horse most will be the most efficient.

I am, dear Sirs,
Yours obediently,
"NEMO."

REMOUNTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I cannot but feel gratified to find my letter in your No. 1 on Stud Breds and Remounts for the Indian Army has been taken up by so many able pens, and even by your worthy selves, giving a leader on the Great Question—a very proper title—and your remarks upon it do you credit.

So great a question do I consider it, that until I have exhausted all I have to say, or you cry enough, I shall watch with interest the various opinions recorded, and shall continue my notes.

A brother Cavalry Officer, writing to me only the other day on this subject, thus expressed himself:—

"I am glad, however, to see that the horse-breeding question is being canvassed, and hope the letters which have already appeared in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* may lead to its being freely ventilated.

"Should the spirit move me by and bye, when I feel more disposed to write, I shall add my quota to the discussion.

"I do not think there is a single question deserving of more serious attention on the part of Government and all Cavalry Officers than the state of the Studs and Indian Remount market generally.

"Whether less horses are actually bred than of yore, I am not prepared to say. Probably not; but that it is daily more difficult to purchase suitable remounts, there is no doubt.

"You must well remember the day when the regular Cavalry Officers were able to select many a first-class charger with bone and substance from the stud colts, but how few officers of Dragoon Regiments or Artillery ever take out a stud remount now?

"For the Irregular Branch, too, horses are each year becoming scarcer and dearer; and where it is to end I know not.

"The fact is the stud horses are not of the same stamp they were; and for the class of animal we require, there are twenty competitors (outsiders) now in the field to every one twenty years ago.

"In 1841-42 I raised the old — B. C. 800 strong in a little over a month. In 1846 at Benares, and with three or four other Regiments being raised at the same time, I completed the present — B. C. 800 strong in less than three months, and mounted the Corps capitally; but in the year of our Lord 1867-68, I have been three months trying to complete the increase lately ordered of thirty-six men and horses, and am still a few short. This speaks for itself."

And it does speak for itself; and what is it all to end in if the Government will shut their eyes and ears to positive facts? I see some excellent suggestions in letters signed by "Paul Pry," "Bob," and "C. W. B." in your No. 3; and if we could only ensure its ventilation in that learned Council Chamber, we might find some of them fond enough of horses to give suggestive ideas to bring back the almost lost breeds of horses that existed in India years ago. Almost all "C. W. B." says is in concert with my views, and especially when he says "mares from abroad are what are really required at present." Again:—"I have seen numbers of horses got by Arabs from other class mares, as by *Minuet* from English mares, and by *Royalist* from Australian mares; and they show no diminution in size or weight from the Daur." I myself can also certify to the above, and well do I recollect seeing in the stud some years ago a colt about seventeen hands high, and, to my astonishment, was told the sire was an Arab.

I could show a living specimen standing about 15.2 high, fit for any branch of the service, whether Horse or Foot Artillery or Cavalry up to 18 stone, bred by an Arab out of a half-bred English mare; and in corroboration of my opinion and "C. W. B.'s," I send the following letter I extracted from *The Indian Empire* written in 1861 on Horse-Breeding in India for Military purposes:—

"THE home journals apprise us that twenty sires of the best blood in England, after being passed in review at Willesden Paddocks by the three "stable minds" of H. M.'s Indian Council—Sirs C. Wood, Erskine Perry, and Frederick Currie, to wit—have been shipped for Calcutta, and, if the winds prove favourable, may be expected to land at the City of Palaces some time this month. At last, after the useless outlay of lakhs, the Indian Government has found out that the half-bred coaching sires, sent out to improve the stock, have done exactly the opposite.

Considering the low figure to which Mr. Phillips was limited, he has certainly done his utmost, and the India Board has fully endorsed his good opinion of the batch. In looking over the new *Sporting Magazine* of Aug. I find, to commence with, that *Young Pyrrhus* (the first foal of *Princess*, the Oaks' winner of 1844, by *Iago*), a 3 years' old, though "a handsome black chesnut," is touched in the wind. *Brown Holland* (by the famous Derby and Leger horse, *The Dutchman*, famous also for his weak-backed progeny), who started six times in 1860 and lost as many, broke down before his race at York last spring. *Young Marcion* has the bar sinister on his sentcheon. *Garibaldi's* suspensory ligament stopped his training, but I will forgive him much for his Orlando blood. That *Touchstone Camel* strain is "a mine of wealth." Surely infirm, though young, animals such as the above should have been struck out of the list. On the other hand, *Bumble Bee*; *Young St. Francis*, said to be

a counterpart of his sire *Bremite*, who is able to jump anything; *Alderman*, by the giant *Knight of Oovenel*, to my fancy one of the finest stallions in England with, next to *Ellen Middleton's*, the grandest hind quarters ever seen on a thorough bred, and with the blood of *Touchstone*, *Camel*, *Whalebone*, and *Whisker* in his veins; *Apollo* and his equally sturdy match *Lord Nels n*, *Sermon* by *Surplice* (who first cut the Gordian knot which prevented the Derby and Leger falling to the same colt); the "long low untried" *Ryedale*, whose affiliation rests between *John O' Gaunt* and *Vatican*; and finally, *Ackworth* by *Simoon* out of *Mincepie's* (an Oaks' winner) dam, who is deplored as a loss to England in her present dearth of hunter stallions, and considered the pick of the bunch, give us something like the thing. Certes, this weight-carrying hunter-stallion dearth must be sore and very grievous in the land, when the Calcutta Arab *Nero* beat everything at Leeds the other day for perfect shape and stamp, and would have put the £100 prize into his owner's pocket, had not an accident on board of ship prevented him passing sound before the veterinary court of error. Of these "awfully high-bred cattle" I select, as best adapted to our purpose, the sturdy brace of fifteen-one standard, viz., *Apollo* by *Pyrrhus the First* (winner of the Derby), and *Lord Nelson*, by his brother warrior the brave old *Collingwood* (whose career of six seasons was crowned with twenty-six victories, and whose form was excellence itself,) a rare little fellow, whose well-knit frame is anything but indicative of his dashing speed for half a mile. Such peacocking gentlemen as *F. M. Duke of Duty* and *Volcano* I'll have none of.

Such is the first of, it is to be hoped, many such shipments; and may each succeeding one be better than its predecessor,—an end certainly to be attained by a judicious slackening of the purse strings.

The sister presidencies will, of course, if their Government press the matter, be indulged with a similar lot of sires. It is true that Bombay has its Arab market; but may not it, from political or other causes, fail us in the hour of need? We must be dependent on ourselves, and not on outsiders. Besides, what does the dealer let Government have for its money? An equivalent? Certainly not!

Our old opponents, Tippee Sultan, and his father Hyder Ali, who could at a moment's notice take the field with the largest and best mounted cavalry force Asia ever saw, were so keen to the necessity of keeping up an efficient remount, as to give Rs. 700 for each horse that reached the southern bank of the Nerbuddah. Nay more, a horse reaching the northern bank even and dying there, its owner on producing the bloody hide received that sum. The mares of Mysore are the fruits of this care. Let the Indian Government take a profitable lesson from the Lion of the Deccan.

I have not seen Colonel Apperly's Report, but am convinced that the further he travelled on his tour of inspection, the more he must have observed the utter impracticability of introducing, through the means of country-bred mares, a breed suitable for war. In Bengal and Mysore there are a few passable mares, but elsewhere none. The famed Bheema Turree breed of the West is almost extinct. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for dams. In Arabia good mares are only to be had for fabulous sums. From Persia, doubtless, some desirable animals could be obtained. The blood of the Cape and Australian is in most instances of an inferior quality, derived in the first-named colony from half-bred coaching or cart mares, and inferior stallions, Arab and English; in the second, from Spanish mares and equally inferior stallions. The horse for tropical service must be blood. Persia with Russian influence at work, would be a rotten reed to lean on. England is consequently our last and, in my opinion, best resource.

Probably the expense, which at the outset will be considerable, may startle our financiers, suffering, as they at present are, from tightness in the chest; but legislators must look to the future as well as the present. France is yearly spending millions on her remounts, and last advices tell us that she has only commenced. We may yet have to meet her Barbs on the Egyptian sands. The breed arising from my scheme, which in ten years' time would be thinly scattered throughout the country, would repay the outlay tenfold, and eventually, as years roll on, render India as famous for her horses as Arabia or Algeria are for their Arabs and Barbs.

Unpossessed of any statistics as to the probable number of horses yearly required by the mounted branches of the Indian armies, I am unable to mention the number of mares it would be necessary to import, and a fair trial alone could determine the average mortality amongst them. In the first instance, I would look to the artillery and European cavalry alone. The native cavalry, now on the irregular principle, with their present reduced (too reduced as will yet be proved) numbers, and the low prices, horses such as they ride are now selling at, must content themselves with low-sized Arabs, and what they can pick up from the extant country-breds, and those thrown by good country-bred mares covered by these imported English stallions. Eventually by this scheme they, too, will be magnificently horsed.

Let Mr. H. R. Phillips, who in the selection of this first batch of sires has earned the confidence of the India Board, be commissioned to purchase a number of low, strong through-bred mares, on short legs, averaging 15-1 or 15-2 high, of the best quality of staying blood, and send them out to this country overland. Let every one be put to a good horse before sailing, breeding in and in being guarded against. The stallions I would select for them are not the fashionable 30-guinea-a-leap gentlemen, but small stout horses like themselves with plenty of bone. Let the stable triumvirate of Indian magnates take a long look at *Underhand* by the *Cure*, keep him in their minds' eye, and send their mares to woo such like *Herculi*. England can produce many of his stamp. Of his mould, too, should be their future stallion exportations. I select the overland route, convinced that with management it would prove the cheaper. They might be shipped at London or Liverpool in some of the many screw steamers always available, marched across the desert, and again shipped at Suez on board sailing vessels. Light winds prevail in the Red Sea, so one of the lying idle Indian Navy steamers might with advantage be employed to tow them till clear of Babelmandel, and by stowing her guns away even carry some herself. Of course, a season of the year when the Red Sea is cool and winds favourable, should be selected. These mares might be purchased and landed, all expenses included, for £75 a head.

Having lauded the mares at the different ports we must now provide for their future. Studs under the superintendence of able men well versed in the subject of horse-flesh and naturally fond of it, should be established in cool healthy localities, away from the baneful influence of land winds, where good grass and undulating pasturage is plentiful, with running water at hand. These stud farms should be portioned out into paddocks, with well-thatched hovels in each, to shelter the mares and foals during the heat of the day. The farm should provide all its own articles of consumption. In the hot weather, green meat, always necessary for young stock, will only be obtainable by irrigation; I would, therefore, recommend a large growth of lucerne and carrots, which might be attained at an economical rate by the aid of Peill's self-regulating wind engines. These machines require little attention, can be erected by a country lohar and mistree, cannot easily be put out of repair, and if out of repair easily put in working order again, work day and night, and cost nothing

for fuel. One working to 1 horse nominal power, but in a strong breeze to treble that power, can be procured for £105. They are much used in Rutland and other places for pulping roots, grinding and crushing, also for pumping water. A small, but well-regulated staff of servants, and a veterinary surgeon would suffice to look after the establishment.

Good, roomy, well-ventilated, loose box stables for the stallions should be attached to these stud farms.

In the cold weather the stallions, in the care of trusty syces, should perambulate the districts, each taking his own beat, and cover such good mares, but only good ones, as may be brought for service. The collector and his assistants, in fact every one in authority, should be instructed to use his utmost endeavours to persuade native owners to bring their mares. I would even go so far as to pay those who did so some trifling present. Only those who know the native can form any idea of his obstinate pig-headed adherence to old customs. Some years ago I offered, gratis, the services of a magnificent Arab to a district in the Carnatic; I even sent him about the country, but not once was he made use of. No! they preferred the same description of horse their fathers had used before them. Master Blackoy is at the same time, as we all know, a servile creature, and will readily obey the wink of his immediate superior. But let the burra sahib, be he the political agent, collector, or what not, hint the desirableness of his mare being sent to a certain horse and thither she will go. When practicable these mares should be seen and approved of by the superintendent of the stud, and none but good ones attended to. Place an embargo on the owner, let the foal be his, to do with as seemeth to him best, depend on it, if it turns out well it can be purchased as a 3 or 4 year old at a lower figure than Government could rear it for. Sure of a fair price he will do the foal justice.

The forced marches of the 15th Hussars from Bangalore to Secunderabad and back, have clearly proved that geldings, for military purposes, are no way inferior to entire horses. All the stud-bred English colts should be cut during their first cold weather; thus the fillies could also be drafted into the service. Of these latter, the finest, after some year's work, on becoming unfit for work, should be returned to the stud, and the balance, being previously covered, sold, not to mail contractors, phaeton-wallahs (there is a very bad specimen of this genus in Poona), or such abusers of horse-flesh, but even at a sacrifice, to native landowners who are likely to care for them and rear their foals.

The colts and fillies should be taken up at the end of the third year, corn-fed and handled for six months, then drafted into the different regiments to be used very gently for the first year. If the expense would not be too much I would prefer not to see them backed till four years old.

A stud book, carefully kept, will be necessary; and the pedigree of each colt or filly should accompany it to its regiment or battery, the commandant of which yearly or half yearly, might report, for the information of Government and the guidance of the stud superintendents, how each animal was turning out. A similar register should be kept of the country mares covered by the stud stallions.

The ranks of the stallions, as casualties occur, should be recruited by importation from the mother country. The country-bred retained for breeding should be a very fine animal indeed, with great substance. Legginess produced by rapidity of growth, which is alike the case with biped and quadruped not indigenous to the tropics, when reared in them, is what we shall always have to contend against.

Many will say that the principle is false from the out-set; the English horse will not thrive in this torrid zone. To them I reply, with all due deference,

that the horse is an animal of the sun, and revels more in heat than in cold. He came originally from hot climates. Look at the condition of horses in England in the month of September, the hottest of the year; how splendid it is then in comparison with other months. Compare the time of the Doncaster autumn meet with that of Epsom spring. Granted that the horses are hardly well over their wanting in May, if the spring has been late; and grant too, that many of those that contend in the north have by autumn, from constant running, had the steel taken out of them. I have seen many English horses in this country looking healthy and well as at home.

Some of my readers may wonder at my leaning to small horses. I will enumerate my many reasons for this. Doubtless Corporal Shaw, of the 1st Life Guards, with a large powerful thorough-bred steeple-chaser like *Bridegroom* under him at the commencement of a campaign, as on that eventful 18th June 1815, would be irresistible. But where would the Herculean corporal have been at the close of the Central Indian Campaign of 1857-58, during which, frequently, double rations of pumpkin were issued in lieu of beefsteaks and porter? Where his 16-hand high charger, though up to 16 stone in the first flight with Tailby's, Pytchley, or Quorn, after a few months on rank Ban-swarra jungle grass, an occasional mouthful of gram as a treat, and his giant rider on him at least fourteen hours out of the twenty-four? I reckon no where! A stout well ribbed little horse, with a smaller man on him, would keep fat where these brace of mammoths would resemble Rozinante and her lank knight errant. The standard of our light dragoons (hussars as they now are) has, by the Commission lately sitting, been reduced considerably. We shall have hussars now in the true acceptation of the term, somewhat on the model of the active little Hungarians who in 1848-49 inflicted such a fearful lesson on the lumbering Austrian cuirassiers, not men riding 18 stone, and called "lights" because they wore blue and chacko instead of scarlet and helmet. The French, though still hankering after these booted, green coated cuirassiers, who for hours with magnificent courage so devotedly but harmlessly rode at and round those living rocks, the immovable British squares in the vicinity of La Haye Sainte, have had a lesson on the fields of Solferino and Magenta of which they are availing themselves. We have found out that impetus, not weight, is wanted; initial velocity *versus* lumbering solidity; the Armstrong bolt against the iron plate armour. A small active man requires a small active horse, up to his weight, under him. Those conversant with hunting are aware that nothing is to be gained by riding a horse up to a couple of stone over their weight; they are carried no better for it, and often the horse finding himself underweighted and being a puller besides, a monstrous uncomfortable day is the consequence. Small or medium-sized horses are, by a very long percentage, better constituted, more truly built, more lasting, higher couraged, and almost invariably more active than their overgrown brethren. Five of the staunchest performances I know of, as testing lasting qualities, or what is technically called *gameness*, are those of a mare barely 15 hands high, and the phenomenon pony *Sir Teddy*. Mr. Dixon's chestnut mare trotted 100 miles in 10 hours, and *Sir Teddy*, 173 miles under 22 hours or about 8 miles an hour for nearly a whole day. Something approaching perpetual motion this!

English hussars, armed with sharp sabres and riding about 14 stone on such horses, as I feel confident the stud I propose would supply at about Rs. 600 a head for the first years, and considerably less after a lapse of years, when the system had developed itself, would overmatch the best horsemen Gaul, Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, or India could bring against them. The awful swordcuts poor Nolan writes of will be returned with compound interest.

MADRAS RACES,—1868-69.

Rs. 40, H. F. To close and name on the 26th December, and to declare to start the day before the race. **G. R.** One mile.

Hunt Steeple Chase.—Rs. 250. For all horses that have been regularly hunted with the Madras Hounds. Previous winner excluded. Weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs. Entrance, Rs. 20. To close and name at noon on the day before the race. **R. C.**

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, 31st DECEMBER.

The Carwait Nugger Plate.—Rs. 500. Presented by the Rajah of Carwait Nugger, added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 100, **H.F.** One mile and a half and a distance.

The Turf Club Handicap.—Rs. 500. Added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 100, **H.F.** One mile and a half and a distance. All horses that have started during the Meeting can enter for the above. They will then be divided by the Stewards into classes, and handicapped into one of these two races. The entry list closes at noon on 29th December, and horses must be declared to start the day before the race.

The Guindy Handicap.—Rs. 200. Added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 40, **H. F.** For all horses that have started in the Ladies' Selling Stakes, Corinthian Stakes, and Steeple Chases, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close at noon on 29th December, and to declare to start the day before the race.

Scurry Stakes.—Rs. 100. For all horses that have never won a race, and the property of resident subscribers to the Fund. Catch weight for class. Arabs 10 stone. Entrance, Rs. 10. To close and name the day before the race. **G. R.** $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. No dismounting.

Handicap Steeple Chase.—Rs. 300. For all horses that have started for a Steeple Chase during the Meeting. A sweepstakes of Rs. 40, **H.F.** To close and name at noon on 29th December, and declare to start the day before the race. **R. C.**

LAST DAY.

The Winning Handicap.—Rs. 1,000. Divided into two purses of Rs. 500 each. Forced for winners of all races excepting the Ladies' Purse, Selling Stakes, Corinthian Stakes, Guindy Handicap, and Scurry, at Rs. 75 for each race won. Optional to losers at Rs. 50 entrance. All horses entered for the above will be handicapped by the Stewards into two races. A sweepstakes of Rs. 75 for each horse declared to start. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. Two miles.

The Beaten Handicap.—Rs. 500. For all beaten horses. Entrance Rs. 30. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. A sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. If four horses start, the second to save his stake. One mile and a half.

The Amateur Handicap.—Rs. 200, forced for winners of Selling Stakes, Corinthian Stakes, Ladies' Purse, and Guindy Handicap, at 30 Rs. entrance for each race won. Optional to losers in the same races, at an entrance of Rs. 20, added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. One mile.

The Great Eastern Steeple Chase.—Rs. 400 added, to a handicap, forced for winners of all Steeple Chases during the Meeting at Rs. 30 for each race won, and optional to losers in the same at an entrance of Rs. 20. A sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. To start at the Mile Post, and go twice round. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

at a raffle in three triple throws with three dice, and his ill-luck in having his highest figures topped by two other persons to the tunes respectively of 53 and 50.

Now, as a specimen of fortune's freaks, I subjoin an account of a raffle for a horse in this quiet city which, for intensity of excitement, will match "Dumb Jockey's" tale, stirringly as it is told.

A horse, a Waler, picked up by a gentleman in Calcutta, and imported into Madras, where he won nearly every race he ran for, was at length purchased by a sporting gentleman in Ceylon, where he also won everything worth winning, and was sent back for sale to Madras a couple of months or so before the last Madras Meeting. The price asked for him was Rs. 3,000; and as no purchaser at that figure could be found, a raffle of 100 tickets, at Rs. 30 each, was organised, and after some little time all the tickets but three were taken. The numbers of these three tickets were, I think, 64, 67, and 68. For a couple of days every one seemed to fight shy of these three. At length two of these were taken, and two sporting officers went halves in the last, No. 68. One of them, however, about an hour or two before the raffle took place, gave up his half-share to the other, who had then one whole ticket, and only one.

It was arranged that, to save time, each person should have only one throw with four dice. A number of tickets having been taken by residents in Ceylon, a gentleman was chosen to throw for the whole of the Ceylon ticket-holders, and he threw twenty two or three times out of the batch of twenty or thirty throws. I had taken ten or twelve tickets, for I was very anxious to win the prize, and the last two tickets I took were in conjunction with a gentleman who has always been lucky at these sorts of lotteries. I had thrown all my throws except these two tickets, when I proposed to my friend that we should each take one of the tickets, and go on our own responsibility. He agreed. Up to this time the Ceylon throws of twenty were the highest, and more than half the ticket-holders had thrown. I had not once thrown higher than nineteen. I now took the dice box, rattled it vigorously but despairingly, dashed the dice on the table, and scored twenty-one! Hurra!

I thought I was pretty sure of the horse. My friend, with whom I had been in partnership, now took the box to fling his throw. He looked rather annoyed at my luck, but tried to laugh it off; he rattled the dice bravely, and then dropped them steadily on the board. Twenty-one again, by George! Was there ever such luck!

We congratulated each other, and discussed the advisability of going shares in the horse in preference to throwing off the tie in case we won him. It now came to the turn of a gentleman who represented a well-known sporting confederacy to throw. He tried to assume his jauntiest air, and threw the first throw or two gracefully enough, but his feelings were too much for him, when at his fourth or fifth throw he flung twenty-three!! The triumphant ha! ha! old fellow, how do yo feel? You thought you had got him, eh? with which he

turned to me were worth seeing. My feelings can be better imagined than described. I was horribly disgusted. Any one rather than he to win the horse, for he had already one that would run me very close, I feared, for "The Cup;" and now that he had got this other crack, I was sure to be beat for everything I ran for. However, I smiled sadly, but I trust sweetly on him, while I congratulated him on his luck. The idea that he would not win the horse never for a moment entered my head, and I was on the point of turning away to go to the Bar (the raffle was held in the Club), and counteract the terrible sinking caused by the sudden revulsion of feeling, when I heard No. 67 and 68 called on to throw. Something prompted me to stay, and just see these two throws out. No 67 took the box, and threw some trifling throw, and then No. 68 approached, took the box, rattled the dice well, and quickly turned the box over on the table, kept it steady for a moment, and then slowly raising it exposed four sixes!!!! The yell of astonishment that rose might have been heard half a mile off. Loudly I laughed, for was I not avenged? My rival, who taunted me just now, was now himself depressed to zero. But I was generous, and spared him, and went, and had my peg.

It may be some consolation to you to know that when their crack met my own horse, the latter beat him without an effort, owing, I believe, to the former having been unwell.

"MANDIRAJI."

Madras, 6th April, 1868.

DEATH OF A TIGRESS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I was lately present at, and aiding and abetting in, the death of a fine tigress with no tail or rather with a stump of about 3 inches left of that useful and ornamental appendage. She was killed on the borders of Dinagepore and Maldah.

I am not going to inflict upon you the manner of her death, but the cause of her coming to the condition in which we killed her is a matter of speculation.

Evidently the amputation was effected many years ago, was it the playful act of a brother or sister during youthful gambols, or was it effected by the bite of an angry papa, was it lost in later years in a quarrel with one of her own sex and species—or by the ungallant action of a disappointed admirer? Any one of these causes and many others also might account for the loss of a tail. But in the case of this particular tigress the end of the stump was as straight and flat as though it had been severed with a knife, and the ears were both of them deeply slit, though not equally so.

Slit ears in a tiger are no rarity, I have killed others with slits certainly in one ear, if not in both; but to find slit ears in conjunction with a clean dock is certainly somewhat curious.

Thinking it not impossible that she may have been turned out some years ago as a marked cub, we thought it worth while to make known through your Magazine that a tigress of this description has been killed, and if any of your readers knows of a cub having been let loose, marked in this manner, it will be a matter of some interest to learn when and where she was turned out.

Our Tigress had lived to a good old age as is evidenced by the colour of her skin and was exceedingly powerfully developed as regards her limbs, in fact I have seldom seen so fine a tigress. She had gone through somewhat hard times during her life time, as on skinning her we found immediately under the skin a small bullet that was entirely surrounded with a white skin-like substance that adhered to it closely. The ball had probably been fired from a matchlock, as it was too small to be the ball of an ordinary sporting gun.

Curiously enough, the largest Barasingah stag killed by our party had also been a sufferer by a previous ball shot and in his case also the ball was found just beneath the skin. This bullet was considerably flattened, and must therefore have struck the deer with much force, the spot at which it entered can be seen now on the skin, and it is not more than a few inches from the place where the ball was found. The wound in this stag must have been of some standing, as the skin has quite formed over the hole made by the bullet and the hair is growing out of the new skin.

The sport was bad, in the Maldah jungles this season. The late inundation of 1867 left the low lands damp for so long that the pattle has soon dried up properly, and the weather has been so cool that the game has not been forced from its comfortable quarters in the forest to the damp and cool grass plains. Tigers are scarce accordingly, though deer was sufficiently numerous to afford plenty of amusement. Nothing else occurred to us which is worthy of being brought to your notice.

I remain,

Yours truly,
MUN-MOTEE.

THE GALLOPING SQUIRE.

A FOXHUNTEE'S SONG.

By G. J. Whyte Melville.

COME, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
 * For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing,
 With its acres of woodland, its oceans of grass,
 We have game in the autumn, and cubs in the spring.
 We have scores of good fellows hang out in the Shire,
 But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

The Galloping Squire in the saddle has got,
 While the dewdrop is melting in gems on the thorn;
 From the kennel he's drafted the pick of his lot,
 How they swarm to his cheer! how they fly to his horn!
 Like harriers turning, or chasing like fire,
 'I can trust every hound,' says the Galloping Squire.

With a wave of his arm to the covert they throng.
 'Yooi! wind him, and rouse him!' 'By Jove, ho's away!'
 Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along
 O'er the open like pigeons. 'They mean it to-day!
 'You may jump till you're sick, you may spur till you tire,
 'For it's catch 'em who can!' says the Galloping Squire.

So he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
 In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye.
 As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences, and rails,
 The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly—
 It's a *very* queer place that will put in the mire
 Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

But a fallow has brought to their noses, the pack,
 And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread;
 One blast of his horn, and the Squire, in a crack,
 Has lifted and thrown in the beauties, at head.
 'On a morning like this little help you require.
 'And he's forward, I'll swear,' says the Galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race;
 'Tis a heaven to some—'tis a life-time to all!
 Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,
 There are stout ones that stop—there are safe ones that fall.
 But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,
 For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,
 All worried and stiffened, held high for a throw,
 O'er the Squire's jolly visage is grinning in death,
 Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below.
 While the daws flutter out from a neighbouring spire
 At the thrilling 'Who-whoop!' of the Galloping Squire.

And the labourer at work, and the lord in his hall,
 Have a smile and a jest when they hear of the sport
 In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
 For they scarce can expect to see more of the sort.
 So long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
 For we breed very few like the Galloping Squire !

THE NORTH ROAD.

A FINE day, for a wonder. Surely our crabbed luck has for once deserted us, weary, perhaps, of persecuting so patient a victim. And though the bright morning sun shines on our spectacles, as we stand gazing up and down the quiet streets, we can make shift to see in the distance, striding lustily out, our friend North, whose name is emblematic of the route we mean to take in a long, health-reviving stretch. He agreed late last night when, under the seductive influences of eleven o'clock Evans's and its accompaniments, to tear himself away for a few hours from the worry and toil of town (he is fearfully overworked from eleven to three in the Thibet and Siberia Grand Junction Company), and explore with the narrator that strange country—known only to the mass now-a-days by the tales their grandfathers tell of the old coach days—that lies to the north of the 'village on whose confines it is our mutual ill fortune to be compelled to reside. Really, the sight of the same four walls day after day has become too much for human endurance. We have gazed upon the dingy, ink-stained plaster cast of Fisherman until every angle in his ill-shaped body is odious to us. We have looked with lack-lustre eyes at the Pedigree Chart hanging on the wall, until it was matter of doubt whether we despised and disliked most the compiler of such a tissue of error, or the publisher who let it loose upon society, or the benighted being who in some bygone day thought it worthy of a string and nail and frame. We are tired of telegrams, sick of tissues, weary of copy. We have striven hard all the winter through on behalf of a public not always appreciative and grateful, and have remained within doors, bending over our desk, and a very slave of the pen until our head has grown heavy and dull. Appetite is lacking too, let the temptation be subtle as it may; we don't care about port, turn up our nose at that peculiar Madeira that cost 150*l.* a pipe any number of years ago, and, worst of all, have lost all relish for tobacco. This is a parlous state to be in, and demands immediate and stringent remedies. Of course the cause of the complaint is obvious enough, and there is no need to call in the aid of the physician (we have ever mistrusted the race since M. D. broke down in Blink Bonny's Derby); and perhaps a stroll into the country, a few hours' forgetfulness of the most pressing of our worries, will be more efficacious than all the drugs and potions which the hakim, if summoned, would certainly administer. Well, breakfast has been dawdled over, a morning paper perused—those portions of it, at least, that suit our frame of mind, such as the third round of the Waterloo Cup (we have a couple of sovereigns on Lord Lurgan), Harrow Spring (skimmed). Betting in London (perused very attentively), and the article on the retirement of a certain duke. Of course we linger for a few moments over the Law Notices—it is so pleasant, you know, to see oneself in print—and the Money Market column receives due attention; and then we read something bearing very decidedly on our favourite stock; so it is with an accession of bile that we finally don a pair of heavy laced-up boots, a thick coat, and a soft,

shapeless widenwake, and lounge up and down in front of our street-door until the echoing footsteps of our intended companion are close at hand.

Well, we have shaken hands, and gone through the other conventional forms of greeting to which Englishmen are accustomed to submit. He has inquired whether we are quite certain that our waistcoat-pocket contains a Wright's Handicap-book, and has had to submit in turn to a very searching inquiry as to the safety of his pipecase; for there is no more inveterate smoker, between Rotterdam and Stamboul, and even a very temporary deprivation of the solace the seductive weed affords makes him unbearably ill-tempered and morose. Then we turn our faces to the wind, and chatting on this, that, and what not, make for the outskirts of the town. Here are long rows of lime-trees that we must pass between, reminding us so much of certain quaint little German and Flemish villages that we try to be deaf to the railway whistle and the hail of the cabman. On one side are really green fields, notwithstanding that we leave on our left a row of shops where all kinds of familiar London trades are being carried on. It requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive the leafless branches overhead once more weighty with July foliage, filling the air with the delicate perfume of lime blossoms, and the drowsy hum of bees, clustering amidst the dense ocean of leaves where they have sought for shade, and dozed away beneath the influence of the summer sun. Still it is not easy to remain long in such a state of baseless enjoyment, for sounds not of the country will intrude, and dispel the pleasing delusion into which we have suffered ourselves to be betrayed—the squabbling of a group of omnibus helpers, shrill cries of vendors of oranges, the monotonous, and utterly hypocritical and disgusting appeal of a band of sturdy vagabonds, who proclaim in the form of a dreary chant that 'they've got no work to do-o-o.' Gladly would we accommodate the lazy reprobates with the employment they demand, and that without taking them far afield; for on the hill hard by stands a roomy stone structure, within whose walls there is oakum to be picked, there are stones to be broken, there are cranks to be turned, if we mistake not; and none more richly merit the disagreeables which each and all the above occupations are supposed to carry with them than such whining scoundrels as these, who wander from street to street with all the sneaking demeanour and hideous discord of a pack of prowling jackals.

There goes a character of whom nine hundred and ninety-nine in each thousand of the passers-by know nothing. The driver of that green-sided omnibus—he catches our eye, and touches his hat—is in his way one of the most enthusiastic lovers of horse-racing in existence. No one with the slightest smattering of horsey knowledge can sit on the box by this Jehu for five minutes without hearing a torrent of words bearing on the gallops, the trials, the roughs-up, at half the stables in England. He knows why such a colt did not run, and what the other filly was set to do with the old horse, and how that two-year-old is bred, and where the money came from to settle Mr. Crackup's account. He has something mysterious to whisper about the Grand National, fancies Tom Dawson for the Chester Cup, and has heard that William Day will have a 'thick-un' for the back-end. He can tell you of ponies that he has stood about my lord's mare, and the pot he should have landed if Wedding Ring hadn't broken down 'when—you remember, sir—they had got him so light in the Chester Cup.' It would surprise you were he to divulge all the secrets he has had entrusted to him at times, and the confidential missions placed at his disposal. You little think that you have ridden behind such a talented commentator upon Turf matters when you pay your fourpence at Charing Cross; but the subject of this sketch is well known in London racing circles, and has had the honour of having a very promising three-year-

old christened after him. He is a civil, good-tempered fellow, and a bit of a wag too; and if you are fond of horse-talk; take our word for it, you will have it to your heart's content as you rattle over the stones side by side with the 'Russian Bear.'

We are not clear of the streets yet, and there is a cabstand within a stone's throw; yet we are close to the spot where, but a year ago, a hawthorn hedge delighted the sight, and charmed another sense by the sweet fragrance of its blossoms. To gather them we stepped then across a *real* ditch—a ditch like those we were wont to scramble over in our schoolboy days to peep into the first hedger-sparrow's (*accentor modularis*, if you please) nest of the season, our delight at the discovery not a whit marred by the scratches received from the sprays of the bramble, which offer but a feeble bar to the impetuosity of youth, more especially as the nether garments worn in the morning of life are usually selected by wary parents rather for their thickness and stability than for fashion of texture or design. Alack-a-day! the hawthorn hedges and the ditch have alike vanished before the ruthless hand of civilization. Spruce, trim uncomfortable-looking houses have usurped their place; and a 'ladies' seminary,' with two ugly, red-haired girls at the iron-grated window, stands where, but a few moons ago we pressed the bank, luxuriant with crane's bill, hedge mercury, and the pretty, unassuming ground ivy.

Now we leave behind us that famous archway from the summit of which there is a view so glorious, when the day is favourable, that a dweller in the great city, who has no experience of the sight, should not delay a week in making a pilgrimage to the spot. There is a hill beyond which tries our stamina; but we are bred to stay, and breast it gallantly, with shoulders well thrown back, and chests expanded, rejoicing in our strength, in the elasticity of spirits which escape from the streets has already brought us back again. When another mile has been traversed we see a house on the right of the road; it bears an escutcheon and motto on its frontal, familiar and comforting to the wayfarer, and each glances at the other askance, loth to be the first to succumb to temptation, yet with true mortal frailty, not disinclined to sin if the suggestion come from another who is willing, also to participate in the guilt. We enter, and presently emerge, wiping our beards confusedly, and looking very hard into vacancy.

The air is fresh and pleasant: the wind that brushes our locks has tarried ere it reached us, on broad downs, in the depths of forests, by wide rivers, and on the towering height of many a sea-lashed cliff. Of each and all of these it has brought away a souvenir; and it is good for the troubled and faint to drink the breath of such a healthy, vigorous breeze as that which now bends the trees, and sets all the signboards a swinging. Really there is far more to be seen, on this February day, than folks would believe who hold that the country is desolate before June and after October. Perched on the hill, far away to the right, may be traced the trees and water which mark the spot long famous as the crack resort for pigeon-shooters, after the glories of the Red House had departed. Behind we mark the walls and houses that cover the site of grounds once celebrated as a race-course of the fleet-footed, ere the very name of pedestrianism become a byword and a reproach. In a hungry-looking paddock, a hungry-looking brood mare—barren for a hundred!—is cropping a scanty meal. How different from the long series of comely matrons we took stock of a week ago, each as well done by and cared for as if she were a princess of the blood! It was at no great distance from the place on which we stand that the dam of the high-priced and luckless Kangaroo was discovered, when the famous race for her possession took place after the Hobbie Noble colt had acquired a pseudo reputation in the Newmar.

ket Biennial. In much the same plight as was Yarra Yarra, when her owner was called upon at dead of night to come to terms, is the poor, weedy, dejected-looking animal that stares at us with such persistency and rueful expression of countenance. We are on somewhat classic ground, too, so far as regards steeple-chasing, for it was from the so-called Common hard by that the erst celebrated Moonraker achieved one of his numerous victories, in those old Elmore days when Beecher's name was beginning to be one of dread, and the grey Grimaldi was the Lottery of the home district. There are rooks sailing about overhead, and bickering amongst the remains of their last year's nests in the high trees by the roadside. Anon comes the report of a gun, and a great frightened hare limps hurriedly over the fallow, little injured by the shot of the would-be destroyer, and good for many a day's sport to come, when such Winkles of the trigger take the field. Time was when, even under the bright light of the mid-day sun, the road we traverse might not have been trodden with impunity. Time was when men hurried over the dreaded common in fear and trembling; when coachmen drove with the speed and recklessness of Phæton, and ladies quivered with alarm as they sunk back into the darkest corner of the roomy family coach, lest the mysterious man on the black horse who keep pace exactly with the Lincolnshire geldings that are taking them to town, should ride up to the window with a hoarse demand for their purse or life. However, there is no such exciting incident to be dreaded to-day, although, singularly enough, it is on this very highwayman's ground that we are accosted by the only stranger who thinks fit to address us during the whole of the walk. He is a lengthy, lean, seedy individual. His nose is very red, and a good deal swollen about the tip, and his eyes are rather glassy. His boots are in a doubtful state of repair, and he assists his steps by the support of a very large and extremely dilapidated umbrella, with a crook like a ram's horn for a handle, and an enormous brass ferule. A wonderful instinct it must have been that led this extraordinary personage, who appeared in a moment, no one knew whence, to address us on the subject of the Turf. We are not attired in loudly developed clothing, nor do horsey pins lurk in our neckties, nor have either of us (so the looking-glass says) that close-cropped, weasel-eyed, imperturbable appearance which one is always apt to accept as the type of men actively engaged in the business of horse-racing. Nevertheless, the bent of our minds is understood by the startling person who accosts us. As he makes his advance, it flashes across our minds that he is a local distributor of religious tracts—a certain air of greasy self-sufficiency and hypocrisy, and unmistakable evidence of recent intoxication, combining to favour this supposition. In a somewhat husky, but perfectly good-humoured tone, he comments on the beauty of the day, and then, without prelude or parley, favours us with the information that he has kept racehorses himself. Before we have time to recover from the surprise of this announcement, he has entered upon a long, true, and particular account of the misfortunes which attended both him and his equine treasures from the outset of his career. He mentions names with which we are familiar, and describes with great volubility, but much indistinctness of articulation, circumstances which we happen to be aware have taken place in the stable that he refers to. Encouraged by the mute attention paid him, our friend grows more confidential still, and whispers—imparting a savour of rum gratuitously with the information—that he knows of a real good thing for the Chester Cup, and will communicate the same on the receipt of half a crown to buy stamps. As if a spell that had held us motionless was that moment broken, we spring with one impulse forward, and without leave-taking—or, indeed, without having from first to last spoken a single word to this eccentric personage—hurry forward on our route, Ere

rounding the next corner, we pause and glance fearfully back, anticipating pursuit. As we live, the man has vanished! There are no houses, no trees, no walls to have yielded him concealment, but, strangely and suddenly as he appeared, has the individual with the red nose disappeared. There is something very ghostly and mysterious about all this; and we had not even the satisfaction of obtaining the Chester Cup tip, that coming from a personage of such weird habits must have been valuable. However, there is nothing for it but to ascertain that our handkerchiefs and watches are safe, and to commence the ascent of the lengthy hill which leads to the little town fixed upon as our halting-place.

We own an affection for little country inns, and are not ashamed to confess it. We are believers in taking one's ease therein, and thoroughly appreciate the delights of an old-fashioned hostelry—it must be old-fashioned, mind, and of course away from the large towns; if possible, on one of the coach-roads whose glories have now departed. There are abundance for us to select from; for surely every sixth house in this town-village boasts a licence to retail; but we push on to our familiar quarters, not far from the pond, and the wood, and the crumbling trees, and hastily throwing aside wrappers and other *impedimenta*, fling ourselves into the roomy arm-chairs by the side of the cheerily blazing grate. Early though the hour be, one of the party is smitten with sudden and mighty hunger. Beef alone can assuage it, and that of the hottest and juiciest. So the blue-eyed band-maiden is summoned, gallant in ribbons, and, smiling at the eagerly expressed demands of the travellers, engages that provender meet for such stalwart trenchermen shall be prepared forthwith. Pending its appearance, there is a call for that remarkable dry sherry of which the house can justly boast; and then the utility of the handicap-book, on whose presence so much stress was laid, makes itself apparent. Its contents are read aloud, and canvassed with gusto and temper. First of all we consider the Grand National, although each owns to a contempt for the cross-country business as compared with the charm of the legitimate sport. One has had a Welsh whisper, and contends that a Daisy will be found at Aintree, blooming and fair, the choicest flower of spring. The other avers he stands upon the bridge—at Coventry—but in doubt as to which arch he may most safely put his trust in. Both wonder whether after all Port Royal is so unhealthy a place as the pencils of writers would lead men to believe. Epsom, beloved of City men and licensed victuallers, is next discussed, and unanimity prevails respecting the chances of Matthew and Alec, even should the Clarion of Newmarket be sounded, and found wanting in tone, or Fyfield discover that it might be dangerous to hazard too much on the chances of the Rattlebone business. A taste of Roquefort, if up to the mark, might not be amiss to those who brave the perils of a Northamptonshire afternoon, and failing this, the Turf writer may have to enrich his remarks by a quotation from Cowley. So we gossip about the hopes and chances of the handicaps, and compare notes from training quarters, and good things that have been imparted to us, under solemn vows of secrecy, until what time the banquet is served! Here is more cause for rejoicing. High and low, at all times and seasons, have we sought for a good beefsteak, until, weary and disappointed with hope deferred and endless crosses, the search had well-nigh been abandoned. In and out of London have we striven to meet with the longed-for delicacy (for such it is) to little purpose. York, Doncaster, Durham, Newcastle, those strongholds of beef, have failed to supply the one thing needful. City chop-houses have been unable to produce it; the West-end has been drawn blank; nay, even the famous Fleet Street kitchens have done their best to satisfy the longing; some they have sent away happy—but us, never. Once, and once only, the perfect

beefsteak was nearly attained. It was when we tarried for a space in the tent of Ishmael, and we departed with a blessing on the sheik who bestowed upon his guest that which was so nearly unsurpassable. And lo! here to-day, in a dull, stagnant, half-forgotten little town, never famous, we believe, for culinary excellence of any kind, we come upon that which we have dreamt about so long,—fresh, succulent, juicy, melting, exquisite whilst it is being eaten, comfort-bringing whilst it is being digested,—the rumpsteak, one and unapproachable, of which our fathers have told us. Presently we sit calmly over the calumet—once more enjoyed as it should be, gazing with placid eyes on the steeple-chase prints that deck the apartment; some of the cracks taking terrific obstacles as if they were crossing a two-foot hurdle, others coming to dreadful grief over stone walls and drop fences, but each rider, game to the last, falling, apparently to certain destruction of life or limb, with a pleasant smile upon his face. Orville, with York Minster towering unmistakably in the background, faces us, looking sturdy and defiant of all comers, as the queerly printed list of performances at the foot of the print justifies him in doing, and our comrade recalls with wonderful exactness of memory the great deeds of that famous steed on field and farm. It is whilst we are chatting cosily of such matters that we become aware of a most astounding parrot. One of us, light-hearted with wassail and the weed, whistles a snatch of a popular air, and when he ceases, Peittacus, hitherto little noticed notwithstanding his handsome coat and waistcoat and top-knot, takes up the tune precisely where it was abandoned, and completes it correctly. This performance he follows up by a variety of eccentric and ludicrous cries and imitations, to the amusement of his hearers and the ill-concealed satisfaction of himself, until the entry of a stranger silences him, and henceforth he is indignantly mute.

Our earlier days of racing experience passed in widely different quarters of the land, we have events to recall and anecdotes to relate mutually interesting. The one knew the glorious Goodwood Park in the time when it was in its transition state from a mere cocktail holiday to the great gathering where all the notabilities of the year met in battle array. He tells of *Fleur de Lys*, and *Miss Craven*, and of Lord Chesterfield's agitation when his trusty old champion *Priam* was struggling against the mighty *Beiram*, and leaving the Derby victor, *St. Giles*, far astern. The other speaks of a cup contest on a high northern race-course, little less exciting in its way, seeing that *Delphine* and *Mutilda* came home together, and such celebrities as *Mulatto*, and *Long-waist*, and *Economist*, the sire of *Harkaway*, were hopelessly defeated upon the trying hill. There is talk of *Variation* and *Rubini* on the one hand, and of *Retainer*, and *Fang*, and *Revolution's* sturdy performances, with *Tom Shepherd* up, on the other. Then, coming to latter days, the stirring doings by the Tyne are discussed, when heaven and earth were moved to induce the Squire of Nunnykirk to pull 'taud meare' out to clip the comb of *Black Diamond*, and the dweller by the Quayside succeeding at length in his entreaties, caused her to win the first of that lengthy series of laurels that made her a very goddess in the eyes of the pitmen. Both linger and laugh over the oft-told tale of the peer, since gathered to his fathers, who was well on *Launcelot*, and bad against *Maroon*, when the two bore the Westminster banner in a memorable *St. Leger*. *John Holmes*, the man of the iron sinews, was bidden to wait, and come not nigh so long as there was hope of the cripple *Launcelot* pulling through; and at the half distance the latter was in trouble, and *John* thought it time to get on terms. *Launcelot*, with poor *Bill Scott* getting every ounce out of him still led, though fast compounding, but the second string was so obviously catching him, and so full of running, that it seemed inevitable that the 'pot' would be upset. At the centre of the stand,

the lord in question could bear it no longer; and, craning forward, he screamed at the highest pitch of a never very powerful voice, 'D—n it, Jack—hold him!' as if his feeble falsetto could reach the ear of the excited jockey above all the tremendous uproar and din and delirium of a Leger finish!

By the time our last pipe is smoked out the day is fast declining, and re-warding the blue-eyed waitress, and chirping adieu to Poll, we are once more homeward bound, refreshed by the change of atmosphere and scene, brief though the holiday has been, and pleased with our first taste of the country for many weary months. The high road of the morning is abandoned, and we wander down by lanes, and by the side of steep railway embankments, and past plantations that are lovely in the summer season, talking incessantly still on the favourite topic, that never palls on those once bitten with the love of horseflesh. As the night creeps on, the air grows somewhat keen, and warns us that the time for evening loiterings has not yet come; so mile after mile is left behind with a speed that does no discredit to limbs more used of late to the legs of the writing-desk than to such vigorous exercise as now is needful. Ere we turn our somewhat wearied feet towards the last of the steep descents, a detour of a few yards brings us within sight of that race-course now rapidly approaching completion, which lies nearest to the metropolis. To the Meeting itself and to its promoters we wish success. As a rule we affect not those gatherings to which the rabble of the slums and the cads of Cockneydom have easy access. No reason this why others should not rejoice and be merry, and taste hard by Muswell Hill some share of those enjoyments which the Turf enthusiast would be inclined to seek for beyond the reach of London cabs and omnibuses. Let us wish those who doubtless anticipate with pleasure the holiday they will pass here when the summer suns are at their height all that seems to them best, the enjoyments of the Derby Day, of Hampton 'Cup' afternoon, of Greenwich Park, of Kosherville Gardens commingled; the delights of shrimps, beer, knock-'em-downs; or, if they are ambitious, of four-and-sixpenny champagne and 'Aunt Sally,' and unlimited puffing of Whitechapel cigars. Never mind about horses, or stakes, or 'national sport,' or any nonsense of that sort; give him but the above, and his cup of bliss will be nearly full; add a strong dash of low vice in the shape of a copious instalment of the worst element the Haymarket can supply, and your London racegoer's happiness will be quite complete. However, as we need hardly say, when people set to work with a will, and promise a 'sight' of added money, and have a rare lot of two-year-olds down for a July spin, the promoters of the day's amusement deserve well of us all; and if, in course of time, Alexandra Park becomes a gathering, great amongst the great, worthy to be talked of in the same breath with which folks speak of Ascot or Goodwood, we will be the very first to praise the ingenuity of those who evolved the happy thought, and to say that we always knew the thing would be a success. No man in, or of, the world can say more.

Then we resume our route, and trudge, rather wearily now, down the steep descent that tells unmistakably on our fore-legs as we approach the bottom. There are bright lights shining through the casements of the roadside hostleries; but we are not to be seduced by the allurements of doubtful beer, and the noisy company of the roysterers whose hoarse chorus may be heard a hundred yards away. There is that awaiting us when home at length shall be reached that will well repay the easily achieved abstinence. We encourage each other to constancy by occasional suggestions, and conjecture as to what species of aliment shall reward us for our coarse fare at mid-day. Bright visions arise of a snowy tablecloth, and shining glass and silver; of a glowing fire, bright lights, and closely-drawn red-curtains: thoughts awake of a soul-stirring smell

of cookery, and a sound of mingled hiss and simmer that will fall pleasantly on the ear as we enter and pass upstairs. There is a cupboard, too, in a dim and distant corner, which is not forgotten; a true bachelor's cupboard, and never drawn blank of those comforts bachelors affect at all times, especially when the hours wax small in winter time, and warmth within has double relish when contrasted with the cold without.

With such inducements, therefore, to incite us to struggle gamely on, we step out side by side, leaving behind us the yet leafless hedgerows, passing under the heavy branches of the elms that a few short weeks hence will be heavy with the coat that spring, most punctual of *schneiders*, is about to bring them. Soon we are once more amongst the rattle, the roar, and the dirt of the streets, and the glare of London by night flashes upon our unwilling eyes. With the cries of 'all hot' ringing not ungratefully in the ears of men who are all cold, we turn up the old familiar street with a 'wet-sail,' for the haven of rest close at hand. The welcome portal is reached and opened, and then burst upon us the expected hiss and smell. The snug room is gained, and white cloth, silver, glass, and fire are all there. The cupboard seems to ask to be opened, the cigars are eager for the moment when they shall be awakened and drawn from their cedar-wood crib, and on the mantelpiece lies the 'Glowworm,'—be blessings on its spark!—that tells—yes! no! yes! that Master McGrath has won the "Waterloo Cup"!—*Baily's Monthly Magazine*, March, 1868,

A KANGAROO HUNT IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Soon after landing in the Colony my friend and I received an invitation from a squatter, living 300 miles from Adelaide, asking us to spend Christmas with him, in order to witness a grand kangaroo hunt which was to come off at that time. We of course accepted, and in less than a week we started on our journey, taking with us our rifles and a deerhound we had brought from England. After three days' jolting and bumping in a mail coach—one of those long-bodied American machines which nothing short of a precipice can upset—we were not sorry to find our friend waiting with his buggy and a pair of ponies to take us over the remaining nine miles to his station, which we reached safely about 3 p. m. on Christmas eve.

In this part of the world the 25th of December is usually ushered in by hot winds, and a temperature which entirely destroys our pre-conceived notions of the festival; but on this occasion we were in luck, and when dinner came in it was quite cool enough for us to enjoy the roast beef, and even the brandy fire on the plum pudding did not seem oppressive. Our festivities, however, were not very much prolonged, as the grand hunt was to take place the next day, entailing an early start. Accordingly we were called before daybreak, and by the time we were up found that the saddling had already commenced; as about sixty men had to be mounted, saddles soon ran short, and sheepskins tied on by a piece of rope were in great demand for the riding blacks and station men. My friend and I had both had some experience with rough colts at home; and, under the delusion that we were fair riders, had expressed our utter unconcern as to our mounts—indeed, in our secret hearts we were rather anxious to try an "Australian back-jumper." The horse chosen for me was a dark bay, a fine showy-looking animal, but one that evidently had the greatest objection to being girthed up, whilst the very unamiable way in which he laid back his ears made me determined to be prepared for the

worst. The mounting was quickly accomplished, but no sooner was my weight in the saddle than my steed's back curled up, down went his head until nothing could be seen in front of the saddle, then came a frightful sensation not to be described, and the next moment I found myself uncomfortably seated on a very hard piece of ground. The horse was soon caught, but no one would hear of my making another attempt, so I was fain to content myself by exchanging mounts with a long-legged, light-whiskered, sun-burnt young fellow who had taken rather a fancy to me on the previous day. Armed with a huge hide whip, he was soon on the bay's back, who this time screwed himself up higher than ever, until the middle of the saddle only touched him; then up he went high enough to take a four foot fence, and down again on the same spot, with this difference, that his tail was now where his head was before, the same proceeding being repeated for upwards of forty "bucks." Thrice as many, however, would have made but little difference to his rider; at every jump there was a loud crack, and the long hide whip left its mark on the ribs or shoulder, until at length the horse gave in, and moved off a more tender if not a wiser animal.

We are now all fairly mounted; our way for a few miles lying through some mallie scrub, and then to the plains beyond. Much discussion takes place as to the best way of managing the hunt, and at last it is decided that we shall form a crescent-shaped line, with about 150 yards between each man; the whole of us are then to move slowly towards the sea, so as to drive the kangaroos before us on to a point, with a small neck, which afterwards increases in size until it contains about eighty acres. At last all are placed, the starting signal is given, and the word passed from man to man down the line. The blacks on foot, about eighty in number, are at the south end, and altogether we muster 110 men, so that our line extends nearly ten miles, and we shall have to ride eight miles across the plains. After a while the salt bush begins to take the place of the hideous "mallie scrub," so that the country is more open and we can see before us. On we go until all the bushes are left behind; but so far nothing meets our glance all over the vast plain, except a straggling eagle or two.

I am beginning to despair of seeing a kangaroo, when suddenly at my right hand, scarce fifty yards away, up jumps a regular "old man." The dogs are soon after him, and one called Veno catches him, throwing him nearly over: he soon rights himself, but by this time the other dogs are come up, fastening on anywhere; doing their best, however, to keep clear of those ugly fore paws and still more terrible hind ones. It is not to be, though, for he has Victor (the largest hound) in a grip like that of a grizzly bear; where he is held until the kangaroo gradually lifts one of his hind legs, and then with a long kick down goes the dog torn right through the middle, howling and snapping at his own flesh. "Well done, Veno!" who, nothing daunted by his companion's fate, has the "old man" by the hamstring, and rolls him over; now the dog has him by the jugular; there comes a prolonged panting, a gurgling in the throat of the kangaroo, and all is over. Poor old Victor lies beside his foe. One of the party comes cantering up, looks at the dog, and seeing that the case is hopeless, puts the poor fellow out of his misery. There is no time to mourn, though, so we leave him to the eagles and pass on, scarcely so anxious for another kangaroo.

Half an hour passes, and we have still nearly four miles to go; a great shouting gradually approaches from where the blacks are, and about two hundred kangaroos come bounding along at a great rate; they are soon half a mile away, never once attempting to break the line. The shouting is now astounding; everyone takes it up. Kangaroos are racing in every direction;

just to my left comes a great rush, and straight through the line goes a "flying doe," one of the fastest sort; two dogs are after her and gaining fast, when, just as they are on the point of catching her, something is suddenly thrown from her, and away she goes at double speed. Curiosity tempts me to see what can have been thrown down, and there, hidden in the long grass, is a pretty soft-skinned little kangaroo, wriggling about its immense tail and kicking violently. Poor little fellow, just taken from a worm pouch to be cast down in such a rough manner! But lie still on that soft grass, and perhaps when the sun is setting, and no danger is at hand, your mother will come hopping up, peering amongst the spinifex and wild oats, till she hears your little grunting; then once more will she lift you up, and carry you off to some distant timber, where you shall grow and grow until you become a great fellow six feet high, and your tail weighs twenty-four pounds.

But all this time we have left the line where we ought to be, for kangaroos can now be seen on all sides. Some 300 have managed to break through our ranks, and the men are closing up at a trot. Grey figures are jumping about in every direction over the sand hills, which look like waves on the horizon; the whole plain seems to have gone mad.

Now comes the tug of war: only about a mile more to go and the pace a canter. Whips are cracking, whites shouting, blacks yelling on every side; no wonder the kangaroos are frightened. A mob of about a thousand come rushing up, trying the line at every point, but in vain, for we are pretty close now; at length one great fellow breaks through, and is followed by a multitude; our men close up nearer than ever, but nothing can stop the mad rushes with which large mobs come down every minute. There goes one of them against a horse, sending him and his rider clean over, but doing no further damage; when the dust clears away, however, we see a large grey heap that stirs not, with two fierce dogs standing over it, showing that at least one kangaroo has paid the penalty of his boldness with his life. Some thousands of kangaroos have by this broken the line, and we begin to think that all our labour is in vain; but our more experienced friends say that there will still be plenty on the point, which is now close at hand; so, hobbling our horses, we all walk down to the entrance of the peninsula, and wait until the natives come up. The beginning of this neck is covered with bushes, amongst which a few kangaroos are seen, and we hope there are many more in the timber lower down. Ten natives are told off to beat the bushes; our rifles and pistols are loaded; the blacks have their boomerangs and waddies ready. Right soon are they wanted, for to the south 200 or 300 kangaroos appear, but swerve and again seek their covert. Another lot are driven out, and come straight for us, headed by an old fellow who seems their leader. Shots ring out, many fall, but the others come on without flinching. The old fellow in front is still sixty yards off; the blacks are terribly excited, and flourish their boomerangs in a frantic manner. Three jumps, and the leader is close on us, when from my right comes a whirring and whistling; something rushes past, catching the old fellow between neck and shoulder, tearing away muscle and bone, and then he falls over on his side. About thirty were shot by the time I had reloaded, but plenty more are seen amongst the bushes, the frightened mob rushing on the line occasionally. As, however by this time we are pretty cool and used to the work very few escape. The "lubras" (native women) join in the attack just like the men; one very old lady, with grey hairs and legs about as thick as broomsticks, got so excited that she deliberately walked out to meet a "boomer," with nothing but a small "waddie" in her hand. At first the kangaroo did not quite know what to make of matters, but, being too tired to run, he accepted the challenge, hopped up to her, and, on her stick missing

his head, caught her with his strong fore paws and held her without the slightest trouble, until luckily the other black came up and stopped him from using his hind claws. The old lady was fearfully frightened, but not much hurt, saving a long furrow or two on her cheeks; it will be long, however, before she cares to face another "boomer"

Kangaroos are lying dead all around us, and the dogs show signs of severe struggles; one magnificent yellow hound has an ugly rent in his neck, through which the blood keeps spouting every time he breathes, but a few stitches with needle and silk soon make him feel more comfortable. Our own deerhound, who has done wonders, has some sharp cuts, but none through the skin; he seems very tired, and in fact all of us are wishing the slaughter was over, when the blacks in covert again begin to yell, and up come fourteen emus, with their foolish little wings flapping and their huge bunches of feathery tails shaking as they stride along, reminding us much of the tales of seven-leagued boots—an emu's stride when fully extended being rather more than nine feet.

On they come, the boomerangs flying amongst them, and making their sides rattle; one has cut through the neck of an emu, leaving the head hanging only by the skin—a feat which even our black friends appreciate. A few shots are fired, killing all the emus but four, who are soon lost to sight across the plain.

The black beaters now come up, and say that no more kangaroos are left; men are sent to count the killed, with the number of which the squatters are very much dissatisfied. Last year they killed over two thousand, but now the number is put down at only four hundred. This slaughter seems very cruel, but something must be done, as kangaroos are increasing in numbers very fast; and as two of them eat more grass than three sheep, a squatter cannot afford to feed 3000 or 4000 of them on his land.

The men come back and report 620 killed, counting all from the pink little things without a hair on them, up to the great fierce fellows with arms like a gorilla. All the horses are brought up, but only a few dogs appear; most likely many of them have chosen shady places to lie under and lick their wounds. When evening comes they will feel better and follow us home—to say their owners, who ought to know their ways; but we have an idea that many a one has lain down never to rise again.

My friend and I have once more managed to get together to talk over the events of the day, both acknowledging that we have seen a great slaughter rather than a hunt.

Many of them are now leaving us for their stations, perhaps twenty or thirty miles distant; we shall soon be at home again. All seem tired, but in good spirits, and quite ready for the late dinner, which we have fancied we could smell in the distance for the last half-hour. And so ends our first kangaroo hunt.

HENRY HODDING.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS—THE RUN OF THE SEASON.

DEAR BELL: On Monday last we had a glorious chivy with these hounds over the "Melton of the Metropolis," better known perhaps as the Harrow country, all grass and plenty of fencing, bullfinches, wattles, dykes, posts and rails, an occasional stile with drop into a lane; all of which, however, were perfectly practicable with those who were well mounted and had any "go" in

them. It was a good hunting morning, the scent lay well, dewdrops hanging to every twig, a southerly wind and not very cloudy sky. There could not have been less than 500 horsemen present, the majority of whom were well-mounted—plenty of London assurance, and looked all over like going. "The Doctor," a well-known stag, was the animal selected for the occasion, and he gave us a strong dose of his invigorating medicine before he allowed himself to be brought to-day. Its sudorific effects were soon perceptible, about two thirds of the field "shut up" with only half a dose, poor devils! It was not long before they got into difficulties, rolling head-over heels "neck and crop" fashion. The hounds, all of whom are very symmetrical, with good loins, and uniform in size, led us away at a merry pace from Bate's Farm, near the water splash to the right, as if for Duck's Hill; then to the left, right away to Eastcott, over Marton's Farm, towards Windmill Hill, crossing the Ruislip-road to Rince's Farm, skirting Templar's, by Bray's, to Harrow-on-the-Hill, almost within reach of its classic spire, where the hounds were whipped off. The deer then took shelter in Mr. Steel's garden, where he amused himself in a kind of moat; he then jumped the rails into the road, passing the Vaughan Library, over the playground, crossing the road by the Priory, and went sailing away to Sudbury, Perivale, Hanger Hill, Ealing, and Acton, nearly to Willesden, over the railway, right away to Paddington, where he was taken, after one of the best runs that was ever seen with hounds. The distance traversed could not be less than 24 miles. Time, 2 hours 20 minutes. The first 50 minutes was all that could be wished; when King whipped off the hounds at this point there could not have been more than 30 out of this large field any where near them, including the Prince of Wales, Lord Colville, Colonel Kingscote, the Member for Windsor, who has just returned from the Emerald Isle; the saddler from the Haymarket, another distinguished individual, who "plays many parts" in the same locality: H. Cox, Tom Wakely, Galbot and Shirley, J. Sherston and Salter, Frank Sherman, Roe, Graham, Cross, Dr Douglas, and other mighty Nimrods whose names I am unable to give you.—*Bell's Life*.

"SHOOTINGS TO LET."

SIR,—The period having arrived when proprietors of "Shootings and Fishings" offer their attractive wares to the sporting public, the following account of my own experience of taking a moor last season may possibly be of service to some of your readers who may contemplate doing likewise.

Being detained abroad till early in August, I had, prior to my return home, written to secure some fair grouse shooting and salmon fishing for the season. On my arrival I received the following advertisement from "Snowie's List," as the only likely thing left in the market:—

"The Shootings of——— and———, with right of salmon fishing of———, with the comfortable lodge of———. The shootings extend to about 6,200 acres, chiefly of moorland, and are good. The salmon fishing in the river—is the best in———. The lodge is comfortably furnished, and contains two public rooms, four bed rooms, with w. c., kitchen, and servants rooms. The use of a horse and conveyance, and grazing for a couple of cows, will be allowed to the tenant. The tenant of the farm will supply mutton and other farm produce."

I confess I had never any exalted opinion of shootings in general in the district named, although some are to be by no means despised; however, it was

a case of "Hobson's choice," and I had an inkling that there was decent fishing to be had, even should the shooting turn out to be indifferent. In short, I took the place, on the distinct assurance that as tenant I was to have the exclusive right to the fishings, with the exception of a reservation of liberty to fish in favour of any friends of "the landlord" who might be staying with him.

In due time I arrived at the shooting, and on inspection found that the "comfortable lodge," "comfortably furnished," had been rather highly "word-painted," as the blackened, mouldy paper hanging in shreds from the walls, the want of the various necessary articles, and the dirty sacks of dirtier straw that did duty for servants' beds showed.

These slight shortcomings, however, being susceptible of easy remedy, I took up my quarters at the little inn by the river, till such time as my servants could render the "comfortable lodge" habitable.

The following three days I spent in looking over the ground, and the result convinced me that the "shooting" was as fairly entitled to be pronounced "good" as the lodge "comfortable." In the course of my three days' tramp I came on nine coveys (at least I give them credit for being different ones), and on expressing somewhat emphatically my disgust at the paucity of game, was informed by my guide and mentor (the "boundary watcher") that "It was just over early yet for the birds, as they were no that plenty tull October, when they cam to the corn stooks." A mighty pleasant look-out, thought I; but, however, there was consolation to be gained from the "best salmon river in —," and next day, at early dawn, I proceeded to try the pools. The weather was all that could be desired, with a fine breeze on the water. Not a fin, however, stirred (with the exception of one or two miserable yellow trout), and I returned to mine inn a sadder, if not a wiser, man.

On the following day I found, to my surprise, a party of anglers who had come in a "trap" from —, fishing my beat; and on making inquiry was informed by mine host that he had special licence from my landlord's factor to give permission to fish the river at so much per head, the money received being paid to the factor. I learnt, moreover, that the rod fishing was completely spoilt, as all running fish were netted at a pool in the lower part of the river, where they were delayed in their progress by a fall.

On proceeding to the spot I found that the "river"—a very small one—narrowed considerably at a horseshoe fall, six or seven feet in height. Below the fall, flat rocky ledges projected on each side, from whence people, armed with large hoop nets fastened on the ends of long poles, cross-racked the pool at high-water, when the fish came up from the sea, and effectually prevented their further progress by summarily transferring them from their native element to *terra firma*. The meshes of the hoop-nets, which I measured, were exactly an inch from knot to knot; therefore, nothing much larger than a minnow had a chance of escape. The pool was thus netted, I was informed, by the sanction and for the behoof of "the landlord."

This discovery was the last straw that broke the back of my endurance, and I at once decided on "making tracks;" intimating at the same time to "the landlord" my opinion that a lodge without comfort, moor without shooting, and a river without fishing, did not offer sufficient inducement for me to prolong my stay; commenting also on the manner in which my "exclusive right" to the fishing had been infringed. In reply, he informed me that the innkeeper only had authority to give permission to fish while the shootings were unlet (this the latter denied); and, with reference to the netting which I complained of, that I must be aware that if he did not net the fish, the proprietors on the opposite side would not fail to do so!

I am well aware that everyone who takes a shooting solely on the faith of an advertisement has himself to blame if he is disappointed; and, once his rent is paid, he may vainly whistle for any "return." This, however, I am happy to say, I safely provided against by simply not paying the rent, which I leave "the landlord" to recover by "process of law," sincerely wishing that he may (not) get it.

Further comments I leave to your readers; and as I write with the object of warning any who may not have much experience in such matters, I may add, and do so with regret, that the system of issuing advertisements similar to the one that took me in is only too common, and I could refer to several such lately published, where moors are offered to the public "stocked with abundance of game," which to my knowledge, and equally to the proprietor's, are almost wholly void of "fur or feather," and to which the application of the term "shootings" is a complete misnomer.

I have mentioned Mr. Snowie's name in connection with my landlord's advertisement, but in no way impute any shadow of blame to him, as it simply appeared in his list, couched in the terms in which it was sent him, and for which he is in no way responsible.

I should also add, in justice to my landlord, that all deficiencies in the way of furniture were promised to be made good; and doubt not that, had I remained long enough, the promised horse and conveyance would have in time appeared.

—*The Field*.

H. F.

A SINGULAR WAGER.

A rather curious bet has been laid in connection with this year's Derby. A noble lord, a member of the Four in Hand Club, is to leave Gracechurch Street, driving his drag, at ten A.M. on the Derby Day. At the same hour a female pedestrian is to leave The Plough at Clapham. An even wager to a large amount has been laid that she, getting a start of four miles and a half in seventeen, will reach the Grand Stand before his Lordship's four in hand. The lady's age is fifty-five. At present the odds are 5 to 4 on the petticoat.—*Echoes from the Club*.—*Sporting Gazette*.

RACING CALENDAR.

RACES PAST.

STEEPLE CHASE AT ROORKEE.

21st FEBRUARY, 1868.

The Cameron Hunt Steeple Chase, 2 miles. Calcutta weight for age raised 2 stone. Rs. 16 entrance. Rs. 150 added.

		st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Captain Murray's b. w. g.	... <i>Recruit</i>	... 11	4	Carried 11	6	Mr. Miller	... 1
Mr. Forbes Gordon's b. c. b. g.	... <i>Leotard</i>	... 10	11			Owner	... 2
McCallum's b. c. b. h.	... <i>Pibroch</i>	... 11	0			Mr. Turner	... 3
Colonel Ward's b. c. b. m.	... <i>Kitty</i>	... 10	11	Carried 11	10	Mr. Trotter	... fell.

The Course was about two miles in length, and the obstacles consisted of 11 fences, tanks, and ditches, two water jumps, the smaller with a hurdle on the taking off side, mud wall, hurdles, &c. The ground was chiefly good going, but with a few fields of plough and a sandy hill, which were calculated to test the condition of the horses.

THE RACE.—After starting, *Kitty* made play, closely attended by *Recruit*, the others waiting. *Kitty* and *Recruit* charged the big brook, the third jump almost together, the latter gaining about a length in the jump; the others also cleared the water in good style. *Recruit* now led up the hill, and descending cleared the post and rails at the foot of the further side, some distance in advance, while *Kitty* charged and smashed them, repeating this performance at the mud wall, which was the next fence. From this point *Recruit* maintained his lead, and *Kitty* falling and dislodging her rider at a hurdle, *Leotard* refusing two jumps, *Pibroch* falling at the second water jump, won in a canter. *Leotard* came in second.

THE GALLOWAY STEEPLE CHASE.—Rs. 10 entrance. Rs. 100 added. Last mile of the Course.

						Rider.	
Mr. Turner's b. c. b. m. <i>Banshee</i>	Owner 1	
Hume's g. c. b. h. <i>Adonis</i>	Mr. Forbes Gordon 2	
Forbes Gordon's oh. c. b. m. <i>Anonyma</i>	Private Smith bolted.	

Anonyma went off with a strong lead, but bolted on approaching a hurdle, and went off into a sugar-cane field. *Banshee* then took up the running, and was soon a considerable distance ahead, however, at the last jump, a hurdle; she refused and fell. *Adonis* came up, cleared the hurdle, but perversely ran through the ropes. *Banshee* got on her legs again, and passed the post a winner before the horse could be brought round.

A Scurry, Post entries, was won by Mr. Miller's *Bastille*, ridden by his sporting owner, beating five others.

RACES TO COME.

SECUNDERABAD MONSOON MEETING, 1868.

STEWARDS :

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. MURRAY, H. C. C. WALFORD, ESQUIRE.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL BLOMFIELD, M. S. C. C. J. O. FITZGERALD, ESQUIRE.
 CAPTAIN CONNELL, 21ST FUSILIERS.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6TH.

FIRST RACE.—*The Derby.* Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden Horses. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	25
1st July	Rs.	50
1st August	Rs.	100

SECOND RACE.—*The Galloway Purse.* Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden Galloways. Weight for age. W. I. T. C. Standard. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	20
1st July	Rs.	40
1st August	Rs.	80

THIRD RACE.—*H. E. Salar Jung's Purse.* Presented by H. E. the Nawab Mookhtar-ool-Moolk Salar Jung Bahadoor, K.S.I., Rs. 200. For all Arabs. Weight 9st. Previous winners of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more seasons 10 lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	25
1st July	Rs.	50
1st August	Rs.	100

FOURTH RACE.—*The Corinthian Stakes.* Rs. 150 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. Weight 9st. 7lbs. Previous winners of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10lbs. extra. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st July	Rs.	20
1st August	Rs.	40

Any horse running can be claimed for Rs. 1,000.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Pony Plate.* Rs. 100 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for all Ponies. 9st. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Open to all riders.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

FIRST RACE.—*The Bowenpilly Stakes.* Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. Arab 9st. Previous winners of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	25
1st July	Rs.	50
1st August	Rs.	100

SECOND RACE.—*The Galloway Sweepstakes.* Rs. 400 from the Fund, added

to a Sweepstakes of Rs 50 for each horse declared to start. For all Galloways. Weight for inches, W. I. T. C. Standard. Previous winners of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10 lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs. 25
1st July	Rs. 50
1st August	Rs. 100

THIRD RACE.—The Desert Stakes. Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age and inches W. I. T. C. Standard. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs. 20
1st July	Rs. 40
1st August	Rs. 80

FOURTH RACE.—The Charger Stakes. For all *bond fide* charges for whom the Government allowance is drawn, and that have been in possession of their owners for three months. Weight for Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Rs. 100 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 20. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FIFTH RACE.—The Carrion Stakes. Rs. 100 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs 20 for all horses. Weight for Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Any horse running to be claimed for Rs. 300. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 11TH.

FIRST RACE.—The Accommodation Stakes. Rs. 250 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. Arabs 8st. 7lbs. Colonial and English horses to carry 10lbs. in excess of the W. I. T. C. Standards. Previous winners of two seasons 5lbs. of three or more seasons 10lbs extra. Winner of the Bowenpilly Stakes 5lbs. in addition. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs. 25
1st July	Rs. 50
1st August	Rs. 100

SECOND RACE.—The Garrison Stakes. Rs. 250 added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for each horse declared to start. For all horses the *bond fide* property of Officers of the Secunderabad Garrison. To be ridden by the same. Arabs 10st. Winners of two previous seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs. 25
1st July	Rs. 50
1st August	Rs. 100

THIRD RACE.—The Arab Stakes. Rs. 250 added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for each horse declared to start. For all Arabs. Weight for age 7lbs. in excess. of the W. I. T. C. Standard. Galloways allowed 7lbs.; Maiden Galloways 1 stone. The winner of 1, 2, or 3 advertised races of the meeting 5lbs., 8lbs. or 10lbs. extra, and previous winners of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10lbs. in addition. 2 miles.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs. 25
1st July	Rs. 50
1st August	Rs. 100

FOURTH RACE.—The Light Weight Steeple Chase. Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. A Steeple Chase over about two miles of country. Arabs 10st.; other Classes 11st. 7lbs. The winner of a Hurdle Race or Steeple Chase 7lbs. extra. No Maiden allowance.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	25
1st July	Rs.	50
1st August	Rs.	100

FIFTH RACE.—*The Scurry.* Rs. 100 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs 20. Catchweights for Arabs over 10st. 7lbs.; for other classes over 11st. 7lbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Any horse running to be claimed for Rs. 500.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH.

FIRST RACE.—*The Secunderabad Cup.* Rs. 400 added to a Sweepstakes of Rs 50 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. Weight for age. The scale for Arabs to be reduced from W. I. T. C. Standard, 3lbs., that for other classes to be raised 4lbs. Previous winner of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10lbs. extra. Winner of the Derby 3lbs. extra, of the Bowenpilly, Accommodation, or Arab Stakes, 5lbs. extra, of two or more of these races 10lbs. extra. 2 miles.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	25
1st only	Rs.	50
1st August	Rs.	100

SECOND RACE.—*Little Welter.* Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 25, for each horse declared to start. For all Galloways 10st. Previous winners of two seasons 5lbs., of three or more 10lbs. extra. Winner of Galloway Sweepstakes, if a Maiden, 5lbs. extra. 1 mile.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	20
1st July	Rs.	40
1st August	Rs.	80

THIRD RACE.—*The Lottery Stakes.* A Handicap for all Arabs that have started during the first three days. Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to an entrance of Rs. 20, and Rs. 20 in addition for all horses accepting the Handicap. Entrances to be made before 6 P.M. the third day. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Auction Stakes.* Rs. 150 from the fund, for all Horses. Entrance Rs. 25. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

			st.	lbs.	
If to be sold for Rupees 1,200 to carry	11	0			
Ditto ditto 1,000	10	7			
Ditto ditto 800	10	0			
Ditto ditto 600	9	7			

} N.B.—These weights not to be affected by class or sex, or by Maiden allowance.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Ladies' Plate.* For all horses that have been regularly ridden by ladies for three months before the race. A prize for the first, and provided four start, a prize for the second horse. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Catch weight over 10st. for Arabs, over 11st. for other classes.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH.

FIRST RACE.—*The Steward's Purse.* Rs. 250 from the Fund. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

SECOND RACE.—*The Visitor's Purse.* Rs. 250 from the Fund. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. All horses that have won any of the first three races each day will be entered by the Stewards for one of the above two races at an entrance of Rs. 25 for each race won. Others can enter at noon Friday, 14th August, at an entrance of Rs. 50, and will be handicapped into one of the above classes.

THIRD RACE.—*The Consolation Stakes.* Rs. 200 from the Fund. A handicap for all horses that have started during the meeting, and have not won any of the first three races each day. Entrance Rs. 20, and Rs. 20 in addition for all horses accepting the Handicap. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Flying Stakes.* Rs. 100 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 15 for all horses. Catch weights, Arabs over 10st. For other classes over 11st. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats without dismounting. Any horse running to be claimable for Rs. 500.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Welter Steeple Chase.* Rs. 300 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. For all horses. A Steeple Chase over about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile of country. Arabs 11st. other classes 12st. 7lbs. The winner of the Hurdle Race or Steeple Chase 7lbs. extra. No Maiden allowance.

Entrance on the 1st June	Rs.	25
1st July	Rs.	50
1st August	Rs.	100

RULES.

1.—W. I. T. C. Rules, local rules excepted. Decision of the Stewards to be final.

2.—Hallie Sicca currency.

3.—The first three races each day are open to all riders, except when otherwise specified. The remainder are to be ridden by Officers of H. M.'s or the Nizam's Troops, or by native boys.

4.—Owners of horses entered for any of the first three races each day to subscribe Rs. 30. If an owner enters more than three horses for those races, Rs. 50, all others 20 Rs.

5.—When not otherwise specified, all weight for age and inch races to be 1 stone in excess of the W. I. T. C. Standard.

6.—The winners of lotteries to pay 5 per cent. to the Fund.

7.—Should sufficient public money not be subscribed, proportional deductions will be made.

8.—Unless otherwise specified, all races close at 12 noon the day before the race. Declarations of starting to be made at the same hour.

9.—In case of bad weather, the Stewards have power to postpone the races.

10.—In other than maiden races, or those otherwise specified, maidens allowed 7lbs.

11.—In all races for which a selling price is fixed, (except the Auction Stakes) any horse running is claimable, with or without his engagements, for the price at which he is entered to be sold by owners of horses that have run during the meeting. Such claim must be lodged in writing with the Secretary before 10 P.M. the last day of the races. Should there be more than one claimant, the horse to be put up to auction, when and where the Stewards may appoint, and any surplus over the upset price to go to the Fund. Claimants must deposit the horse's price (as entered) with the Secretary before 12 A. M. on the day succeeding that on which they made the claim, and the purchase-money of any horse bought at auction to be paid to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon the succeeding day.

12.—Subscribers of less than Rs. 15 will not be admitted to the stand or enclosures, or allowed to take part in the lotteries.

SECUNDERABAD, }
April 1st, 1868. }

H. C. STEVENS, Captain,
4th M. L. C., Hon. Secretary.

CALCUTTA RACES,—1868-69.

STEWARDS :

LORD ULICK BROWNE, C.S.
 JON. BECKWITH, Esq.
 LIEUT.-COL BLANE.

MAJOR W. R. C. MYLNE.
 J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq., C.S.

CHARLES HARTLEY, Esq., *Secretary.*

W. PRITCHARD, Esq., *Clerk of the Course.*

J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq., C.S., *Judge.*

FIRST MEETING.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 19TH DECEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—Trial Stakes of Rs. 500 from the Fund. For all Horses. 1 mile. Weight for age and class reduced 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 200 Rupees, 50 forfeit. To close and name 1st November. Winners of a previous season *in India* once 3lbs., twice or oftener 7lbs. extra.

SECOND RACE.—The Derby Stakes of 50 G. Ms. from the Fund. For Maiden Arabs. 2 miles. Weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st December, 30 G. Ms.; when the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

THIRD RACE.—Baboo Shama Churn Mullick's Plate, value Rs. 500. For all Colonial and Country-breds. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 3lbs. additional. 1½ mile. Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 15 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.; when the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

Winners of the season 3lbs. Winners of the previous season 6lbs. Winners of two or more previous seasons 9lbs. extra.

	3 YEARS.	4 YEARS.	5 YEARS.	6 YEARS AND AGED
Colonial ..	8st. 7lbs.	8st. 10lbs.	8st. 7lbs.	10st.
Country-bred	6st. 9lbs.	7st. 9lbs.	8st. 4lbs.	8st. 9lbs.

FOURTH RACE.—The Indian Produce Stakes of Rs. 500 for all colts and fillies bred in India, and born during the years 1864 and 1865. Fillies allowed 3lbs. No allowance for Geldings. Distance 1½ miles. 2nd Horse to save his Stake. The produce of 1864 to carry 8st. 7lbs., and of 1865 7st. 7lbs.

To be run the same day as the Derby on the Calcutta Course at the Meeting of 1868-69.

Entrance on 1st Jan.	1867	... 5 G. Ms
Ditto 1st Jan.	1868	... 10 G. Ms
Ditto 1st July	1868	... 15 G. Ms
Ditto 1st Nov.	1868	... 20 G. Ms

When the race will close.

An additional 10 G. Ms. for all declared to start. Descriptive rolls, with full pedigree of each colt or filly entered, with the date of birth, must accompany, and no country-bred of unknown pedigree will be permitted to start.

ENTRANCES OF 1st JANUARY, 1867.

Major Montagu's g. c. b. f. *Hermia* by *Hermit* out of *Hebe*; foaled 26th February, 1866.
 Major Montagu's r. g. c. b. f. *Hermione* by *Hermit* out of English mare; foaled 1st April, 1865.
 Major Montagu's g. c. b. c. *Hermes* by *Hermit* out of Stud-bred mare; foaled 12th March, 1865.
 Mr. Major's c. c. b. f. *Vivandiere* by n. s. w. b. *Selim* out of *Fortress*; foaled May, 1864.
 Mr. Wallace's ch. c. the *Flatcatcher* by *Selim* out of *Adeline*; foaled 23rd January, 1864.
 Mr. Collins' ch. c. b. f. *Ninetta* by *Crassus* out of *Nina*; foaled 1864.
 Mr. Collins' l. c. b. c. *Baron* by *Corabus* out of *Waler* mare; foaled 1865.
 Mr. Collins' b. std. b. f. *Eruption* by *Volcano* out of *Bretton*; foaled February, 1864.
 Mr. Collins' b. std. b. f. *Banneret* by *Schneider* out of *Banneret*; foaled February, 1864.
 Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. c. *Barham* by *Indian Birdcatcher* out of *Chamois*; foaled Feb., 1864.
 Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. f. *Burhbes* by *Indian Birdcatcher* out of *Helen*; foaled May, 1864.
 Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. c. *Barkcock* by *Indian Birdcatcher* out of *Shomogis*; foaled May, 1864.
 Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. c. *Burhdolf* by *Indian Birdcatcher* out of *Victoria* by *Stane*; foaled May 1864.
 Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. f. *Barkelen* by *Indian Birdcatcher* out of *Helen*; foaled June, 1865.

ENTRANCE OF 1st JANUARY, 1868.

Mr. Vincent's n. s. *War Eagle* by *Marshal Pelissier* out of *Lady Macdonald*; foaled in 1864.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 22ND DECEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—The Bedouin Stakes of 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Arabs. 1 mile. Winner of the Derby of the year to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Entrance 15 G. Ms. 5 forfeit. To close and name on 1st November, and declare forfeit by 2 P.M. the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.—The Colonial Stakes of 50 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Maiden, Cape, Australian, Tasmanian, and Country-bred Horses. R. C. Weight for age and class. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs.

Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms.; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G. Ms.; 30 G. Ms. on 1st December, when the race will close. And a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start.

THIRD RACE.—Messrs. Charles Nephew & Co.'s Cup of 30 G. Ms. For all horses. Weight as below. Maidens allowed 10lbs. 1½ mile.

Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G. Ms.; ditto on or before 1st September, 10 G. Ms. 1st November, 20 G. Ms.

When the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start. Winners prior to day of entering to carry 5lbs. extra.

WEIGHTS.	3 YEARS.	4 YEARS.	5 YEARS.	6 YEARS.	AGED.
English	8 12	9 10	10 0	10 2	10 4
Colonials	7 0	8 1	8 12	9 4	9 7
C. Breds... ..	6 9	7 9	8 0	8 4	8 7
Arabs	5 12	6 10	7 2	7 9	7 12

FOURTH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. Ms. each ; 10 forfeit. For all Arabs and Country-breds. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 1 stone. To close and name on 1st November ; two may be named, one to the Post.

FIFTH RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. Ms., for English Maiden Horses. $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Weight for age. Entrance 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close and name 1st November.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, 22ND DECEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—Ladies' Purse of Rs. 500. For all Maiden Horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Weight for age and class, raised 21lbs. Entrance 1st July, Rs. 50 ; 1st September, Rs. 100 ; 1st November, Rs. 150 ; when the race will close. A Sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for Horses declared to start. Winners of the season 3lbs. extra. Non-professional riders.

SECOND RACE.—The Shorts, for all Horses. 20 G. Ms. from the Fund. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Entrance 10 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close on November 1st, and name or declare forfeit by 2 P.M. the day before the meeting.

	st.	lbs.
English	10	3
Colonials	9	0
Country-breds	7	7
Arabs	6	10

No allowances.

THIRD RACE.—The Merchants' cup of 100 G.Ms. in specie. For all Horses. 2 miles. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 10 lbs.

Entrance on or before 1st July, 5 G.Ms. ; ditto after that, and on or before 1st September, 10 G.Ms. ; ditto ditto 1st November, 20 G.Ms. ; when the race will close.

And a Sweepstakes of 10 G.Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

FOURTH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G.Ms., P. P. with 15 added for all Maiden Arabs and Country-breds. 1 mile. 8st. 7lbs. each.

Winners once, 3 lbs.
Twice or oftener, 6 "

To close 1st November, and name the day before the race.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, 26TH DECEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—Purse of 20 G. Ms. for Maiden, Colonial, and Country breds. 1 mile.

* Handicap to close and name *the day before the Meeting*. Weight declared 8 A.M. day before the race. Entrance, 10 G. Ms., half forfeit.

SECOND RACE.—The Great Eastern Hotel Purse of Rs. 500, a Handicap for Maiden Arabs, R. C.

Entrance 1st July	Rs.	50
Ditto 1st September	"	100
Ditto 1st November	"	150

when the race will close. Handicap to be declared the Monday after the Derby. Acceptances by 2 P. M. the day before the Race; Rs. 50 additional for Horses accepting.

Mr. Lewis's Purse, Rs. 500. All Horses. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. Winner to be sold for Rs. 2,500.

Entrance 1st July	Rs.	50
Ditto 1st September	"	100
Ditto 1st November	"	150

Rs. 50 additional for Starters.

FOURTH RACE.—Purse of 25 G. Ms. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. Ms. each. Half forfeit for all Arabs and Country-breeds. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 1 stone. To close on 1st November, and name or declare forfeit the day before the race. St. Leger course ($1\frac{1}{4}$ mile and 132 yards).

FIFTH DAY, TUESDAY, 29TH DECEMBER, 1868.

Handicaps. Forced for Winners of 40 G. Ms. and upwards during the Meeting, and optional to Winners of less than 40 G. Ms., and to losers, if entered by 7 A.M. on the day before the Race.

Entrance for a Winner once, 10 G. Ms.; a Winner twice, 15 G. Ms.; for a Winner thrice or oftener, 20 G. Ms. Half forfeit in each case.

Entrance for Winners of less than 30 G. Ms., and for losers, 10 G. Ms., half forfeit

All Horses will be divided into classes, and then handicapped.

One Race.	2 miles.
" Race.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ "
" Race.	1 mile.

FOURTH RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. Ms. added to each Race.

The Selling Stakes, a Purse of 15 G. Ms. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. each, P.P. for all Horses. 1 mile.

Horses to be sold by auction after the race. all surplus to go to the Fund.

2nd Horse to save his Stake; to close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Horses entered to be sold for	Rs.	...	st. lbs.
"	"	...	2,500	...	11 0
"	"	...	2,250	...	10 9
"	"	...	2,000	...	10 4
"	"	...	1,750	...	9 13
"	"	...	1,500	...	9 8
"	"	...	1,250	...	9 3
"	"	...	1,000	...	8 12
"	"	...	750	...	8 7
"	"	...	500	...	8 2

SECOND MEETING.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1869.

FIRST RACE.—Purse of 25 G.Ms. Handicap for all Arabs. 2 miles. An additional 5 for all accepting the handicap.

Entrance	5 G.Ms.	on	...	1st November.
Ditto	10 G.Ms.	"	...	1st December.
Handicap	...	"	...	9th January.
Acceptances	...	"	...	20th "

SECOND RACE.—The United Calcutta Club's Cup. Handicap for all horses. St. Leger Course.

Entrance	5 G.Ms.	on	...	1st November.
Ditto	10 G.Ms.	"	...	1st December.
Handicap	...	"	...	9th January.
Acceptances	...	"	...	20th "
5 G.Ms. for all horses accepting.				

THIRD RACE.—The Criterion Stakes of 20 G.Ms. from the Fund. For all Country-bred and Colonial Horses. 1 mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 9lbs. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 1 stone. Winner of Colonial Stakes of the year to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 10 G.Ms., half forfeit. To close on 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

FOURTH RACE.—The Purse of 25 G.Ms. Handicap for all Country-breds. 1½ mile.

Entrance	5 G.Ms.	on	...	1st November.
Ditto	10 G.Ms.	"	...	1st December.
Handicap	...	"	...	9th January.
Acceptances	...	"	...	20th "
5 G.Ms. for all Horses accepting.				

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, 2ND FEBRUARY, 1869.

FIRST RACE.—Kajah Abdool Gunny Meah's Plate, value Rs. 500. For all Arabs. R. C. and a distance. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 10 lbs.; on the day of the Race 1 stone. three horses on separate interest to start, or Plate withheld, and the Winner of the Derby of the year to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 5 G.Ms. on the 1st September; 10 G. Ms. on 1st December; and 20 G. Ms. on 1st January, when the Race will close. A Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

SECOND RACE.—The Trades' Plate, value 50 G.Ms., presented by the Tradesmen of Calcutta. Handicap for all Horses. 2 miles. Entrance 10 G. Ms. on 1st November, 15 G.Ms. on 1st December, when the race will close, and acceptances by 1 P.M. the day before the Race. An additional 5 G.Ms. for all Horses accepting the handicap. Winners of *any handicap* after declaration, of weights to carry 5lbs. extra.

THIRD RACE.—The Drapers' Purse of 500 Rs. Handicap for all Horses. 1 mile. To close and name the *day before the Meeting*. Handicap to be declared the day before the Race. Winner to be sold for Rs. 2,500. Entrance 5 G.Ms. P. P.

FOURTH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 10 G.Ms. each. Half forfeit for all Arabs and Country-breds. Maidens allowed 10 lbs. Maidens on the day of naming 1 stone. 1½ mile. To close and name the day before the meeting.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1869.

FIRST RACE.—Mr. Collins' Purse of Rs. 500. A Handicap for Maiden Arabs and Country-breds. 1½ miles. To close the day before the Meeting.

Weight to be declared by 8 A. M. and acceptances by 2 P. M., the day before the Race. Entrance Rs. 30. Rs. 50 additional for all Horses accepting the Handicaps.

HANDICAPS.—Forced for Winners of 40 G.Ms. and upwards during the meeting, and optional to Winners of less than 40 G. Ms., and to losers *if entered by 7 A.M. on the day before the Race.*

Entrance for a Winner once, 10 G.Ms.; a Winner twice, 15 G. Ms.; for a Winner thrice or oftener, 20 G. Ms. Half forfeit in each case.

Entrance for Winners of less than 30G. Ms. and for losers, 10 G. Ms., half forfeit.

All Horses will be divided into classes, and then handicapped.

One Race 2 miles.

" " 1½ "

" " 1 mile.

A purse of 20 G.Ms. added to each race.

SELLING STAKES.—15 G. Ms. from the Fund for all Horses. ¾ mile. Entrance 5 G.Ms.

If entered to be sold for—

Rs.				st.	lbs.
1,600	to carry	10	7
1,400	"	10	0
1,200	"	9	7
1,000	"	9	0
800	"	8	7
600	"	8	0
400	"	7	7

CALCUTTA RACES, 1869-70

The Great Indian Produce Stakes of G.Ms., for all colts and fillies bred in India, and born during the years 1865-66. Distance 1½ miles. 2nd Horse to save his stake. The produce of 1865 to carry 8st. 7lbs., and of 1866 7st. 7lb. To be run on the Calcutta Course at the Meeting of 1869-70.

Entrance on 1st January	1869	...	5 G. Ms.
Ditto " 1st January	1869	...	10 "
Ditto " 1st July	1869	...	15 "
Ditto " 1st November	1869	...	20 "

When the race will close.

An additional 10 G. Ms. for all declared to start. Descriptive rolls, with full pedigree of each colt, or filly entered, with the date of birth, must accompany, and no Country-bred of unknown pedigree will be permitted to start.

ENTRANCE OF 1st JANUARY, 1868.

Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. *Bark Girl* by Indian *Bird-Catcher* out of *Henrietta*.

Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. *Bark Helen* by Indian *Bird-Catcher* out of *Helen*; born June, 1865.

Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. c. *Bark Jove* by Indian *Bird-Catcher* out of *Macdonald*; born August, 1865.

Mr. Vincent's ch. c. b. c. *Bark King* by Indian *Bird-Catcher* out of *Schamy's* dam; foaled October 1865.

Mr. William's bu. f. by *Gridirons*, out of Water Mare *Lassie*; foaled 30th March, 1865.

Mr. Major's b. c. b. c. *Volcano* by *Volcano* out of *Mina*; foaled 7th March, 1866.

CALCUTTA RACES, 1868-69.

The following are the Calcutta Scales of Weight for Age and Class :

WEIGHT FOR CLASS.

English ...	st.	lb.
Colonials ...	10	7
Country-breds ...	9	7
Arabs ...	9	0
	8	0

WEIGHT FOR AGE.

(i.e. for each class when running without any other class.)

	ENGLISH.	COLONIALS.	COUNTRY-BREDS.	ARABS.
3 years	8st. 11lb.	6st. 11lbs.	7st. 4lbs.	7st. 4lbs.
4 ditto	8st. 13lbs.	8st. 4lbs.	8st. 4lbs.	8st. 4lbs.
5 ditto	9st. 3lbs.	8st. 10lbs.	8st. 12lbs.	8st. 12lbs.
6 ditto and aged	9st. 3lbs.	9st. 3lbs.	9st. 3lbs.	9st. 3lbs.

WEIGHT FOR AGE AND CLASS.

(When more than one class run together.)

	3 YEARS.	4 YEARS.	5 YEARS.	6 YEARS & AGED.
English	9st. 5lbs.	10st. 3lbs.	10st. 7lbs.	10st. 7lbs.
Colonial	7st. 11lb.	8st. 4lbs.	9st. 0lb.	9st. 7lbs.
Country-breds	7st. 11lb.	8st. 11lb.	9st. 0lb.	9st. 0lb.
Arab	6st. 11lb.	7st. 11lb.	7st. 0lbs.	8st. 0lb.

RULES.

All Handicaps to be declared by 8 p. m. at the Stand on the day before the Race, unless it is specially provided to the contrary.

The Calcutta Rules will be in force.

A fee of 5 per cent. on the gross value of each Lottery will be payable to the Stand Fund.

English and Colonial Horses landed in India direct from England or the Colonies, between the 1st of January and the 1st of April, 1868, will be allowed 3lbs., and those landed after the 1st April, 1868, 5lbs., throughout the First Meeting.

Native Jockeys allowed 3lbs. when riding in a Race with professional European Jockeys, Handicaps excepted.

Rule 36 of Calcutta Turf Club Rules will be strictly enforced.

All Stakes and Entrances of First Meeting must be paid to the Secretary on or before the 15th December, 1868, also Stakes and Entrances of Second Meeting on or before 25th January, 1869.

Starting Stakes must accompany starting declarations, failing which Horses will not be allowed to start.

In all Races where Cup or Purse is given, three or more Horses or *bond fide* separate interests to start, or the same will be withheld.

Owners of Horses must declare their colors by noon on the day before the First Meeting.

In the event of an owner wishing to run a Horse in colors different from those previously declared by him (as is the case sometimes when two Horses belonging to the same owner start in the same race), it shall be sufficient if notice of such color shall have been given by noon of the day before the Race.

All such notices and instructions must be made to the Secretary of the Calcutta Races, and be sent so as to reach him by noon of the day stated above.

Owners or trainers failing to comply with the terms above stated will be fined One Gold Mohur.

Jackies riding in other than their masters' declared colors will be fined one Gold Mohur for each time of so doing.

All owners to pay 3 G.Ms. to the General Fund, to enable them to start one Horse during the Meeting; 6 G.Ms. two horses; 10 G.Ms. three or more horses. In case of a confederacy, one member to pay the full sum, and every other member 3 G.Ms.

MADRAS RACES, 1868-6

STEWARDS :

W. ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.
MAJOR A. DRURY.
R. A. DALYELL, ESQ.
LIEUT.-COL. PLACE.

MAJOR ST. HILL.
LIEUT.-COL. McMASTER.
MAJOR SHAW STEWART.

FIRST DAY, 24TH DECEMBER.

The Madras Derby.—Rs. 500. For Maiden Arabs of the season. Weight for age. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 11 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Entrance of horses named on 1st September Rs. 50; 1st October Rs. 100, and 1st December Rs. 200. A sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. One mile and a half and a distance.

The Guindy Stakes.—Rs. 500. For all Maidens of the season (Arabs excepted). Weight for age and class. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 11 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Entrance for horses named on 1st September Rs. 50, 1st October Rs. 100, 1st December Rs. 200. A sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. One mile and a half and a distance.

The Select Cup, value 200 Guineas, on its terms.—For all horses. Weight for age and class. Aged Arabs to carry 8st. Winners during the Season of Rs. 2,000 to carry 5 lbs., of Rs. 4,000 9 lbs., and of Rs. 6,000 1 stone extra. Entrance Rs. 500, H. F. To close on September 1st, and name the day before the race. One mile and a quarter. Present holder, Mr. Wilson.

The Omnibus.—Rs. 3000. For all horses. Weight for age and class. Entrance Rs. 60. P. P. To close and name at noon on the day before the Meeting. One mile.



The Ladies' Purse.—Rs. 200. For all horses. Weight for age and class,—aged Arabs to carry 9st. 7lbs. Winners once 7lbs., twice 11lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Entrance Rs. 30. P. P. To close and name at noon on the day before the Meeting. G. R. Half a mile.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 26TH DECEMBER.

The Governor's Cup.—A piece of plate presented by His Excellency Lord Napier, K. T. For all horses. Weight for age and class. Winners of the season once 5 lbs., twice 9 lbs., oftener 12 lbs. extra. Winners of a race of the value of Rs. 1,000 in previous seasons, 7lbs. extra. Weights to be cumulative. Should no Arab be declared to start, the weights will be reduced 7 lbs. all round. Entrance for horses named on 1st September Rs. 50; 1st October 1ls. 100; and 1st December Rs. 200; a sweepstakes of Rs. 100 for each horse declared to start the day before the Meeting; 3 horses from *bonâ fide* separate stables to start, or the Cup withheld. Two miles and a half.

Maiden Handicap.—Rs. 500. For all maidens beaten in the Derby and Guindy. Entrance, Rs. 100, H. F., to close and name at noon on the 24th December, and declare to start the day before the race. One mile and a half and a distance.

The Arab Stakes.—Rs. 400. For all Arabs. Weight for age. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 11 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Entrance Rs. 80, H. F. To close and name at noon on the day before the Meeting. Two miles.

The Selling Stakes.—Rs. 200. For all horses. The winner to be sold by auction after the race, surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund. Price, Rs. 300. Weight for Arabs 7st. 7lb., 4lbs. added for every 100 Rs. value up to Rs. 1,000. Entrance, Rs. 30 P. P. To close and name at noon on the day before the Meeting. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

The Madras Steeple Chase.—Rs. 300. For all horses, weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs. Winners of one Steeple Chase to carry 7lbs., two 11lbs., three or more 1 stone extra. Trained horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Entrance Rs. 40. To close and name at noon on the day before the race. Once round the Steeple Chase Course. About 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, 29TH DECEMBER.

The Madras Handicap.—Rs. 1,000. For all horses. To close and name on the 1st November. Handicap to be published on the 1st December. A winner of one race above 300 Rs. value, after the publication of the handicap, to carry 6 lbs.; of two 9 lbs.; three or more 11 lbs. extra. The winner of the Governor's Cup during this Meeting, to carry a special additional penalty of 5 lb. A sweepstakes of Rs. 200 for all horses declared to start the day before the race, half forfeit, and only 20 Rs. forfeit if declared not to start on the 10th December. One mile and a half and a distance. The highest weight accepting to be raised to the top weight of the handicap, and the others in proportion, if the stewards think proper.

Welter Handicap.—Rs. 500. For all horses. Entrance, Rs. 100, H. F. To close and name on 26th December, and declare to start the day before the race. One mile.

Auction Stakes.—Rs. 500. For all Arabs. The winner to be sold by auction after the race. Surplus above the selling price to go to the fund. Price Rs. 600. Weight, 8st. 0lbs. 4 lbs. added for every 200 Rs. value up to Rs. 3,000. Entrance, Rs. 100. To close and name at noon on the day before the race. Two miles and a quarter.

The Corinthian Stakes.—Rs. 200. Handicap for all horses. Entrance,

Rs. 40, H. F. To close and name on the 26th December, and to declare to start the day before the race. G. R. One mile.

Hunt Steeple Chase.—Rs. 250. For all horses that have been regularly hunted with the Madras Hounds. Previous winner excluded. Weight for age and class—aged Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs. Entrance, Rs. 20. To close and name at noon on the day before the race. R. C.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, 31st DECEMBER.

The Carwait Nugger Plate.—Rs. 500. Presented by the Rajah of Carwait Nugger, added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 100, H.F. One mile and a half and a distance.

The Turf Club Handicap.—Rs. 500. Added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 100, H.F. One mile and a half and a distance. All horses that have started during the Meeting can enter for the above. They will then be divided by the Stewards into classes, and handicapped into one of those two races. The entry list closes at noon on 29th December, and horses must be declared to start the day before the race.

The Guindy Handicap.—Rs. 200. Added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 40, H. F. For all horses that have started in the Ladies' Selling Stakes, Corinthian Stakes, and Steeple Chases, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close at noon on 29th December, and to declare to start the day before the race.

Scurry Stakes.—Rs. 100. For all horses that have never won a race, and the property of resident subscribers to the Fund. Catch weight for class. Arabs 10 stone. Entrance, Rs. 10. To close and name the day before the race. G. R. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. No dismounting.

Handicap Steeple Chase.—Rs. 300. For all horses that have started for a Steeple Chase during the Meeting. A sweepstakes of Rs. 40, H.F. To close and name at noon on 29th December, and declare to start the day before the race. R. C.

LAST DAY.

The Winning Handicap.—Rs. 1,000. Divided into two purses of Rs. 500 each. Forced for winners of all races excepting the Ladies' Purse, Selling Stakes, Corinthian Stakes, Guindy Handicap, and Scurry, at Rs. 75 for each race won. Optional to losers at Rs. 50 entrance. All horses entered for the above will be handicapped by the Stewards into two races. A sweepstakes of Rs. 75 for each horse declared to start. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. Two miles.

The Beaten Handicap.—Rs. 500. For all beaten horses. Entrance Rs. 30. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. A sweepstakes of Rs. 50 for each horse declared to start. If four horses start, the second to save his stake. One mile and a half.

The Amateur Handicap.—Rs. 200, forced for winners of Selling Stakes, Corinthian Stakes, Ladies' Purse, and Guindy Handicap, at 30 Rs. entrance for each race won. Optional to losers in the same races, at an entrance of Rs. 20, added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. One mile.

The Great Eastern Steeple Chase.—Rs. 400 added, to a handicap, forced for winners of all Steeple Chases during the Meeting at Rs. 30 for each race won, and optional to losers in the same at an entrance of Rs. 20. A sweepstakes of Rs. 20 for each horse declared to start. To close and name at noon on the previous day of the races. To start at the Mile Post, and go twice round. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

BOMBAY RACES, 1869.

FIRST DAY.—THURSDAY, 4TH FEBRUARY.

"THE DEALERS' PLATE."—Rupees 900 given by the following dealers:—

Mr. Ali Abdoola	Rs. 300
Nowrojee Bazonjee Fakeerjee	300
Jamaajee Cowajee	300

Entrance, 20 G.Ms., H.F., and 5 G.Ms. forfeit if declared by the 1st of January, 1869. 2 miles. Weight for age. For all Arabs imported after 1st September, 1867, and purchased directly from the stables of the givers. The second Horse to save his stakes. To close and name on the 1st May, 1868. Horses imported after the 1st September, 1868, to be allowed to enter until 1st December.

"THE FORBES' STAKES."—Rupees 750 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G.Ms. each, H.F. For all Horses. Weight for age. 2 miles. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. To close and name on the 1st May, 1868, but horses may be allowed to enter until 1st September at 40 G.Ms., and 20 G.Ms. forfeit, or until the 1st January at 60 G.Ms. and 30 G.Ms. forfeit.

"THE GALLOWAY PLATE."—Rupees 400 from the Fund. For all maiden Galloways. Weight for age and inches. R. C.

Entrance 1st May	5 G. Ms.
1st September	10 "
1st January	15 "

With a Sweepstakes of 5 G.Ms. for all Galloways declared to start.

"THE CLUB STAKES."—Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 15 G.Ms. For all Arabs and Country-bred Horses. 8st. 7lbs. 1 mile. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. To close and name the day before the Race.

"THE HACK STAKES."—Rupees 200 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 2 G.Ms. for *bona fide* hacks. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders. To close and name the day before the Race.

SECOND DAY.—SATURDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY.

"THE DEBBY."—For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Rupees 500 from the Fund. R. C.

Entrance 1st May	5 G. Ms.
Ditto 1st September	10 "
Ditto 1st January	20 "

when the Race will close. The winner of the "Dealers' Plate" or "Forbes' Stakes" 5 lbs. extra, or of both 7 lbs. extra.

"A SWEEPSTAKES."—Of 50 G.Ms., H.F. 2 miles. For all Horses. Weight for age. Winner once 4 lbs. extra, twice or oftener 7 lbs. extra. Nominations to be taken on the 1st May, 1868. To name the day before the Race.

"THE WELTER."—Rupees 300 from the Fund. Gentlemen riders. Professionals 5 lbs. extra. Weight 11st. R. C. Maidens allowed 7 lbs.

Entrance 1st September	5 G. Ms.
1st January	10 "

when the Race will close, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

"THE WHIM."—Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 15 G. Ms. For all horses. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. To close and name the day before the Race.

"THE BYCULLA STAKES."—For all Arabs. Rupees 400 from the Fund. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. Winners once during the meeting 4 lbs., and twice or oftener 7 lbs. extra. R. C.

Entrance 1st May	5 G. Ms.
1st September	10 "
1st January	20 "

when the Race will close, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

THIRD DAY.—TUESDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY.

"HIS HIGHNESS AGA KHAN'S PURSE."—Rupees 1,200, for all maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winner of the "Dealers' Plate" or "Derby" 5 lbs. extra. Winner of both 7 lbs. 2 miles. Entrance 20 G. Ms. To close and name on the 1st May, 1868. Three Horses from different stables to start, or the purse will be withheld.

"THE COLTS' PLATE."—Rupees 400 from the Fund. For all Arab colts and fillies 4 years old and under. 1 mile.

Entrance 1st May	5 G. Ms.
1st September	15 "
1st January	30 "

Weight for age. Winner once 4 lbs. extra, oftener 7 lbs. To close on 1st January, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. for all horses declared to start.

"THE MALET STAKES."—Rupees 400 from the Fund. A Handicap open to all Horses that have started during the Meeting. 2½ miles. 20 G. Ms. entrance. 5 G. Ms. forfeit for not standing the handicap. Entrances to be made by 8 A.M. the day before the Race. Weights to be announced by 12 o'clock, and declarations as to standing to be made with the other nominations of the day.

"THE GALLOWAY HANDICAP."—Rupees 300 from the Fund. R. C. and a distance. 10 G. M. entrance, H.F. Entrances to be made by 8 A.M. the day before the Race. Weights to be announced by 12 o'clock, and declarations to be made with the other nominations of the day.

"A SELLING RACE."—For all Horses. Rupees 200 from the Fund. One mile. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 3 G. Ms. The second Horse to save his stakes.

If to be sold for Rs.	400 to carry	st.	lbs.
500	"	9	7
600	"	9	13
700	"	10	0
800	"	10	7
900	"	11	0
900	"	11	7
1,000	"	12	0

The usual penalties for Colonials and English Horses. To close and name the day before the Race.

FOURTH DAY.—THURSDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY.

"HIS HIGHNESS ALI SHAH'S CUP."—Of 50 G. Ms. For all maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winners of the "Dealers' Plate," "Derby" and "H. H. Aga Khan's Purse" 5 lbs. extra. Winner of two, 8 lbs.; and Winner of three, 10 lbs. 1½ mile. Entrance 30 G. Ms., H.F. To close and name on the 1st

May, 1868. Three Horses from different stables to start, or the Cup will be withheld.

"THE BOMBAY MERCHANTS' PURSE."—About Rupees 600. A Handicap for all Horses that have started during the meeting. Entrance 20 G.Ms., H. F. To close at 8 A. M. the day before the Race. Declarations as to standing to be taken at the usual time. R. C. and a distance.

"THE LOTTERY STAKES."—For all Horses. 2 miles. Weight for age. 700 Rupees from the Fund. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. Winners once to carry 4 lbs. Oftener, 7lbs. extra.

Entrance 1st May	6 G. Ms.
" 1st September	20 "
" 1st January	50 "

To close with a Sweepstakes of 15 G. Ms. for all Horses declared to start.

"THE DRAWING ROOM STAKES."—Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. Ms. for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. 1 mile. To close and name the day before the Race.

"THE HACK HANDICAP."—Rupees 200 from the Fund. Gentlemen riders. For *bona fide* hacks. 2 G.Ms. entrance. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Lowest weight for Arabs 9st. 7lbs. To close and name the day before the Race.

FIFTH DAY.—SATURDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY.

"THE WESTERN INDIA TURF CLUB HANDICAP."—50 G. Ms. 2 miles. Forced for Winners at 5 G.Ms. for each Race won. Optional to losers at an entrance of 10 G.Ms. 5 G.Ms. F. for not standing the Handicap. Nominations of losers to be sent in by 8 A. M., and the Handicap to be declared by noon the day before the Race.

"THE BEATEN PLATE."—Rupees 300 from the Fund. A Handicap open to the beaten Horses of the Meeting. 10 G.Ms. entrance, H.F. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the Race, weights to be announced by 12 o'clock, and declarations as to starting or not to be made with the other nominations of the day.

"THE AUCTION STAKES."—Rupees 300 from the Fund. For all horses. R. C. Entrance 10 G.M.

		st. lbs.	
If to be sold for Rs. 1,200 to carry	...	6	7
" " 1,000 "	...	9	0
" " 800 "	...	8	7
" " 600 "	...	8	0

The Winner to be put up to auction immediately after the Race. Any surplus above the selling price to go to the Fund. To close and name the day before the Race.

"THE LADIES' PURSE."—Rs. 300 from the Fund. Added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G.Ms. For all horses. $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. 8st. 7lbs. Winners once to carry 7lbs. extra; oftener 10lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs, and Horses that have never won 10 lbs. To close and name the day before the Race.

"A HURDLE RACE."—Rupees 300 from the Fund. R. C. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 2 G.Ms. Over six hurdles. Four Horses the property of different owners to start, or the money will be withheld. To close and name the day before the Race.

G. NORMAN,

Honorary Secretary, WESTERN INDIA TURF CLUB.

Bombay, 31st March, 1868.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.—*Juvenal.*

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CALCUTTA:

CALCUTTA CENTRAL PRESS COMPANY, LIMITED,
5, Council House Street.

1868.

To our Subscribers.

ALL communications for the Editors, *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, to be addressed to the Editors, *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, care of COLONEL M. TURNBULL, ALLIPORE, CALCUTTA.

All payments to be made to the same gentleman, drafts being forwarded in registered letters.

Subscriptions and other payments will be acknowledged in the number of the Magazine next published after they have been received.

Subscribers are particularly requested to give early notice to the Editors of any change in their addresses, as also to intimate to them, immediately, any delay or default in the delivery of their numbers of the Magazine.

I hereby authorize W. Apperley, Esq., to sign all receipts and cheques for the Proprietors of the "*Oriental Sporting Magazine*."

CALCUTTA, }
The 27th April, 1868. }

M. TURNBULL,

We have received numerous applications for the first and second numbers of the "Oriental Sporting Magazine" (New Series), which, we regret to say, we have been unable to comply with, these numbers being out of print. Being uncertain of the success of our undertaking, but a small edition was struck off. Applicants' names, however, have been registered; and if a sufficient number of applications are received, these numbers will be re-printed.

During the absence of Colonel Turnbull from Calcutta, communications may be addressed as usual, as arrangements have been made for their disposal.

To Advertisers.

THE large circulation of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* with Messes and Book Clubs, and the frequency of its issue, *viz.*, TWELVE times a year, give it peculiar advantages for all advertisements, but especially those of a permanent character.

All advertisements should be forwarded to the Manager, Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited, 5, Council House Street. The Magazine is issued punctually on the 15th of every month, and advertisements for any particular number should be sent to the Press on or before the 12th of each month.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*We beg to acknowledge the Subscriptions received from the following
Gentlemen since the issue of our last :—*

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*A list of Additional Subscribers to the "Oriental Sporting Magazine"
since the publication of the last Number.*

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Wood, H., Captain, 3rd Battn. Rifle Bgde.	. . Moradabad.

THE

Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. I.]

JUNE 15, 1868.

[No. 6.

DEFAULTING AT HYDERABAD.

WE regret that a notice to the effect that an Assistant Superintendent of Police in the Burmese Provinces was posted as a defaulter at the late Hyderabad meeting appeared at the end of the prospectus for the next meeting published in our April number. The notice was added by the Secretary under the heading "Rules" at the end of the prospectus, and thus escaped attention.

We need scarcely say that, under the present state of the law of libel, we are not likely to publish any such notices knowingly; and if it were otherwise, considering the grave consequences to the person concerned, we should in all such cases like to hear both sides of the story before giving publicity to a notice of this nature. We have, as we expected, heard from Mr. McLeod, and hasten to give editorial prominence to his version of what occurred. This letter reached us too late for the May number.

It appears that one of the rules of the meeting was that all liabilities connected therewith should be met in a peculiar local currency. Mr. McLeod assures us that he offered the Secretary payment in Imperial Government Rupees, which were refused. Then, as all the Banks in Madras were shut, Mr. McLeod got a native (at what place he does not state, but Madras, we suppose) to give him a hoondie for the amount on Secunderabad, and sent it to the Secretary. He was, however, obliged to leave for Burmah before there was time to get a receipt from the Secretary. He left his address, and did not hear anything on the subject for two months, when he got letters from the Secretary to say that the money had not been received, and that he, Mr. McLeod, was to be posted. This was followed by posting without waiting for any reply, and so a letter from Mr. McLeod, offering to pay again, sooner than that such a course should be adopted, arrived too late to prevent the mischief being done. Lastly, the hoondie has been again offered.

The above is nearly verbatim what has been written to us, and taking the facts to be as stated, the following observations occur to us as regards this particular case, and the general question of posting defaulters.

There can be no doubt that, under the rules of the meeting, Mr. McLeod was bound to meet his liabilities in the coin specified in the rule attached to the prospectus, and that, under the rules of all race meetings, he was bound to do this on or before settling day.

But it appears that he offered payments in imperial coin (whether with or without a margin sufficient to cover any difference in the value of the currencies is not stated); and this being so, it appears to us that so grave a step as posting should not have been resorted to without giving very full notice, and taking reasonable precautions to ensure that notice being received. Indeed, putting aside the offer of imperial money, we are of opinion that the extreme course of posting should not have been adopted without giving notice in a registered letter, and allowing full time for the receipt of a reply. No one can say for certain that a remittance has not been sent, and stolen in the Post Office; and this contingency, so important to the person concerned, would be provided for by doing as we have suggested.

With the remark that every effort should be made to trace the hoodnee, we turn to the general question.

We may be asked whether any general adoption of the precautions we recommend would not encourage any one so inclined not to settle before leaving the place where the races were held. To this we reply that an efficacious remedy is available to all Stewards. Nothing is more easy than to publish a rule that no horse will be allowed to start until all the entrances, &c., made by the party nominating the horse are paid, and similarly that no tickets will be given in a lottery till the value is paid. The strict enforcement of such a rule would put an end to defaulting, excepting in the case of bots, and a single default in this respect could be followed by exclusion from racing and lotteries, leaving it to the public to bet, or not to bet, with the defaulter. An intimation of what had occurred could further be circulated privately to the Secretaries of all race meetings. Such a course as this would be almost as effectual against default as posting, and the law of libel would not apply.

The advantages of such a rule are obvious, and it may be said to be practically in force at Calcutta, Sonepore, and other meetings as regards stakes, but not so, we are sorry to say, as regards lotteries. The inconvenience to a lottery holder, of collecting the value of tickets on a settling day, needs only to be seen to be appreciated, while he refuses to listen to the Secretary, or to those with whom he has betted, till he has secured as much lottery money as possible, and owing to early departures and short memories, the value of every ticket is scarcely ever gathered in on settling day. The only argument against the rule that we have heard is that it would diminish speculation; and to this we reply, that this is highly desirable in every case in which the speculator cannot pay his possible losses on the spot.

RACE PROSPECTUSES FOR THE SEASON 1868-69.

OUR last number contained the prospectuses of the meetings to be held at the three Presidencies next season. There are scarcely any changes in the case of Madras. There are some at Bombay, and among them is a reduction of one day's sport; but perhaps some Bombay sportsman will offer remarks on the prospectus, and in that hope we shall say no more about it.

At Calcutta we are to have several changes and modifications, of which three are notable. The meeting is to commence on the 19th of December, instead of the last Saturday of that month; the races are to be run in the afternoon, and the race stand is to be farmed out. The first two of these suggestions emanate from Lieutenant-Colonel Blane, a Steward of the Turf Club and of the races. The object of the first change is to enable Military men to attend the Newmarket-cum-Epsom of India, which has hitherto been impossible in the case of Officers stationed in the North-West Provinces, owing to the muster on New Year's Day. It will certainly be a convenience to Military Officers, but we are inclined to think it may prove the reverse as regards the rest of the racing public, official or non-official, as between Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and Sunday, and taking another day or two, there has generally been stagnation (to say the least of it) in Mofussil business for a week, which enables many to get to Calcutta, and see three days' racing at all events. Let us hope, however, that the Military element will now be a formidable feature at the next meeting.

Racing in the afternoon will at first, undoubtedly, increase the attendance enormously, especially as the charge for day tickets is to be so much reduced; but we shall come to that presently. We are afraid that people will feel the sun a good deal, as the stand was built to suit racing in the morning, and we must expect to see a falling off in the attendance as the meeting progresses. Of the other objections, the principal being the dust, we do not think very seriously, and it must be remembered that there will be no fog.

In our April number we expressed doubts, and suggested caution, about the letting of the stand; and now that we have heard the particulars of the bargain that has since been concluded, we are disposed to think the Stewards have made a mistake. The lessee is to pay Rs. 5,000 for the stand for the two meetings; season or subscribers' tickets will admit as usual, but the Secretary will pay the lessee one gold mohur for every season ticket, and the lessee may charge two rupees for day tickets. The calculation that induced the Stewards of the Club (or rather a majority of them, for it is no secret that there was a difference of opinion on the point) to conclude this arrangement is based on a falling off in the subscriptions and number of subscribers during the last two or three years, we are sorry to say, and allows for a still further falling off next year. This last item in the calculation appears to us to be a mistake, and we should have calculated

on either the same results as last year, or on more favorable results in consideration of the certain increase in the attendance during the afternoon running, and to the change to the 19th December, as the Military element will be a subscribing one. Lastly, we wonder why the Stewards let the entrance money for day tickets fall to two Rupees, when the receipts at five and four Rupees have always been good, when the gates and the policemen stationed there have been looked after.

On the whole, we think it would have been more judicious not to have let the stand for this the first year of two other important experiments; but a contrary view having been taken on this point, we are still unable to understand why the lessee is to be allowed to charge so little as two Rupees,—a charge that seems likely to fill the stand with less select society than it has known hitherto.

Several alterations in the terms of races, and the establishment of new stakes, testify to the pains taken by the Stewards to improve, if possible, and to give a fairer chance to all classes of horses, though the Arabs have still got the best of it. In the Trial Stakes there will be entrances instead of nominations. We are very glad to see a tendency to get rid of the fictitious Gold Mohur, the conversion of which into Rupees is so trying to indifferent calculators when there are many Mohurs to convert. We see entrances of Rs. 100, Rs. 150, and Rs. 200, instead of 5 and 10 Gold Mohurs. Baboo Shamachurn Mullick's Plate is still open to platers, and we wish it were confined to maidens, as there would be a better chance of a good field, and of country-breds coming to the post. We are to have the first of the Produce Stakes, with low weights. We are to sorry to see that a special scale of weight is adopted for Messrs. C. Nephew's Cup, including the peculiar feature of aged horses having to give six-year-olds from 2 lbs. to 3 lbs. in a $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile race in December! We trust that the weights were laid down by the donor, and not by the Stewards. We see that 'Pegasus' suggestion, *viz.*, a race for English Maidens, has been adopted, and, apart from any question of trying the merits of English and Colonials, we think this a great improvement, and only proper encouragement to owners of the noble English horse. We are inclined to weep at the change in the name of the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile race from the Goodwood "Drawing Room Stakes" to the Indian Cantonment Skye Race "Shorts." We are sorry not to see penalties in the Merchant's Cup for winners of the plates of the previous days; there is a race in which country-breds and Arabs meet on even terms, and having observed that the system of class handicaps has been happily carried out to the full extent of three races, we find nothing more to notice.

We think some of the changes scarcely for the better, while others are great improvements, and, on the whole, the prospectus appears fully up to the mark.

ALL HAIL!

"GIVE your next idle hour to the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*" is written on the torn flap of an envelope just arrived from one of the Magazine's staunch supporters in old days, and "one," as I had myself reason to write long ago in the same pages, "of the best sportsmen India or any other land ever saw." He meant what he said more perhaps than anything in his letter, but why did he write on the flap of a "sticky" envelope?

Many do it; but if they must write on an envelope, let them write on the inside of it which faces the flap, not on the flap which is torn across in opening.

Such "valuable advice" as this may be given to the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* in an idle hour; but it does not follow that the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* will accept it. However, little things of this sort are often of more importance than greater things; and if people will keep important matter for their envelopes, a word or two on how to do it may not be amiss. I cannot but think that "the dauntless three" (*N. B.*—Opening for admirers to write *original* laudatory poem)—

Who do guarantee,
In manner so free,
As all must agree,
That we all shall see,
For months four times three,
Our Old Magazine.
We no more "up a tree,"
Never will "dree"
Their liberality.

For
How can they do better
Than in taking fearful odds.
* * * *

That is as long as they lead them?
What I was going to say when I began
This paragraph,
Too bad by half,
To raise a laugh,
Or swell the staff
By a single contribution
Of the Magazine,
Which is soon to lean
On writings seen
To be sound and serene
As the British constitution.

To return, or rather to begin again, there are many friends to such an undertaking as the Magazine, as well as personal friends of its projectors, (whose shadows may they never grow less, unless they wish to ride lighter, and may they live for ever, unless they find the doing so somewhat impracticable,) who would gladly contribute

towards surplus expenses, and who would be glad to do so after the trial year is over, rather than let the Magazine fall through again. It might not, therefore, be a bad move by the triumvirate if they were to find out who would be ready to "see them through the row." We are all much indebted to them, and there is no reason that they should have to draw on their pocket as well as their patience, unless, *i. e.*, they prefer doing so.

If it is worth the while of the Editors of the Magazine to receive letters scribbled off as they would be to an intimate friend, I shall be very glad to write to them if they want more. I fear that they must look elsewhere, thinking of the old proverb as to silk purses. I shall only wish I could give them something in return for the pleasure their Magazine will afford me.

I would make one suggestion, *viz.*, that matter other than original should be inserted with great care, unless it was of a nature which it was really important to bring before the notice of readers. The sudden and total exclusion of Extracts gave the new *Sporting Magazine* a very healthy tone before the mutiny. This was owing to the Magazine, prior to that time, having been composed principally of *Extracts*.

One point of information might, it appears to me, be also given with interest in it to many; that is, the entrances, with sire and dam, for some of the great two-year-old and three-year-old races, say the Criterion and Middle Park Stakes for two-year-olds, and the "2,000," "1000," Derby, Oaks, and Leger for three-year-olds.

If arrangements were made with the Messrs. Weatherby for a complete list of these being forwarded as soon as made, the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* would be in advance, in the way of such information, of the majority of their friends at home.

The sporting papers give the entries at once, but generally do not give sire and dam when the horse is named, and the various guides (the last "Ruff," for instance) often give the entries for these races in the same way, while they are not published till long after the entries have been made. My friends at a distance, B———e, K———n, C———a, M———n, D———l, S———t, will please accept this intimation of why the intended present of "the last Ruffs" did not reach them. To men interested in the *breed* of horses, it is interesting to see how the young ones coming on are bred, and to have them under one's eye at a glance is half the battle. As to colts coming out this year, I may not be doing amiss in calling the attention of your readers to the colts by *Newminster* out of *Gaspard's* dam, (brother to *Leonie*), by *Stockwell* out of *Marseilles*, and by *Blair Athol* from *Theresa*, which I saw bought last year at *Middle Park* for an aggregate of Rupees 45,000. Their names are, if I am not mistaken, respectively *Chatelherault*, *Robespierre*, and *Ethus*; but they were not named when I saw them, and I may be mistaken in one of the names.

The first was a wonderfully-formed colt, and looked as if he would

certainly be very fast as a two-year-old, while he might or might not be too much made up to improve proportionately as he grew older.

I had not at the time seen *Leonie*: the colt is the more powerful of the two, and if he comes out with all his sister's quality, he will be unsurpassable, in appearance at least. If brought out this year well and fit to run, what beats him, as the touts say, will be very hard to beat for the Derby of 1869. A friend of mine, on furlough from pleasant old India, who was at the sale, and through whose eyes my older ears see most of the racing, in which I should be glad to interest others as well as myself, fancied the *Stockwell* colt more as a future three-year-old; and indeed, some time subsequently, backed his opinion for a cool thousand rupees with one of the most gallant Majors in the most gallant body of men in the world—the Officers of the Company's Army during the Indian mutiny; but the Army objected to the proviso of 'both to run,' or *vice versa*, and so the bet ended, as all heavy bets should be between friends, in not being on. This son of *Stockwell* was something excessively grand to look upon; not too large, but giving every promise of development. I have him pictured in my eye now; and if there was a point where there could be any doubt, it could only be the shoulder, but a fault could only be fancied, not found there. This colt, however, was resold, and at a reduced price, in the autumn; so that he may not have gone on improving. The *Blair Athol* colt again was, if anything, wanting in length, but his action is very good. There was also a very nice looking small chestnut, which surprised me much by going for 170 guineas, or only about one-twelfth of what *Leonie's* brother put in Mr. Blenkiron's pocket.

It savours of folly to write to India prognostications, when, before their arrival, the results will have been telegraphed; as, for instance, in the city and suburban run next week, when I should much fancy a non-favorite, *Hippia*, if she starts. In the Chester Cup I prefer *Beeswing* with a start to any, as being a thoroughly good mare, in at a fair weight, and knowing the course.

My liking for *Hippia* is founded on the fact of her being in at a light weight, looking at her good performances, on her having run the Oaks over the course, and on her always hitherto having been in good form early in the season, and having gradually lost form towards the end of the year. For the 2,000 guineas on public running, I very much fancy *Formosa*, but her running may be doubtful. For the Derby, *Lady Elizabeth* and *Green Sleeve* or *Rosierucian* should furnish the winner, while *Suffolk* should run into a place. Upon public running, *Typhæus* may or may not be better than *Suffolk*. With *Her Ladyship*, *Green Sleeve*, or *Rosierucian* at the post, and fit to run, I cannot see that, bar accident, anything else in the race has a chance. *Blue-Gown* my friend was advised to back when he fell to 50 to 1, and he ought to have taken the advice, but only for hedging purposes.

If *Green Sleeve* and *Blue-Gown* could meet on their merits in the Derby, the former would be receiving 5lb.; whereas I cannot think

that I should be singular in backing the filly, were the allowance the other way. It would be difficult to show that *Lady Elizabeth's* public performances are not the best which have been seen for many years, even though *Achievement* was a two-year-old only two years ago. My friend saw each of them win the New Stakes; their style in doing so was very different, but in each case the victory was equally decided and easy.

Were *Kriponnier*, *Achievement*, *Lady Elizabeth*, and *Julius* to meet for the first time this year for the Doncaster Cup, the three first-named carrying penalties, the fourth not, I think that the subscribers to the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* might frank their Editors over for it, and I can really believe the triumvirate would appreciate it. Sir Tatton Sykes walked as a boy to see the Derby. If I had a pair of Fagg's boots on, I would, veteran as I am, walk from the Forth to Doncaster to see such a race as that, and should expect my expenses (in shoe leather) to be paid by my belief in their order at the winning post being as I have given it above, and not a length between the first four! And yet I am not sure that I should not place the three-year-old first. Had I seen her perform really well over a distance of ground, I should certainly do so. Moreover, I should think twice before I stood against whichever four-year-old Daley rode. If I could pick my horses, and my riders too, I think that I should fancy, for a short spin or for a rush or rousing finish among unbeaten horses, Fordham; for a stout gallant horse that rather wanted rousing than otherwise, Custance; for a delicate horse or mare which wanted as much as possible to be not interfered with, especially at the finish, perhaps Challoner; for style of riding I could wish to go no further than French; but to ride to advantage in an important race, over a distance of ground, a horse which was not certainly sufficiently better than its opponents to allow of an ounce of power to be needlessly expended; to have him held powerfully together, and only with his horses, as far as was necessary to have him supported and nursed to the utmost, and to come within good time to make it safe; in short, to have my horse done full justice to in a race long enough to test a staging horse's fullest powers, commend me to Daley. And this is not because he won the *Derby* and *Oaks*, although nothing from the start to his exactly timed, resolute, steady finish could surpass his riding in the former race. I fancied his seat first, my friend having drawn my attention to the non-extension of his stirrup leathers as compared with several other jockeys of the present day. I fancied a resemblance to Bartholomew, who again alone used to remind me of my *beau-ideal* of jockeys, *Frank Butler*. Daley, however, looks much taller on his horse than Batlet did, and, as a mere matter of appearance, other jockeys might be preferred; but when the colt which you bred three years ago, and which two years ago you backed as a yearling to win you and your friends (among whom I may remark, *en passant*, we should have put the Editors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* on a fiveer apiece) £100,000

at 100 to 1, which money has been since well hedged, is coming round Tattenham corner, not in the front, and rather wide of the turn, but well laid up, and with the road quite clear before him for the run-in, I think the neater appearance of the smaller jockey would not be of *much* moment when you felt the conviction shoot through your brain that you had power, nerve, judgment, and sterling honesty to help your much loved Birdcatcher blood to the Blue Riband. The well-known cherry, rose, yellow, and dark blue jackets are also conspicuously clear of the ruck as they head for home, each of these, except the last-named, having been already enrolled as winners of the Derby, and close upon these come the famous favorite's. "hoops." You are a cool fellow, and you can lose nothing, but you can stand it, or indeed stand no longer, on the narrow slip of board dignified by the nerve of a hoof-stall, and down you sit to see nothing of necessity as every one is standing around you, but only to spring up again next moment, and shout for the winner at the finish, exactly, as if you had no more to do with the race than any one beside you. They are coming down into the dip. Daley, in your new white cap, is on the outside and higher ground; the blue jacket and yellow cap of Baron Rothschild (how you got Daley from him, I do not know) is a length in advance on Daley's left; Fordham in the "hoops" on the filly slightly in your rear and lower down, the world-famous cherry and yellow jackets lying somewhat wide on the inside (situation fatal in the deep ground of 1852 to the same yellow on *Hobbie Noble*). As the dip is reached, you are not a length behind the Baron; like a chain-shot, Daley and Fordham shoot forward in their electrical effort. "Wins,—Wins,—Wins!!!" with a different prefix to each, are bellowed forth equally by half a million of voices. Yellow cap and white cap are locked together for fifty yards; when you see from your state the tail of your own horse creep gradually, but surely, in advance of the hind quarters of the Baron's horse, who becomes a stride after level with Fordham on his left. Six strides more, and the race is over. Fordham has got his face level with the nose of the Baron's horse, but Daley, when once he had fairly gained the same advantage, had apparently scarcely tried to improve it.

Who has won? No one but the Judge can tell which of the two; and except those on the roof of the stand and those near the winning post, few know which of the *three* may not have won. Hundreds, nay thousands, are even now changing their future owners on the result. All eyes are on the telegraph. There is a very slight delay; but to many it seems hours, not seconds. "A dead heat to a certainty; you'll see," says my friend, and next moment up go 27, and 9 side by side, for the first time, on the telegraph for the Derby, the Baron third and the cherry colors also gallantly placed: you are alive to the situation, the "dead heat" had flashed across you as they passed the post. Your stall is close to the end; every one's attention is drawn to the front, and you are out by the back of the stand and running to the paddock before it is blocked up by

the crowd. Already a small crowd hides the horse from general observation. As you go to the horse's head and ask the crowd to "step back, if you please," Daley, with confidence in his *face*, whispers, "Arrange it by any means, if you can." There is no time for further explanation. You cannot tell that Fordham has also felt his mount to be on the point of cracking, and that the Danebury Stable have seen what they thought impossible before, that their filly was not quite her best self that day, and you cannot make further enquiries with that close crowd around you. You give one look again at Daley's face, whose eyes confirm what he said; and when the other party come forward and suggest the running off the dead heat at Doncaster, you treat it as a joke, but end by accepting the proposal, and, to the intense disgust of the public, the stakes are divided. It was fortunate for you that the other party were thoroughly alarmed, and feared, moreover, that the mare's not being herself would be too apparent to others to prevent their hedging the best sums of money they had backed her for; for Daley had no sooner beaten the Baron, then he felt something go wrong, and had he not ceased to make such vigorous efforts, he felt he would have been beaten. That there had been a severe wrench or twist was subsequently evident. *Mutato nomine de hoc anno fabula narratur*. Take away "our horse," and the *Oriental Sporting Magazine's* £1,500 too, I am sorry to say, and allow that even Daley's riding cannot command complete success,

"The Derby Day
Will, between me and you,
See *Hoops*,* *Cherry*,† and *Blue*‡
Be placed one, three, and two."

Says

C. A.

[This communication, which, we need scarcely say, comes from home, and emanates from a thorough sportsman, was of course intended for insertion in our last number, but arrived too late for it. We trust it will not be the last we shall receive from the writer.

We heartily thank our correspondent for his good wishes and suggestions as to a source from which our possible losses on the Magazine may be shared with us. But we are happy to say that, owing to the kind and considerate support and assistance we have received from subscribers and contributors, and especially to the gradually increasing subscription list, we think we see our way to paying our expenses, if all our subscribers will only pay their subscriptions; and matters already promise so well in this respect, that our readers will perhaps have remarked that we have in every number given a number of pages in excess of that promised as our minimum.

With regard to our correspondent's suggestions, we believe that the course we follow, as regards Extracts, and which is sketched in our

* Lord Hastings's, † Sir J. Hawley's, ‡ Baron Rothschild's colours.—*Eds.*, O. S. M.

prospectus circular, is that which meets with the approval of a large majority of our subscribers. And then again our correspondent will, we hope, see the difficulty of *regularly* providing nothing but *good* original matter for a *monthly* periodical of the size of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*.

If our subscribers desire it, we shall of course give a list of the entrances, with names of sire and dam for the great two and three-year-old races at home; but this would take up a good deal of our space, and we doubt if our subscribers in this country, who are of course in a very large majority, care sufficiently for such minute details in regard to races at home.—Eds., *O. S. M.*]

ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT CATCHING.

(Continued from page 366.)

We sat quietly on our elephants for over an hour without hearing a sound. At last we heard a rustling in the jungle, and all hands were on the alert, but there was no reason to disturb ourselves, as it was only a huge *langoor* monkey, who, disturbed by the presence of so many invaders, was changing his residence. Another half-hour passed slowly by, and we were again roused to activity by a noise among the trees. This time it was a noble stag, who, having gazed on us with a wondering look for twenty seconds, bounded away through the forest, and we saw his face no more. But hark, now we hear a different sound, which cheers us up; it is a wild shout from one set of *ooruntee* men, quickly re-echoed by the others. They thus announce to each other that the elephants are safe between them. We wait in breathless excitement for the next shout to let us know that they have joined, but the jungle is thick, and a deep ravine is between them, which they have some difficulty in crossing. At last the welcome sounds come; the men have joined, and have the elephants in front of them. We hear a musket fired, and again a wild shout, then all is still. The elephants show a strong inclination to stay where they are, and there is an open patch of grass jungle between them and the drivers, affording no cover to the latter, who therefore hesitate to put their lives in jeopardy. They hesitate, but only for a few minutes, and then, led on by the *Naiib Jemadar*,—as plucky a fellow with wild elephants as ever lived,—they again advance, and now we hear shouts and volleys of musketry in quick succession; in another minute the squads close in on the elephants, and the uproar is increased. Every one is now in a tremendous state of excitement, increased by the loud sound of crashing through the forest, and our *koonkees* give unmistakable signs of knowing what is up. I cock my rifles and put my feet through the ropes that tie the pad on to the elephant's back, and earnestly exhort the man

behind me to be cool, and not to fire at random. Suddenly one of the herd makes its appearance; but, on a blank charge being fired, it goes towards the right, whence we begin to hear shouts and the noise of musketry. The herd have now passed us, and we close in on them, shouting as we go. We urge our elephants to speed, and the wild ones rush madly before us. Suddenly they stop; a large one comes to the front and charges down on my elephant; I fire a couple of blank charges, and she turns, and we pursue her with redoubled speed; the elephants enter the stockade. I follow, backed up by the rest. We form a line of elephants at the entrance, and give a shout of triumph,—the Mussulmans repeating God's name.

This is our first success. In less than a month from commencing operations in a new country, with much difficulty to contend with, we have captured a herd of thirteen fine elephants. But our difficulties are not at an end yet. The wild elephants discover that they are entrapped, and down comes a large one on us to try and force a passage. The entrance is being built up, but is not yet finished. We, however, resist this and successive charges. I am now enlivened with the news that my Midnapore friends have arrived. I send a message to them to join me, and presently see the manly form of my friend on the stockade, and he is speedily followed by others.

At last the entrance is secured, and all is well. I set the men to make rope, for they never do it till the elephants are caught. I retire with my friends to refresh ourselves with draught beer, which, I may add, is the first ever seen in these wild regions. Before leaving the stockade, however, it is reported to me that another herd is enclosed in the *Juggutheer*. I therefore give strict orders that the men remain at their posts. The rest of the day is spent in making rope, while I talk to my friends and hear of their adventures on the road, of the haps and mishaps that befel them. We sit down nine to dinner, and after dinner close round a blazing log fire, and listen to the songsters of the party. At about 11 p. m. we retire to rest, my sleep being often broken by the fire of musketry, as the elephants still in the *Juggutheer* make vain attempts to break. It is a habit I have acquired during many years' wandering in the jungle of waking at certain intervals; for instance, when in Assam, I always woke up when the fires burnt low, and perhaps in that way have often been saved from the jaws of a tiger. We were all out of bed by 7 a. m., and after breakfast, a good supply of rope being finished, we commence tying up, the process being as follows. Twelve *koonkies* being mounted by their mahouts, one of them, with a kind of rope ladder fastened to each side for mounting quickly, is loaded with ropes, and two *shikarries* sit on her, and the whole proceed to separate an elephant from the herd and surround it. This is often difficult, as the wild elephants are still more restless than their civilized brethren, and harass the party by running round the stockade; and should a large male be with the herd, it is absolutely necessary to tie him first, otherwise he would kill all that were tied before him. At last an elephant

is surrounded, and the *sirdar shikarry*, Nussur Ali, proceeds to dismount and slip a rope round her leg; but "there is many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip;" and before we can do anything, the huge beast edges her way out from among the *koonkees*, and, with a roar of satisfaction, rejoins her friends, who are collected together in a corner of the stockade. Two or three more unsuccessful attempts are made, but at last a large female is secured, and a large rope being attached to her hind legs, she is dragged by two *koonkees* to a tree, to which she is fastened, and there left to reflect on the instability of fortune. One by one all the elephants are captured, though not without much resistance on the part of some of them, who did not seem to understand the advantage of partaking of the benefits of civilization made by an enlightened Government, but struggled to the last to retain even a portion of the liberty they had hitherto enjoyed. Among those who offered the greatest resistance were several little creatures, who struck out right and left at the *koonkees*, and stoutly objected to being bound. The elephants were left in the stockade all night, and on Christmas Day they were taken out, the large ones led by two and even three *koonkees*, ropes tied round the wild one's neck being attached to the *koonkees'* bodies. The wild herd were given water, and picketed about a mile and a half from camp, and we proceeded to repair the stockade and plant trees inside, in the place of the jungle which had been trampled down. The sides of the stockade were also decorated with green boughs, as in England churches are decorated at the same time of the year, and by 2 p. m. everything looked very nice, and we prepared to drive in the second herd. Our places were the same as before, but this time I had the gallants to back me up, and all the rest of my guests retired behind the stockade to see the elephants come in. We were, however, unsuccessful in our first attempt, and, after being eaten up by flies, retired to dinner, and, after a round of songs, consigned ourselves to the arms of Morpheus, a bed-fellow welcome alike to both sexes, after a hard day's work. We were up betimes in the mornings, and having examined the posts, I gave orders for another attempt, all occupying the same places as on the previous evening, and we sat on our elephants for over two hours. At last we heard the welcome shout of the *ooruntee* men, followed by another shout and discharge of musketry; the shouts increase, and the squads close in; a crashing through the forest is heard, and three elephants appear in a glade; they glance wildly round, and seeing us, at once retire to the right. A discharge of musketry announces that they have been warmly received, and again they rush towards us, and we urge our elephants to speed and close on them; other wild ones now appear, and we chase them all into the stockade, and close the entrance as with the last herd. We have captured a small herd of seven, making in all twenty. About 2 p. m. my joy is made full by the arrival of more friends, who have kindly come all the way from Calcutta. This makes a good addition to the party, and we pass a jolly evening, more especially as both the new arrivals are votaries of the muse.

The process of tying up this herd was the same as with the former; so I need not describe it. My friends waited a day longer, and on the 28th six of them left, leaving two Ms. and two Ss. with me, and we lost no time in returning to Maughurghattee, where I had my horse and *lures* and *penates*. Before leaving, I sent off another party of *Jasooses* to find some more elephants, as twenty did not satisfy me; and on returning from shooting on the 31st, I and my friends were delighted to hear that a herd had been surrounded. The two Ss. had already left, but the two Ms. accompanied me next day to Jonka, where the herds were. At Sukhabanga we passed the road to Dooar Sénio, where the former herds were caught, and going up a valley, arrived at the foot of a steep hill, which we ascended. On reaching the top, we found ourselves on an elevated piece of ground, of large extent, but undulating and cut up into ravines. After proceeding three miles, we arrived at my camp about 5 p. m., and found the tent pitched. The *Khedda Jemadar*, Sheikh Mijour, reported that the herd was a large one, and rather troublesome. We made ourselves comfortable for the night, which was bitterly cold, and in the morning, to my great regret, my friends left me, as they were pressed for time. I was extremely sorry for this, as I looked forward to showing them some good sport.

After they left me, I inspected the ground, and fixed on the site for the stockade. Having had a fall lately, I simply occupied my time in making up cartridges, going to the stockade two or three times daily. At last, on the night of the 6th January, all was ready, the *arnee* finished, and the church decoration accomplished. We were all rather anxious, as the herd was large and rather troublesome; but everything went off well, and at length the day broke, announcing that the eventful 7th had arrived. There was much activity in camp. No herd, so large as this, had been caught for many years in a Government Khedda, and the men were determined that nothing should be lost from want of exertion on their part. The stockade was situated on rather high ground sloping down on either side towards ravines; the end of the left *arnee* went within a hundred yards of a hill, crossing a small ravine on its way; the right *arnee* ended in rather low ground. Opposite the mouth of the *arnee*, the ground was broken and thinly covered with forest, affording but little cover to the *ooruntee* men despatched to find the herd. Elephants, I may remark, generally take to high ground when disturbed, and go up steep hills with wonderful activity. I suffered so much from fever, and the effects of a fall I had out bear shooting, that I was hardly able to mount my elephant; but as so much depended on example, I took my place as usual on the left.

After about two hours we heard the shouts, announcing that the herd had been found, but after that all was still for a long time, as the herd were unwilling to move. After an immense amount of trouble, and a great display of courago on the part of the driving party, the herd were brought within the nearest squads, who tried to

close on them ; they, however, broke through, and rushed back, till brought up by the *oorunties* men. This was repeated twice, but the third time they came near enough for me to advance with my *koonkees*, when they charged down on us ; a few blank charges, however, turned them, and they retreated to the right occupied by Sheikh Mijour, the *Khedda Jemadar*. He drove them back, and they retreated to a patch of jungle in the centre. We had then time to observe the splendid herd, in the centre of which was a magnificent male, a perfect lord of the forest, with a most majestic bearing. He was calm and collected, but several females near him cast defiant glances on us, throwing out their trunks, and striking the ground with their feet. They remained in this way for only a few minutes, as some musketeers crept up under cover of trees to dislodge them. This duty, requiring no small amount of pluck and skill, was successfully performed by a Mahratta, named Nuttoo Singh, and a Brahmin, named Hunooman Prasad.

As soon as the herd reached the mouth of the *arner*, I again advanced and drove them on, but they charged towards the right, driving the *Khedda Jemadar's koonkees* before them, and then stopping of their own accord. Sheikh Mijour nearly lost his life here, as his elephant was within an ace of running under a half-fallen tree.

Once more we induce the elephants to move ; they rush before us like a flock of gigantic sheep ; we increase our speed ; they sweep on madly like a torrent, and begin to enter the stockade. As only a few at a time can do this, we halt twenty yards in rear of them, occasionally firing to prevent their changing their minds. Suddenly a huge beast turns round, and charges my elephant like a flash of lightning. I fire, and she turns, but another charges a *koonkee* by my side ; the mahout is in much danger, but Saduk Ally is a plucky old fellow, and does not shrink. I fire my No. 4 bore, and the elephant turns and runs. All the elephants but one have entered the stockade. We shout to the man in charge of the gate to cut the rope ; he does so ; down comes the gate, an immense structure that took fifty men to raise ; it falls on the elephant's back, but it runs in all the same, and she with fifty-five others are safely enclosed.

The *Koonkees Jemadar* and *Sirdar Jasoo*s now come forward and slip in some bars through holes in the gate-posts. To these they bind the gate, made of bars like a gridiron, with strong ropes, and all is safe. The men are wild with enthusiasm, and I congratulate them all, praising those who have done particularly well, especially the *Khedda Jemadar*, who has been most zealous in the performance of his duties. After giving all necessary orders, I had to beat a retreat, as, now that the work was over, I felt very unwell. The rest of the day was as usual spent in making ropes. I did not take the *koonkees* inside the stockade ; so they had a night's rest to fortify them for the toils of the next day. During the afternoon I felt better, and went to the stockade, where I sat for some hours to watch my captures. The huge male seemed sulky in the extreme, and all the young elephants, as

usual, crowded round the old ones, annoying them much by running in and out. Several young ones running in front of the male were severely handled by him. One of them, about five feet high, was thrown into the air, on the tusks of the male, to the height of ten or fifteen feet. This was a wonderful instance of the immense strength of an elephant, as he did it without any apparent exertion, notwithstanding that the young one must have weighed nearly a ton.

All night the elephants were extremely restless, and the male made himself very unpleasant by pummeling them right and left; he was terribly wounded when caught, as he had lately fought for mastery of the herd with four other elephants whom he had turned out. His wounds were, however, nearly healed, though a hole still remained in his trunk, through which the breath came. The four elephants that had been turned out had for days been wandering about outside the *Juggutheer*, and had given much trouble, keeping the men constantly on the *qui vive* by trying to join the others, and we were still destined to see more of them than we wished. In the morning an entrance was cut in the stockade, and *koonkees* proceeded to enter, Champa Malla, our oldest and largest *koonkee*, leading the way. There is a tradition that, though now the largest of fourteen, she was formerly the smallest of all the establishment; but a murrain killed off several, and others died one by one, and were replaced by inferior animals. Whether this is true or not, I cannot say; but it shows that *mahouts*, like others, believe in the former existence of a golden age. Anyhow, old Champa Malla is still to the fore, and the bravest of the brave. She descends into the ditch without any appearance of fear, and soon reinforced by others, ascends the side. Two or three wild elephants charge, but are kept off with spears, and the entrance is closed. The *shikarries* mount, and the tusker is surrounded; like the naughty boy, however, in "Stonwelpeter," he will not stand still, and nothing can be done. At last he is surrounded in the middle of the stockade; two *shikarries* descend, and begin to pass ropes round his legs. Suddenly he turns round, sending a *koonkee* to some distance with a stroke of his tusks, and the *shikarries* have to run for their lives. They descend into the ditch, and climb up the stockade. The whole of that day and night, and also the next day and night, is spent in fruitless endeavours to tie the brute; but he will not stand for a moment. Two tolas of opium are administered in a plantain stalk, but without effect. On the third day we try a last resource. A strong rope is tied to a tree; the other end in the form of a noose is laid on the ground in the centre of the stockade, and covered with leaves; a second rope to draw the noose tight is attached, and the other end fastened to a *koonkee*. The huge tusker puts his foot within the noose, the *koonkee* moves, and a loud shout of triumph from the men announces that he is caught. In the same manner another foot is entangled, and it is then easy to tie his hind legs together, and fasten him to a tree. This is not done, however, till he has broken several sixteen-inch ropes. This is done in the following manner. Supposing a rope to be tied round his hind leg,

with the other end loose, he brings his hind foot forward, lowers his head, and having drawn the rope tight, and wrapped one end round a tusk, gently raises his head, and the rope snaps like the cords that bound Samson. This is to me most astonishing, when I consider how very thin the process is in which the tusks are set.

When once the tusker is secured, there is little difficulty in tying the others, who, however, offer more or less resistance. At last they are all fastened, and a space in the forest being cleared for them, they are led out and tied under the trees preparatory to their marching.

That afternoon I had a bad attack of fever, and my leg was so painful as to confine me to my bed. In the dead of night I heard a frightful noise, and a scream of pain from the tusker. I was unable to move, but, on making inquiries, I found that the four males, to which I have already alluded, had come quietly up to the unfortunate beast and attacked him. They were with difficulty driven away, not till they had inflicted mortal wounds on the unhappy creature, who only survived a fortnight.

Our catching was now over for the season, as our supply of old elephants was limited, and it would have been useless to catch only to kill; so we left the jungles, satisfied that we had done our utmost, and with the firm conviction that no newly-established Khedda had ever succeeded so well the first year. Nothing more remained but to train our new captures, and bring them up in the way they should go.

I have not now time to give you a description of this interesting process, but may perhaps do so at some future date. With best wishes, therefore, for the health of yourself and your gallant stud, and three cheers for the glorious jungle,

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
J. JOINSTONE.

REMINISCENCES OF MALDA, BY THANE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Long life to Maga in its new form. If it does not succeed under its present auspices, farewell to all hope of ever again having a record of sport in India, and I hope your call for original matter will be right freely responded to. I have been diving into the well of my memory, and I have come upon a bright better day in it, in which I helped to slay five full grown tigers in one day, which I think deserves chronicling. Some years ago I was out with a party in Malda, given by that right good sportsman H. H. the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, and, like all his parties, it was on a very large scale. We had eighty elephants out with us, out of which sixteen carried howdahs, each howdah containing some four double-barrelled guns; and you may imagine the tremendous firing

at any animal which was bold enough to run across, or face the line. The party consisted of H. H. himself and three sons, and a number of his officers, and we mustered rather strongly. There was that dear old fellow, Harry D—l, (who in Bengal does not know, or has not heard of him, and who not shared his hospitality?)—then came that prince of sportsmen and good fellow, Colin M—e, equally at home in cutting off a rhinoceros' head, or shooting a chikoro, and the rest were George M—d, Andrew L—e, B—r, D—n, R—e, C—e, and myself. We started from that well-known place Chappye, and the first day beat the Kalletullah Nullah, which always holds a tiger. I have never been there yet without seeing one, though, owing to the number of nullahs running in all directions, we did not always bag the tigers we saw. We beat the nullah until one o'clock or so, and I thought it was going to belie its fame, for we got nothing save some deer. After tiffin we went to the Paharpore Buggeecha, a very large one of very old and high mangoe trees, with heavy jungle underneath, and a stream running through it. Out of this we got nothing but a leopard; so we went back to the nullah to beat a bend in it which we had not touched. I was on the extreme right of the line, and we had not gone far when a fine tiger broke into the open some three hundred yards off, and raced like wildfire for the heavy jungle in the Paharpore Buggeecha, towards which we were unfortunately beating. Some shots were fired at him, but all missed. Two of us, Andrew L—e and myself, were in after him sharp, and came upon him, but did not get a shot owing to the heavy tree jungle. Andrew was nearly coming to grief, being mounted on a somewhat unsteady elephant; it swerved round directly we came upon the tiger, knocked his howdah against a tree, but did no other damage save smashing the stock of one of his guns,—a thing he had no cause to regret, for H. H. generously made him a present of another to re-place it. By this time it was late, and our camp had marched on to Hoogla, eight miles on. We determined to go straight to it, and come back and look for our friend on the morrow.

The following morning we were up and off betimes, and were marching back to the Kalletullah Nullah, when we met a man coming to camp to tell us that a tiger had just killed his cow; so off we went with him some miles out of our road. The jungle he pointed to looked a very likely place, with high patteal, alongside of a nullah. We had not been five minutes beating, when the tigress showed, got hit somewhere on the left of the line, and came down where I was, was beautifully stopped by a shot from H. H.'s second son, who rolled her over, and she fell quite dead into the nullah, on the edge of which we were. After this we put the elephants' heads towards Kalletullah, but what with shooting deer, having tiffin, (and such tiffins!) we did not reach until three in the afternoon. Taking a lesson from yesterday, we commenced beating *from* the Buggeecha, and had only got on about quarter of a mile, when we came upon a cow newly killed, and shortly afterwards a tiger raced up the bank of the

nullah, and was polished off by H. H., who, before she was dead, made his eldest son go down and cut her throat with a knife,—a risky thing to do, as the tiger could lift its head slightly. Another tiger was viewed further on, and we all followed under the impression that there was only *one*. The nullah at this part ended in a small patch of wild rosebush jungle, and we had beat up to it without a tiger being produced; it was a very small place, and only about twenty elephants could get in. That number entered the jungle, and then there began *such* a scrimmage as seldom falls to the lot of many to witness. Tigers roaring and charging, elephants trumpeting and cannoning against each other, and *such* a fusilade!!! it is a positive mercy some of us were not shot. What a jolly fighting tiger thinks I, as he made a dash at my elephant's head, still under the idea there was but *one*, for I had seen him a second before on the top of an elephant a little distance off; at last it dawned upon me that there must be *two*, (I never dreamt of *three*,) for I caught sight of two on the heads of different elephants at one time. With such a number of guns they could not last long, and two lay dead in the rosebush jungle, making three killed in about twenty minutes. I was going up to have a look at the two dead tigers, the one first killed being some distance off, when *another* tiger, apparently unwounded, very much to my astonishment, sprang at my elephant, which, however, drew back, and the brute missed his charge, and, with a roar and switch of his tail, he then went out of the rosebush jungle and into the heavy grass of the nullah, and back in the direction from which we had come; it was lucky for us, though unlucky for this tiger, that he did charge me, for he might have sneaked off unseen; for I could hardly get any one to believe me when I said another tiger had gone back. We had three lying dead, all tigresses, and all full-grown, and the douce a bit would any one listen to me. Every one had his own story to tell about the brutes. Some had not even discovered that three were killed, and two men, D. and R., nearly got to high words. I tell you, says D., that the last tiger was shot underneath *my* elephant; your another, says R., it was below *mine*, and so on they went getting very irate and less and less polite to each other every moment, neither having any great idea of the other's truthfulness, but their faces beamed with smiles again when I mildly suggested that *two* tigers had been killed in the rosebush jungle. All this time the other tiger was being lost sight of. At last I got hold of Colin and O., and, with a few pad elephants, we started off after him. I was horribly afraid he had run for the Buggeecha, so we skirted the jungle until we came up to where we had begun beating the nullah, and then went in, driving it down (Colin working like a horse at the bottom of it) towards the place where the dead tigers were lying. A little beyond the dead cow we put him on foot, and he jumped to the top of the bank in an angelic temper. He was hit somewhere in the stern, and he ran on; our shots gave warning that there was still another tiger, and the line commenced marching up to us, about sixty elephants in it. At this

moment the tiger caught sight of them, and, disdaining to hide, he dashed into the open ground, and tore down upon them, every hair in his body bristling with rage. His roaring so frightened the elephants, that they all turned and bolted, with the exception of some of the howdah ones: a grander sight I never saw, a tiger galloping in the open, driving some forty or fifty elephants before him. In the midst of all this hullabaloo, it was quite impossible to notice who fired, but I think the tiger was brought up by a shot from H. H., was knocked down the nullah, and shot dead immediately afterwards. After getting the tigers padded, we went off to camp at Hoogla, which we did not reach until late, and mighty hunters we thought ourselves as we marched into it by moonlight with five dead tigers on as many elephants. The last one killed was a fine fellow, but was terribly riddled with balls. You will allow, Mr. Editor, it was a capital bag for one day. But here our luck deserted us in the way of tigers, for, though we beat up to Allal through old Malda, we did not get another one, buffaloes and deer being our only game. More by token, one of the first-named animals, taking offence at a red Garibaldi I wore, I suppose, singled me out of the line for a charge, and nearly knocked my elephant down. At Allal we joined camp with another party, and for the last two days we mustered about a hundred elephants, almost equalling the number they had out on the famous Tar Bheel pig-sticking meet so ably described by Henry Torrens. That number of elephants in line is not what one sees every day. We were out about eight days, and our whole bag was one tiger, 4 tigresses, four buffaloes, and some thirty deer of sorts, and innumerable birds in the shape of florican and chikore, partridges and peafowl.

A somewhat amusing incident occurred the last day we were out. We were just beginning to beat a large patch of grass for buffaloes, Harry D—n and Colin M—e being on the extreme right of the line, I heard one of them fire a shot, and saw from the movement of their elephants that they had hit something. I then saw them making preparations to get down, and so I walked up to see what their little fun was. When I got to them, the scene was a most ludicrous one. They had wounded a large python, which had taken refuge in a hole much too small for him, for he had only succeeded in getting half his body in; and when I came up, Colin had got the tail twisted round his waist, and Harry had hold of the animal a little further down; it wasn't a case of pull devil, pull baker, but of pull snake and pull man; the welter weights at his tail proved too much for the snake, for he suddenly relaxed his muscles, and came out of the hole so suddenly, that C. and H., who were pulling manfully at him, tumbled back over, nearly breaking all their bones. Ahem!—ossa Coccygis, I should say, with the animal on the top of and all about them. I had a hearty laugh at the activity they displayed in getting clear of him—he never attempted to bite or to squeeze, but seemed more anxious to get away from them, than they from him; he measured some fifteen to eighteen feet long too.

We worked the elephants terribly this meet, going out about seven in the morning, and, with the exception of an hour for tiffin, we were on their backs until nine or ten at night; they began to knock under at last with all this hard work; indeed one elephant tumbled down one morning when going out. The second last night we were out we were sitting about eleven o'clock before H. H.'s tent, when he said, let us give them some "shurab." "Jo Hookum" was of course the reply, and straightway a gigantic cauldron was produced and placed before us, into which was poured dozens of every liquor we had in camp—champagne, moselle, brandy, whiskey, sherry, beer, &c. Sufficient rice was then put in to form a consistency, and the elephants were then brought and made to stand in a semi-circle before us; sixty to eighty of them there were—a living rampart of elephants' heads, a glorious sight for the bright moonlight night it was. Each elephant was then called by his name,—Ghazee Bux, Shere Bahadoor, Madar Bux, &c., and the animal named stepped out of the circle, and marched up to the cauldron, had a large handful of the contents of it shoved into its mouth, made its salam and retired, and so on until the cauldron was empty. I don't know whether it was fancy or not, but they seemed to go better next day, and the dose was repeated next night.

We all know how necessary it is to be very careful on approaching an imaginary dead tiger. I got a lesson the year before this meet at the Carn Karree (they call Nullahs Karrees in those parts). We were encamped at Chappyo, and having got a tiger out of the Kallee-nullah two days before, we went to the one above-named, but as it was some distance off, we did not reach it until about one o'clock. It was a fearfully hot day in the end of March. James O—n, A. E. R—, Harry D—l, D—n, and myself, formed the party, and being thirsty from the heat and long march, we determined on refreshing the inward man before commencing to beat; so we had tiffin under a big banyan tree close to the jungle, and were smoking, when, to our delight and astonishment, a big tiger came out of the nullah, took a good look at us, and cantered quietly on. Pipes and cigars were discarded at once, and, as you may imagine, we mounted in hot haste, and set off after our friend, but he bothered us terribly. For three blessed hours did we keep hunting him up and down the nullah, which, though dry at the bottom, was so interlaced with cane jungle and trees, that the elephants could not get in, and he kept running backwards and forwards at the bottom, where we could only catch a glimpse of him now and then. We all had shots at him, I believe, but none brought him up. I hit him in the stomach once. We eventually lost him altogether, and came to a stand still. C. and myself said he had gone *up* the nullah, the others thought he had gone *down*; so we agreed to separate, and C. and I went our way, the others on theirs. We had stationed look-out elephants at the various branches of the Karee, and shortly after we had left the others, I saw the mahout on one of these beckoning to us. We pushed rapidly on, and when we got up to him, he told us

the tiger had just left the nullah, and taken refuge in a piece of grass, not ten yards square, on the edge of a small tank, all round it being flat paddy lands as bare as your hand.

We went up to the grass, O. and myself and one pad elephant and went carefully into it, expecting to be charged, for those burren tigers are known devils; but he did nothing of the sort. O.'s elephant actually kicked him out of his lair with her foot, and the brute rushed off, but one volley knocked him over about thirty yards from us, to all appearance *dead*. We then moved the elephants up to him, and I was standing about ten yards off, and so confident were we that he was dead, that we had put down our guns, and were leaning on the howdah rails, and the man on the pad elephant was actually getting down, when the brute suddenly got on his legs, and came at me as hard as he could. Luckily we had smashed one of his forearms, and I had just time to seize hold of a gun and fire, fortunately breaking the other, when he was upon me. The elephant Monmottee (the one so terribly mauled on the Berhampooter Churs when Colin M— was on her back, in that desperate scrimmage we had when out there two years ago) stood like a trump. The tiger could do no harm with his fore legs, but he stood up on his hind ones at the elephant's shoulder, and seized most viciously with his teeth the pad underneath the howdah. C.'s elephant took to running after mine, which was dodging round and round, trying to shake off the tiger, so he could not help me, and I could not fire. The animal was eventually dislodged, but he again got upon the rump of the elephant, and again got hold of the pad. This was his last effort, however. The elephant kicked him off somehow, and we got face on to him, and shot him dead; indeed he was mortally wounded before, but had any of us been on the ground when he so suddenly came to life again, it was Lombard Street to a China Orange that one at least would have lost the number of his mess, and I made a vow not to be so hasty in letting go my guns again. This was the largest tiger I ever saw; he measured, when killed, ten by ten, and his skin over thirteen feet when stretched. I lost his skin in a most unsatisfactory way. I sent it to Calcutta, to be cured, having previously taken his claws and his skull. Two months afterwards I got a small box sent up to me, from which I extracted a *Cub's* skin about five feet long, with the skull attached to it, and claws intact! Of course I wrote at once to the currier, but found *my* skin had been given to some sporting padre, who, wise man, had taken it home with him; so I never saw it again. A hint to brother sportsmen, when sending their skins to be cured, always to put some distinguishing mark on them, letting the currier know it, or they are apt to be changed.

One more word, and I have done. I have been reading a book entitled *Hog Hunting in the East*, written by a gallant Bombay sportsman, Capt. Newall, who seems most enthusiastic when pig-sticking is his theme, and I agree with him that with a good horse under you, and a rattling boar in front, no finer sport is to be had, and even fox hunting pales before it. I write to correct one error he has fallen

into, which is somewhat a libel on our Bengal spears. At page 229 there is an imaginary conversation with a Bengal pig-sticker, in which, in talking of the short spears in use in Bengal, the following dialogue takes place:—

"But it is as much javelin as spear," said Mowbray, "for I understand you throw it."

"Certainly, we do when in close pursuit."

Now I have seen many a boar fight and fall in the plains of Bengal, and know most of our crack spears, and I can freely say that any man who *threw* his spear on *any* occasion would simply be hooted out of the field. Independent of its being the most unsportmanlike, it is absolutely the most *dangerous* thing any one can do; dangerous for the thrower, and for every horse in the field. A griff may do it in his first attempt at a pig, but the thing would be utterly scouted by any one having the slightest pretension to be a spear. The error, however, is quite excusable in Capt. Newall, as he says he has never ridden in the plains of Bengal, and I hope, if ever he reads this, he will take in good part what I have written.

I have my wanderings of this year to give you, but I think you'll say you've had "*quant suff*" for the present; so *vale*.

THANE.

A BOAR HUNT.

THE morning of the 20th of February last broke clear and bright; and as the sun dispersed the mist from the plains of S—pore, it revealed a most miscellaneous group in the centre of it. It consisted of about seven or eight elephants, six horses, and about forty or fifty niggers surrounding four *sahibs*. The *sahibs* were busy putting on spurs, adjusting saddles, and tightening girths, while the niggers stood watching the performance with great interest, speculating on the amount of pork they would have to grub before evening, the object with which the party had assembled being the noble sport of hog hunting.

The morning was very cold, and the thermometer stood at 40° when we left our snug beds to ride to cover. A slight shower of rain during the night had made everything look fresh and green, and had cleansed the atmosphere of all its impurities.

Across the plains, far north, looming like a cloud on the distance, stood Kunchinjinga in bold relief, with all the minor snowy peaks stretching away far on either side of it; lower still, and scarcely visible in the haze of the horizon, as if dwindling down to mere insignificance compared to Kunchinjinga, might be perceived the

Darjeeling range of hills; while from where we stood to the hills was one great plain, contrasting sadly with the grand panorama of mountains to the north. The sun having cleared the horizon well, we proceeded to beat a fine strip of jungle skirting the plains. And as we each take up our respective places, allow me to introduce you to the party.

First of all in sporting prowess was Mr. Cock (our Major), a "bobby" by profession. A few years back he was a racing celebrity, and rode 8st. 7lb. But since then the good things of this life, such as a wife, three children, and good pay, have told on him, and he now rides 11st. He still is a thorough sportsman at heart; and whenever his work permits him to be out, he is sure to be found in the field.

The next rider is Dick, not noted for any particular exploit on the field, except murdering two royal Bengals, the aggregate lengths of which came to ten feet two inches.

Frank, "our griff," is next in order, a nimrod to the vertebrae, though, by some unaccountable mistake or another, he has to pay for most of the pigs he slaughters.

Joe-o-o was the next and last sahib; and not being much of an equestrian, he preferred going on one of the *hathis*, and directing the beating of the jungles.

These in all formed the party. The elephants having formed line, were put into the jungles. In about ten minutes a pig broke cover at some distance ahead of the line. The riders were off after it at once, and after a smart burst it turned out to be a lady, and was allowed to go away unscathed.

The next pig that broke cover proved to be a young boar; he took a line of country right across the plains. Cock and Frank had the honor of killing him, after a long run and two "vicious charges." For about half an hour after the death of our first hog, we did not get a run. Several sows and some small boars broke cover, and were allowed to go away unmolested, when suddenly the shoutings of some ploughman drew our attention to a fine boar trotting across the plains. Cock and Frank were off after him like a flash of lightning, but the wily boar, as soon as he found himself pursued, doubled back into cover.

The riders had now to wait for the elephants to come up and dislodge him. This was done easily, as the jungle was neither extensive nor heavy, and the boar broke cover in gallant style right before the riders. Cock was first to approach him, and was charged immediately. Unfortunately his horse at this critical moment stumbled, which made him miss his job; and the next moment Cock thought himself inflated. The boar had got under him and tossed both horse and rider head over heels. Cock went through several acrobatic performances in the air which would have made a Grimaldi jealous, and at the end of them found himself prostrate on the ground, about six yards from his horse. Luckily the boar left Cock to charge Frank, or else our district at this present moment would have been lamenting

the loss of our facetious "Major." Frank, with discretion far in advance of his years, got out of the way of the boar, or, as our American Cousins would say, made a backward advance, then rode back to know how Cock was faring.

"Are you dead," said the Irishman. Frank is Irish.

"No," said Cock, not quite sure if he was dead, or only transferred his existence to a land whose only distinctive features were fire works. "At least I don't think so," he added, feeling his limbs all over to satisfy himself of his materiality.

"Then here goes for the boar;" and away went Frank as swift as an eagle sweeping down on his prey, and before the boar had gone half a mile, his spear was twice sent deep into the flanks of the boar: in his second job he left his spear in the pig, and consequently had to ride back for another one.

Cock, in the meantime, had recovered himself, and after a reviving draught of that ambrosial liquor yclept Cognac, found himself up to any emergency, and ready to face anything. Frank had also come up with another spear, and the two together went at the boar. As they rode up, Cock was charged again, and in spite of a well-planted spear which broke short off in the back of the boar, the brute made good the charge, and cut his horse. Frank was charged also, and only saved himself by putting a spear into the shoulder of the hog; he again left his spear in the pig. Both riders being without spears, had to ride back for fresh ones, while the boar made across the plains for the swamp. On his way he came across some ploughmen, whom he charged. The ploughmen escaped by running away, but a poor bullock was sent clean over. A little further he came across some wooden ploughs lying in a field, one of which he tossed five feet in the air. This last performance eased his mind a great deal, and he went off at a great pace towards the swamp. Piggy, however, had lost too much time amusing himself with the bullocks and wooden plough, thus allowing Cock to get between him and the swamp. Finding his retreat cut off, he charged Cock, and receiving a slight job, succeeded in getting into the swamp. A great delay was now caused waiting for the elephants and coolies to come up to rout the pig out again. When the *hathi* did arrive, it was no easy task to dislodge the boar, and he went into a bush on the banks of a *jheel*, and every *hathi* that approached was charged. Two were cut before we could make him break. After a good deal of pelting with stones, &c., we managed to make the boar take to the open. Frank and Cock got two or three more jobs at him, but still could not prevent him getting into a *nullah* and trying to swim across, in doing which his strength failed him, and he was drowned! Thus very forcibly re-exemplifying the old adage, "after the Lord Mayor's procession comes the dung cart."

We had to offer *bukshesh* to some niggers to dive and fetch the carcass up. When he was brought ashore, we found him to be a fine old boar, thirty-two inches high, with only one tusk. He generally

charged home every time, and it was only because he had one tusk that he did not do more execution to the horses and elephant.

When we returned home, we took a photograph of the beast with gallant Cock and Frank along side, looking very demure, hat in one hand, and spear in the other.

JOE.

Purneah, 25th April, 1868.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND LOWER ASSAM.

(Continued from page 364.)

AFTER serving the Government for thirteen years in Burmah and the Cocos Islands and the like, I found myself transferred to Assam. At first I was sorry to leave a country where I had served so long, and where I had many friends. But I am very fond of sport, and I knew that in Assam I should find the very best. One great drawback in Burmah was that, with the exception of snipe, there was little or no small game. Before I had been in Assam one year, I had bagged to my own gun twenty-two buffaloes, one rhinoceros, thirty-seven florikan, and a lot of other small game, a few deer of two or three kinds also had been killed, and I had wounded one tiger, which afterwards died; also three rhinoceros which were never accounted for, though very*badly wounded. I had also been one of a party when three rhinoceros had been killed. This year I have managed to kill six rhinoceros, twelve buffaloes, thirteen deer, two tigers; and as I have not time to copy out journals regularly, or in their order, I purpose giving accounts of trips, without reference to time, or in the order in which they occurred.

1867. *June 9th.*—Started for Torrah Barree Ghaut *en route* to Burpittah at 3 P.M.; went all night.

June 10th.—Got to the ghaut at 7 A.M.; no elephants have come in as yet, though I sent them off in ample time to be here five days ago. Had to send in to Boyd, who was kind enough to send me out a palkee. However the elephants turned up at 3; so I sent back the palkee, and remain here till to-morrow.

June 11th.—Stirred the people up at 4½ A.M., and got off soon after 5. I went across country, whilst I sent the things by the road. The people report the existence of very many tigers, and I hope to come across them. After going about three miles through paddy fields, came upon a fresh trail, which looked like buffaloes'. We followed it up carefully, but, before going far, found it was the trail of a very large rhinoceros. Loaded all the guns, and followed up

very carefully and cautiously. The elephant I was on was in an awful funk, and tried to bolt several times, but I had a good mahout up who kept him straight. When we came to the fresh dung, the elephant tried again to bolt, and would not go near it. It is curious how rhinoceros dung in one spot whilst they remain in that locality. I wonder the natives don't shoot more of them, for nothing would be easier than to dig a hole near one of these heaps, and to shoot the animal on its morning or evening visit. We followed about two miles, and suddenly, through the high grass in front of me, there being a wheel to my right, I saw the outline of a huge body. Neither the elephant nor mahout saw it; so stopping the elephant, I took a dead pot at what I guessed to be its shoulder. When the smoke cleared away, (I was using a breech-loader, No. 10 bore, by Lyell,) for a second nothing could be seen, but presently out rushed a very fine rhinoceros into the wheel. Directly it saw me, it pulled up and turned round, and I gave it the left barrel well behind the shoulder. It fell on its knees, picked itself up, and rushed at me open-mouthed. I dropped the Lyell, and took my old Lang, and gave it right and left into the chest, and took up another Lang, a sister weapon, and both No. 10 bore, carrying a winged ball. But the dose proved too much for my friend, who turned and bolted screaming; he ran about fifty yards, and then knelt down, put its hind legs under its belly, rested its head on the ground, and expired with many a loud groan. Odd to say, all this time the elephant never moved; but when we came upon the rhinoceros lying stone dead, she overpowered the mahout, and ran away for nearly half a mile. I at last got her up. We cut off the head, which had a fine thick horn, about seven inches long, and we also took the shields off the shoulder. It was all that four of us could do to hoist the head on to the pad elephant; we then made for Burpittah, and got there at 11 A.M.

June 12th.—Started pretty early this morning for Bornugger; got on the track of a rhinoceros almost immediately, and followed him into his lair, but could not get into the swamp on account of the very heavy entangled null jungle. I could hear it feeding distinctly, and I was probably not more than ten yards off. Yet I could not drive it out, nor could I get in; so reluctantly left him. After that I saw three pigs and eight buffaloes in a wheel, but I did not care about them, and let them go. Near Barry's garden I came upon seven buffaloes; and as one came up to me, I shot it. I then saw one with very thick horns, the points of which all but met, forming with the forehead almost a complete circle. I shot this brute for the sake of its head. I find, if you get pretty close, that, with a conical bullet weighing close upon three ounces, driven by five drams of powder, they have no chance. I then went to Barry's garden, and put up in his bungalow.

June 13th.—Got Barry's mahout, a Cacharee, the best tracker I have ever seen, and a plucky mahout. Sent the things by road to Barry's second garden, and struck off into the heavy jungle

after rhinoceros. Of these I put up two, but did not see either. About 12 I came upon a herd of buffaloes lying down in a mud hole; and seeing that two had fine heads, I fired right and left into them. Both fell on their knees, but both got up and bolted. The cow lay down immediately; and as I passed her, I put a ball through her head. She had horns that measured ten feet eight inches in circumference from one tip to the other, outer measurement across the forehead. The bull I knocked down; and as he could not get up, I left him, and chased the herd, and shot one more. I then went back for the bull, but he was gone. When I got to the village of Mina Muttee, I told the villagers, and they went off like a lot of vultures to bring the meat in; they found the bull dead next day in a mud pool. His head was not very fine: short of ten feet; so I left it. My traps did not arrive till 4 P.M.

June 14th.—I had the devil's own bad luck to-day, wounding and losing three rhinoceros. There were too many of them, and the fresh marks were so numerous, that I kept missing the true tracks, and following up the wrong ones. Started at 6 A.M. Beyond Barry's tea garden, I saw a barra singha, or, as I call them, a marsh deer. He had a fine head; so I fired at him, though I was never within 200 yards of him; missed of course. After crossing a nullah, I came upon fresh marks of two rhinoceros. The mahout tracked beautifully, and in due time I came upon one. I got to within thirty yards, and fired right and left into it; it screamed in the way they do, and bolted. In following him up, I came upon its mate, and wounded that badly, and off we went at full score, the mahout a little too eager, and over-shooting the marks of the wounded one, and taking up the marks of fresh ones which the wounded animals had evidently disturbed. In this way I went on for a good five miles, and then tracked back; followed a fresh track near the spot where I had wounded the first one. I came upon it very shortly, evidently the first I hit. I fired into it again, and this time followed carefully by blood; but though the brute looked seedy enough when I first came upon it, no sooner had I fired into it, than it became as fresh as a two-year old, and led me the deuce's own chase. I followed it into Tarree, a broad-leaved rush that grows everywhere near the banks of the nullah, and which is always a favorite resort of elephants and rhinoceros. Here I lost tracks of the wounded one, as the whole ground was covered with fresh marks; but in hunting about amongst the heavy grass, where there were a lot of pools, I got another shot at a rhinoceros, but not at close quarters; and though I followed it by blood a long way, I lost it. I was now eight or nine miles from home; the heat was fearful. I was in the Terai, close to the foot of the Bhootan Hills, where it appeared to rain incessantly, but not a drop would fall where I was. I would have given anything for rain. Going home, the villagers told me they had picked up another buffalo, besides the three I knew I had either killed or hit yesterday. I fired several shots into the herd, but had no idea I had done any further damage. Got shots at a marsh

deer, but missed, the ball falling between the front legs as it stood facing me about 160 yards off.

15th June.—Bad luck again to-day; did not come upon fresh marks for a long while; the scimmages of yesterday appear to have disturbed this part of the jungle; so went off to the right; came upon a fresh track; put up a rhinoceros, but could not get a shot; he never allowed me to get a sight of him, though at times he was within a few yards of me. We then went towards where we knew mud holes to exist, and, seeing no fresh marks, were not careful as to our movements. We came to a pool, and, instead of going into it by the direct path, as the ground was very much cut up, the mahout turned off to the right, choosing a better way to go into the *null* jungle. To my disgust, to my immediate left there was such a rush. Two rhinoceros were lying in the mud pool; and if I had but gone in straight, I must have got shots at both, as I should have come right on top of them. As it was, though not five yards away, I could not see them owing to a strip of high grass intercepting my view. I chased these brutes for two hours, but never got a sight of either; one knowing brute hid till I had passed, and then rushed back past my spare elephant. I put up another rhinoceros, but never saw him. If this was not bad luck, I don't know what is, but I deserved it for not bagging the rhinoceros yesterday.

16th June.—Moved back to Barry's first garden; saw nothing *en route*.

17th June.—Started this morning, intending to go to Pakah *via* Bhawanipore, as I was told the two were close to each other; in fact, that one could be seen from the other. Such a march of it as I had! We had to cross over five swollen rivers, each beyond the depth of an elephant; so we had to load and unload till we were all heartily sick of it. At 2 p.m. I got to a village, and as no one seemed to know where Pakah was, I pulled up, and it was fortunate I did so, as my baggage did not turn up till 6 p.m., and two of my servants had gone astray to Barpittah. I had to send an elephant after them.

18th June.—Crossed three rivers to-day,—no easy work, considering the elephants have to be unladen each time, and such a thing as a ferry boat is unknown. About 12, as I was going though some fine deer-looking grass, up got a florikan. In going after it, I put up two marsh deer. I then saw another. Whilst deciding which I should go after, up got the florikan, and I missed it clean! I then followed the buck; missed it with the first barrel, but hit with the second. These deer take an awful amount of killing. I hit this five times before it dropped. It had a nice head; so I cut it off. Some villagers then came up and asked me to shoot some more deer for them. I did not know where we should encamp for the night, as Pakah seemed a myth; so I would not remain long here, though deer appeared plentiful. I, however, put up a doe, and shot it dead, and left it for the villagers. I then shot a couple of florikan; why, I don't know, as I cannot eat them. Found Pakah a lake, and put

up in a *Nam Ghur* in the jungle near the Bhut. Traps did not come up till dark.

19th June.—Went after a deer; had to go back to yesterday's ground, as all the country here is inundated. The ground I passed over ought to have been swarming with tigers and deer, but it was a long time before I saw one. I fired at a doe a good 150 yards off, and hit it, but it got away. When I had quite despaired of seeing anything more, up got a most splendid buck and two does. I made a good shot at the former, hitting him at a distance of a good 200 yards. I followed up sharp, and after an exciting chase brought him down. He had a very fine head, and I was glad at having bagged him. My traps had gone on; and as I had to go in chase, I could not devote much time to sport to-day. They say a stern chase is a long chase, and so I found it to-day. My chupprassees had taken my things to a village surrounded by impassable nullahs; so I moved on to another, and made my people follow me. I got no more shots this trip, but reached Gowhattay on the 21st, after a very unpleasant two days' march.

(To be Continued.)

CRICKET.

MR. LEAKE'S ELEVEN *vs.* WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Played at Kandy 23rd, 24th, 25th April; the weather was dreadfully hot for the first two days, and this made the play rather slow. Messrs. Leake and Downall had succeeded in getting two good Elevens together for their fourth annual match. "The Waifs and Strays" were rather weak in the bowling line, and got pretty well punished by Messrs. Swan and Shelley in the second innings. However, had the match been played out, a good share of leather hunting would, I think, have fallen to the other side. The result of the 1st innings was very close, Messrs. Browne, Down, Leake, and Symons playing well. The second innings looked very hopeful for the wanderers: three wickets for four runs. The ball soon, however, began to stray from the spot, and the field were kept uncomfortably alive by the fine hitting of Messrs. Shelley and Swan. The innings closed for 180. At a quarter past five the Waifs and Strays began their uphill task in right good earnest. First wicket for 29; fourth (Mr. Downall's) at 6 o'clock, when it

became too dark to go on, falling for 52, and the match remained drawn. Subjoined is the score:—

MR. LEAKE'S ELEVEN.

J. H. Mayon, Esq., b. Brown	b. Fetherstonhaugh	1
S. Shelley, Esq., c. Elliot b. Bailey	c. and b. Humphreys	66
E. L. Thomas, Esq., b. Browne	b. Humphreys	0
W. M. Leake, Esq., b. Forgett	c. Bailey b. Forgett	17
G. G. Forbes, Esq., c. Moore	c. Browne b. Forgett	22
b. Brown		1
E. C. Waring, Esq., b. Forgett	absent	0
C. E. Symons, Esq., b. Brown	b. Fetherstonhaugh	0
H. Williamson, Esq., run out	not out	9
J. L. Shand, Esq., b. Humphreys	b. Fetherstonhaugh	0
A. N. Swan, Esq., b. Browne	b. Fetherstonhaugh	33
H. A. Clarke, Esq., not out	c. and b. Humphreys	7
Byes		5
Leg-byes		2
Wides		18
		<hr/>
		92
		<hr/>
		180

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A. Browne, Esq., b. Forbes	39	St. Symons, b. Forbes	.. 1
R. B. Downall, Esq., run out	0	b. Forbes	.. 14
A. Bailey, Esq., run out	...	not out	.. 12
A. Elliot, Esq., b. Forbes	...	b. Leake	.. 5
H. Humphreys, Esq., b. Forbes	9		
C. Fetherstonhaugh, Esq., }			
c. Forbes b. Leake			
A. Moore, Esq., 59th Regt.			
l. b. w. b. Leake			
A. M. Carre, Esq., b. Forbes	...		
T. S. Down, Esq., not out	15	b. Forbes	.. 17
F. Forgett, Esq., 59th Regt.			
b. Forbes	...		
T. Skinner, Esq., b. Forbes	...		
Byes	...		0
Leg-byes	...		2
Wides	...		1
			<hr/>
	94		52

THE MONTH.

THE hunting season at home is over, and there is repose in the kennels after one of the worst years known for a long time. Lord Hastings has given up the Quorn, as was expected, and after some doubts and an offer on the part of Sir F. Johnstone to take half the country, we read in the *Sporting Gazette* that Mr. Masters has come forward with an offer to hunt the whole Quorn country in its integrity without a subscription, which is very satisfactory.

The sporting papers show that racing has reached the first point of real interest—the Two Thousand; and as we write these lines, the Derby is over, though the name of the winner is not telegraphed yet. The race for the Biennial at the Craven Meeting brought out three Derby horses, *viz.*, *The Earl*, *Blue Gown*, and *Suffolk*, the result extinguishing the last named, and giving *The Earl* the best of *Blue Gown*; he did not win by much, but there was a great difference of opinion as to what he had to spare, one authority saying that well-spurred flanks showed there was nothing left, while another was equally confident the other way. It was of course a trial for the Derby between Lord Hastings and Sir J. Hawley; and as it was confidently asserted that *Lady Elizabeth* is 12 lbs. better than *The Earl*, besides the allowance for sex, things looked well for Danesbury. On the other hand, *Rosicrucian* was said to be better than *Blue Gown*, but how much better no one but Sir Joseph and his trainer could tell. At the same meeting an awkward mistake (and the Stewards seem to have been quite satisfied that it *was* a mistake) was made, in putting up the number of a horse as a starter for some minutes, and then taking it down again. But the intimation as to the horse starting changed the betting, and many hundreds were lost in those few minutes. The owner was fined £50, and we wish it had been £500.

For the Two Thousand *Formosa* had steadily kept a good place in the betting throughout the winter and spring; and as the day approached, she became a marked favourite. *Moslem*, known until lately as brother to *Knight of the Crescent*, ran fairly for Lord Spencer's Plate, very forward in the City and Suburban Race for a mile, and then beat *Restitution*, who was well thought of by Baron Rothschild. *Rosicrucian* was thrown out of work for a time owing to a cough, but was soon at it again, and in due time there was all the mystery and ups and downs in the betting that are almost always noticed when Sir J. Hawley has two horses of good pretensions in a great race. *Rosicrucian's* known want of condition, however, made *Green Sleeve* the favorite. The race was run in such bad time that every horse was, "in it" half a mile from home, though the finish produced the first dead heat ever run for this race. *Formosa* did not stay well towards the end of the race, and her owner was wise to divide the stakes instead of running it out. *Moslem* seems to be improving every month, and will doubtless do something more before the season is over, though he cannot start for the Derby or St. Leger. *Rosicru-*

cian evidently had the pace of every horse in the race, and could have been third as easily as he would have beaten the lot if he had been in good condition. He will have had another month before the Derby, and there ought to have been a good race between him and *Lady Elizabeth*. The place betting was very heavy, and Mr. Chaplin won a very large sum by running third on *Sufferance*. *Lady Elizabeth* became a stronger favorite than ever after the race.

A telegram has told us that the Chester Cup was won by *Paul Jones*, at first an outsider, but afterwards the favorite. He ran several times last year, but only won once. From the weight he had to carry for the Cup, he may be another *Tim Whiffler*.

We had nearly forgotten to notice Punchestown, a meeting which has almost cut out the Curragh. The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales of course drew greater crowds than ever, and we are glad to see that there were no bad accidents, though some of the fences are "teasers," and the pace is always good.

The necessity of enlarging the Race Stand at Epsom has dawned on the lessees, and we hope that accommodation more suited to the vast crowd that now attend our "Isthmian Games" will be provided by the beginning of 1869.

The particulars of the University Boat Race tell us that though Oxford won very easily, the time was the best ever known. Oxford, we see, managed to turn the tables on Cambridge as regards the athletic sports, and also had the best of it at billiards, though Cambridge obtained a very hollow victory in both the racquet matches.

The Marylebone Club are advertising guinea season tickets for the Grand Stand at Lord's Cricket Ground, and by this time they are well into the season.

There is little to notice in the East. A negotiation has been going on between the Calcutta Turf Club and the members of the extinct N. N. I. T. Club about admitting the latter bodily, and a proposal to this effect will probably be circulated to the members of the Calcutta Turf Club very shortly. We may here observe that there is no entrance money payable on joining the Calcutta Turf Club, as a correspondent in a late number thought there was, and we did not correct the misimpression at the time.

It is scarcely news to our readers to say that the telegraph has brought us the names of *Blue Gown* and *Formosa* as the winners of the Derby and Oaks. We have as yet received no fuller particulars, and, like others, must wait patiently for the names of the second and third horses.

IMMENSE SALMON.—I have just been informed of the capture of an immense salmon in the Shannon at Limerick. The fish, which was taken in the net, is said actually to have weighed 78lbs., the largest, I believe, on record in this country. It was exhibited on the slabs of one of the Limerick fishmongers, where it was seen by the gentleman who is my authority for the statement.—GILLARD (Killaloe, April 7.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to see that you consider the question of improving the breed of horses for the use of the Mounted branch of the Service in India deserving a place in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, and that you also touch on the great difficulty in obtaining proper horses for the purpose. Believing that you will read opinions on this subject, and that you will avail yourself of them if worthy, I am induced to take my pen and write on what has long interested me. The question of improving our Studs seems to me to lie in a mere nutshell. I believe no officer of experience in India will deny that the price at which horses are turned out of the Stud is ample to ensure a good serviceable animal for either Artillery or Cavalry. The fault that the Stud horse is wanting in bone does not lie with the system as in force in the Studs, but in the selection of sires and dams. It is only lately that the latter have not been confined to the mares of the country, but I think no one will allow that the breed of Stud horses has improved. If so, it is the fault of the sires, and I believe there is not one really sound good getter in all the Stud. If this, then, is the case, no expense should be spared to procure thoroughbred stallion horses, known not for what their stock may have done on the Turf, but for the lasting qualities which they have proved from their sires and their stock. A good lasting strain is then what is wanted for India.

In short, now as ever, Government have it all in their own hands, either to give their Mounted Service the best horses in the world, or to reduce it, as far as *real* work goes, to a lower standard of service than that of the Irregular branch. I fear, as long as the present men who send us out horses continue in that office, there is little hope of improvement. I do not believe there is one who is a judge, one who could tell you what are the points which require rectifying, or what is the real evil in our present Stud horses. There are many good judges and safe men in India who might with advantage to the Service be nominated to select yearly and send out.

Now as regards the improvement of the breed generally over India, we have a much larger and more difficult task to deal with,—a task which requires all the assistance of Government in assuming the initiative. It appears to me imperative on the Government to assume the initiative, because its own interests are the first involved, and also that of the country at large. There is no want of horse-breeders in India, but there is a want of an inducement to breed superior cattle and to *take care* of the young stock until it is ready for the market. There is also a want of blood, and a great tendency to weediness, a want of numbers bred and reared for the public, and certainly there is an excessive idea of the value of those offered for sale—not value accord-

ing to the market, but value according to the work required—and last, but not least, according to the pockets of the Native Cavalry, which is a great purchaser. Again, the old stamp of country mare has disappeared, or she is already forestalled by the Stud. When do you now see away from the Stud Districts the fine old zemindaree mare, standing over fifteen hands, with bone and sinews fit to carry 14 stone across country? In her place, though, you do see poor weedy-looking animals without a single point in their favor, put most probably to a hot roaring brute in no way better than themselves.

Well, cannot Government help to bring back the one, and do away with the other? I think so. Already a move in this direction is being made in the Punjab by starting fairs at various marts, and giving prizes for the best produce. Also, I believe, the Punjab Government has bought largely, and placed throughout breeding districts stallions, some good undoubtedly, but others on *chance*, *i.e.*, that they have never been *known* to be good getters.

Let them do more, however; let them buy only those of known good stock, such as the Waxy blood—a strain from which good hunters have, I believe, invariably come,—or any strain equally good; let them import a few good mares to be placed where there is some one officer in particular who cares for these things, or attached to some frontier Cavalry *Stations*, where the foal, if a colt, can be used hereafter for the Stud, or if a filly, sold to breeders; and, above all, let there be a tax put on all stallions not used for Stud purposes. I am confident this last will do more to rid us of the utterly useless brutes that you see at every horse fair; for it seems to me to stand to reason that no breeder will keep a stallion which he has to pay a tax for, unless he is a good getter; these horses then will be gelt, and the horses used for Stud purposes will be confined entirely to the good ones. Surely this will in the end improve the breed, and if Government will take care that there be a sufficiency of stallions exempted from the tax, because passed by a Committee for Stud purposes, I do not think that there will be any diminution in numbers, and certainly not in quality. The native breeder, we know, does not look to soundness in the sire, or indeed perhaps to anything but the fact that he can get something. If that something turn out a likely animal, he takes care of it; if not, lets it run wild, and sells it for what he can get, or uses it for the Stud on a false hope of making something, perhaps only the keep, by the stock. I believe there are few Native Cavalry Regiments that do not find a great difficulty in keeping up to the full strength; and yet, go to what fair you will, you would suppose there would be no difficulty; but look a little closely, look with an eye to purchase, and what is the result: more than three out of four are unsound, weedy, or below the lowest standard for Cavalry. Competition is great, because of the difficulty, and it is only by real downright hard work all day long that even a score of horses can be bought by single regiments. Prices at once go up. The Cavalry are confined to a certain price, but the public can give any sum,

and do. Dealers from Calcutta, private individuals with more money than horse knowledge, thronging to these fairs, raise prices 10 and 20 per cent. at least. And, alas for the Cavalry, this is a difficulty out of which I do not see my way, except that Government should come forward, and instead of selling the rejected horses of the Stud to reduce its expenses, should make them over to the Native Cavalry at an upset price of whatever may be the Chunda price. Mind you, I do not say that even then the Cavalry will have their money's worth, but they will be *mounted*, a point I fancy for them, for these rejections will fill up what cannot be procured elsewhere.

I have made these rough remarks, thinking that perhaps there may be some point which you may think useful. There is doubtless much more to be said, but time is against me.

Yours,
II.

P. S.—There is much to be said upon the Punjab fairs, and the method by which prizes are given, but being in doubt how you will receive what I have already written, I refrain from saying anything about them for the present.

II.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—A few days since I was favoured with the loan of the numbers of your promising publication, and having read the leading tales with great gusto, was scuttling on to the accounts of the racing at the finish, when I was suddenly brought to a check by seeing the signature of "Paul Pry" attached to a letter headed "Remounts." The letter I should certainly have left unread, as, like "Sam Weller," I always have my doubts whether it is worth going through so much to learn so little, but pulled up in utter astonishment to find that eccentric individual P. P. had landed in India, left the sphere of his former actions (I saw him at the Adelphi last), come to a country where key holes are rarities, and turned (by all that's equine!) horsey!!! Paul Pry a horsey party!!! Wonders will never cease! It would not have surprised me more to have found that Spurgeon had piloted the *Lamb* in the Grand National, than it did to discover that this old party had turned up as an oracle on *uncooked* horse flesh. "Hullo, my pippin! I think your thirst for knowledge has brought you to a far higher pitch than one would have given you credit for, and now let us read your opinions of the animal on whose behalf you are committing yourself to paper." I therefore read the letter; and as far as I could make out, your correspondent's trouble is this, that the price of horses has increased, and to lessen it the Government is to hand over a few mares and stallions to some horse-breeding regiments, who should not be interfered with in any way by

the Stud Officers. Then we are to have brown stouts and all manner of nice things in the way of horse flesh, and be happy ever after.

"What a jolly old party it is," I thought; "he has cut scandal, and taken to breeding nags; but in what way does he suppose any Stud Officer would wish to interfere with the regimental breeding establishments? They would be Studs too; would they not?"

The Stud Officer, as far as I have ever heard, has quite enough responsibility on his shoulders already, which renders it very unlikely that he would want to interfere with any but his own charge. Therefore this new professor may breed his stock, I should say, without fear on that score; but I am afraid if he sticks to Waler mares, his brews will be very small beer, however good his right man in the right place may be. Having read "Paul Pry's" letter, Mr. Editors, I felt curious to see what M. had to say, and turned to the epistle with that signature affixed to it; on reading which I felt that though the writer was very fond of writing, in giving vent to his passion for penmanship, he might have omitted the flattering insinuation that the Annual Committees are composed of men whose opinions are likely to be influenced through the medium of "dry pink" and a tiffin.

He is also down on the thoroughbred English horse, but that animal can hold his own even against so inveterate a foe, and his "get" will flourish in India quite as long as any of his detractors, and much longer than the "get" of any of the "fiddle-headed, long-backed, hairy-heeled brutes admired by some as sires on account of their bone." The English thorough-bred horse, with mares bred in this country, will in a few years turn out stock second to none, good enough all round even for that noble Corps the R. H. A., and to be that they must be good indeed.

Yours truly,

"RECLUSE."

TO THE STEWARDS OF THE CALCUTTA "TURF CLUB."

DEAR GENTLEMEN,—Permit me to make one final appeal to your sense of justice.

About eight or ten years ago the Calcutta Turf Club Rules were remodelled, and a new scale of weight for age and class drawn out: Up to that time very few Australian horses, out of the many imported to India, had proved themselves race-horses; and in consequence this class was treated with the greatest leniency in the scale above referred to; but since then the Australian horses, or walers, as they are generally termed, have quite taken the Indian Turf by storm, having during the last seven years won seven-tenths of the races open to all horses, weight for class. The reason is obvious; they are, in racing parlance, "turned loose." I have spoken to several of the leading

racings men in Australia and New South Wales, Mr. Hurtle Fisher among them, and they have assured me that horses bred in those colonies are considered quite equal as racers to thorough-bred horses imported from England, and, being so considered, run at *even weights* with English horses. Nay more, English imported horses are allowed weights for one year after their arrival in Australia, and it is well known that walers can stand the Indian climate better than English horses. Such being the case, it is manifestly unjust to continue that scale of weight for class which calls upon an English three year old to give an Australian three year old 2 stone and 4lb., and a four year old 2 stone all but one pound. Nor can an aged English horse give an aged Australian one stone. These two classes should run at even weights, and even then few English horses now on the English Turf could beat *Vanderdecken* and *Rocket*. The late performances of these horses incontestably prove this.

During the first Calcutta Meeting, they ran the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 2m. 45s.; the 2 miles in 3m. 44s., and during the second meeting they actually surpass this, doing the 2 miles in 3m. 43s.! And *these* are the animals to whom the English horses, *Dr. Swishtail*, *Silver Star*, and *May Fair*, are called upon to concede 14 lb. Reverse it and even then it would be 5 to 1 on the "walers." And, be it remembered, these English horses were considered fair class in England. *Dr. Swishtail* cost £500; *Silver Star* not much less; whilst *May Fair* stood her enterprising owner in at least £400.

I quite admit that "one swallow does not make a summer," and that it would not be fair to raise the weights of all walers if only one turned out a flier; but such is not the case. Leaving *Rocket* and *Van* out of the question, what English horse ever taken to India could give *Nancy*, *Bellona*, *Favorite*, the *Dean*, and a host of others, now running, one stone? Look at the performance of the first named *Nancy* on the Free Handicap last day of the second meeting,—the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 2m. 45s. by some watches, 2m. 44s. by others.

And now permit me to say one word in favor of country-breds, a class that deserves more encouragement than any other, and yet is still more heavily afflicted by the Calcutta scale of weight for class than even English horses. Setting aside the facts that penalising English horses by heavy weights is an indirect blow to horse-breeding in India, inasmuch as it discourages the importation of English thoroughbred stock, from which alone can we hope to raise good country-breds;—setting aside this fact, important though it be, look at the running of all the country-breds during the past season; namely, *Shamrock*, *Madel*, *Eruption*, *War Eagle*, &c., and then compare that running with that of the walers I have already enumerated, not including *Van* and *Rocket*; and then, finally, allow me to ask what chance would the C. B.'s have, running at *even weights* as three year olds; and receiving only 3, 5, and 7 lb. as they advance in age? Why, they would be distanced in a race of $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and upwards. The fact, I admit, is discreditable to them, but still the fact.

remains; and if the object of a scale of weight for class is to bind all classes together, that object is not accomplished by the present Calcutta Turf Club scale.

The effect too as regards horse-breeding in India is very injurious; although at present residing in England, I am directly interested in Indian horse-breeding. I sent out three thoroughbred English fillies last year to India to race, and then to breed from; and I intended sending out three more this year; three more next year; and so on till I had completed a dozen, but as long as these weights obtain, it would be folly sending out any more; and I am not singular in these opinions. A friend of mine who imported three thoroughbred English horses last year to India, and who wrote to me a few months ago to buy the famous horse *Saccharometer* if procurable for £1,500, has, since the last Calcutta Meeting, written to me countermanding his order, and saying that he will not race the English horses he has already imported till the rules penalising them are altered. Another Indian Turfite too, and one of the most successful on the Calcutta course, also wrote to me by the last mail, saying he had retired from the Turf and sold his horses to the highest bidders; adding "I consider English horses are of little use out here, it being quite impossible for them to give 1 stone to walers of *the present day*. To give them a chance, the weight should be even." And so they should; but as reform should be gradual, I would propose that the weights of Australian horses should be raised one stone for three and four year olds, and 7 lb. for five and six year olds. Even this would leave a large margin in favor of walers; and would certainly not bring *Vanderdecken* or *Rocket* to the level of any English horse that could be sent out to India for £1000. I may add that Mr. Eyke asked me £2,500 for *Saccharometer*, and had that grand horse gone out to India, he would have run third to *Van* and *Rocket*, unless *Nancy* took that place from him—I mean of course carrying 10-7 to their 9-4.

Pray excuse my thus intruding my opinions on you, but I ran my first horse on the Indian Turf in 1846, and have had one or more horses running nearly every year since; my devotion therefore to the good cause will, I trust, plead my excuse.

A BREEDER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIR,—I have often heard it disputed whether a greyhound can run down a full-grown antelope or not, where the conditions are equally favorable to both. If an instance of a greyhound having done so is worthy of notice in your Magazine, I beg to inform you that a bitch of mine, "*Sarah*," a granddaughter of English parents, succeeded in doing so yesterday evening, the 11th instant, at about half past 3 P.M. This occurred when I was on the march between the Chilka Lake and Pooree, in the vicinity of the latter place. The ground here is a vast sandy plain, about three parts covered with grass, and much frequented

by antelope. On the morning of the same day my dogs, three in number, had succeeded in killing a young stray antelope, and it was thus that I was induced to set my dogs at a herd consisting of six or seven does and three or four young ones, in hopes of running down one of the latter. The herd, however, separated, two full grown does taking to the right, after which my dogs went, and the remainder to the left. In what appeared to me to be a very short time, my bitch, after thrice making up on one of the does, succeeded in fixing its fangs and pulling it down. The doe, when hard pressed, took to running like a fox, and hence I was enabled to witness the whole run.

On opening the doe, she was found to be with young (about three months, I should say, judging from the foetus); but this did not appear to me in any way to decrease its speed.

Poorce, 12th April, 1868.

Yours faithfully,
WM.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR SIRS,—A spin after a hyæna this morning reminds me of a run rather out of the usual course of hunting that may amuse the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. A gunner in the Revenue Survey, well known to fame as one of the best spears on this side, went out to test some of the work done by his people. Whilst laying his theodolite carefully on a flag, he was disgusted to see it dropped like a hot potatoe, and the party holding it going off in very good form, as if possessed. He was very soon followed by all the others, yelling and howling "Bagh aya," "Bagh aya." R. A. had ridden out without a spear, and with only a short but decidedly thick oak stick. He very soon saw that it was only a hyæna, but it was not in human nature to let him go. He laid into him and caught him up in about half a mile, when he succeeded in giving him a wipe on the head. The brute half turned and made a dash at the horse's fore-leg, but was promptly stopped by another rap on the head. This running fight appears to have been kept up for some distance, but he was at last brought to bay in a mud hole.

After a time he was got out and killed on foot. Considering the ground ridden over was black soil, and honeycombed as black soil only thoroughly understands how to be, the performance was a good one, the only objection to the whole thing being its cruelty; but as the Parsee says, "I what can do." The beast comes up and asks to be ridden, and must be satisfied with your using whatever you happen to have to kill him with. If you consider this worth insertion, well and good; if you do not you will not surprise,

BHEEL,

Bombay Side.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—In your February number there is a letter from a private breeder protesting against Government stud-bred horses being allowed to compete for the Indian Champion Produce Stakes to be run for on the Calcutta Course in December next, on the grounds that it is impossible for any private individual to compete with an overpowering Government Stud. I also am a private breeder, but cannot agree with your correspondent on this point.

It will be hard to compete with "an overpowering Government Stud," I admit; but I shall be happy to try my chance next December, and only regret that there are not twenty stud-breds entered for that race instead of two.

It is by encouraging large fields to start for these Produce Stakes that horse-breeding in India will be best promoted, and there are so few private breeding establishments in this country, that it would be impolitic in the extreme to narrow the field from which horses could be drawn for this purpose.

One suggestion I would beg to make to the Stewards of the Calcutta Races.

Queen's Plates were given in England originally to encourage horse-breeding, and therefore it was considered advisable to make them free entrances, the only charge being a small registration, &c. This principle I would partially adopt in India. The present Governor-General will not give or recommend Queen's Plates; but the principle of these plates might be extended to Produce Stakes. I would make these races free on some such terms as the following:—The Indian Produce Stakes for all 3 year olds and 4 year olds bred in India. Calcutta weights for age *raised one stone*. Entrance free. All horses declared to start to pay 10 G.Ms., and each horse nominated to pay a registration fee of one G.M., to go to the second horse.

If this plan were adopted, breeders would enter freely, and racing men would have a very large field to select from at the commencement of the training season.

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

F. A. VINCENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR SIRS,—I have read with interest the correspondence in your columns between "Pegasus" on the one part, and "Q. E. D." and "Nestor" on the other part. "Pegasus" appears to be the champion of the walers, but shouts "the wrong way!" as they say in Ireland, as he labours to prove that they are, as racers, so inferior to English horses that the latter can give them three stone as 3 year olds, two stone as 4 year olds, and one stone as aged horses. Perhaps they can; but

"Public Form," the only true guide to such matters, does not endorse this view of the case. "Pegasus," in his different letters, justly argues against the unfairness of altering a weight for class scale, *because one waler, Vanderdecken, had proved himself so superior to all comers*; but it appears to me that Pegasus uses a similar argument in supporting *his* view of the case; which is that because *one* English horse, *Morning Star*, had (to use his own words) "during the last few years proved, by public running, superior to all the best Colonials but one," *therefore* English horses can give walers the allowance decreed by the Calcutta Turf Club. *Morning Star*, when in England, ran under the name of "*Kate Price*," and was certainly, not a higher class animal than *Dr. Swishtail*, *Silver Star*, and *May Fair*, although she *turned out* better in India; and the running of these three horses during the present racing season clearly proves that there are at present many walers in India who could beat the English horses at *even* weights; but I think that fact is now so obvious to all, save those who won't be convinced, that further discussion of this point is, I trust, unnecessary, and I feel convinced that the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club will, before next racing season, raise the weights to be carried by Australian horses at least 12 lb.

CASTOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—The Pangolia or Manis mentioned in your last number by Kunos is the Pangolia, Manis Pentadactyla 241 of Jerdon's Mammals of India. It is by no means rare, though not often caught; they are found all over India, but more generally near the hills. One was brought to me for sale in March. The men who captured it had bored a hole through its tail to secure it with a rope. They fed it with milk and small round balls composed of ghoor, ghee, and atta. I filled a box half full of earth and put the animal in it, placing a lid on the top, kept down by a large stone, having previously removed the string from its tail. About 8 P.M. it managed to wriggle itself out, lifting the lid. However, it was seen before it could get far away, and secured and replaced in its box, with a huge piece of marble more than one man could lift on the lid. Next morning the box, which looked externally all secure as it had been left the night before, was found, to my utter astonishment, to be empty. These extraordinary animals must have immense power in their backs and forelegs to effect such an escape as this. They can cling on to anything by encircling it with their foreclaws, and it is nearly impossible to drag them off. I have seen several of them in different parts of India, but never heard of any lasting very long in confinement. The natives were in great fear of it, at first, thinking from the way it darted out its long tongue that it was poisonous.

I would also like here to mention another fact of Natural History that I have never met with before. There are two leopards (*Felis Pardus*) a male and female, confined in the Zoological gardens of this station. They have lived together for some time in social bliss, but suddenly. The other night the male attacked the female and ripped her up from neck to tail. I mention this as I never before heard of a male of any animal taking such an extraordinary idea into his head. The animal is perfectly quiet and gentle with his keeper and the sweeper, and never attempts to touch them, though he had previously committed breaches of the peace by killing a goat, a female markhar, and a dog, when he was chained to a tree before his rage was finished.

Yours truly,
ZOOLOGIST.

Lahore, April 30th.

EXTRACTS.

THE ARABS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE SULTAN.

The notice of the Royal Arabians led to some very animated correspondence on the merits of the Arabian in the columns of *The Field*, commencing in this wise. Notwithstanding that there is something of a romantic notion still associated with his uses, beauty, and worth, the Arab horse has gone clean out of fashion in this country, and it would be strange if this were otherwise. However much we may owe in the first instance to the Desert steed in the establishment of our own now unequalled breed of horses, it is very clear that we can reap no further advantage from any return to the original strain. From the Arab, Barb, or Turk, we should obtain neither size nor symmetry, speed nor stoutness. What with his loaded shoulders, his short quarters, his thick neck, and his cow hocks, the Arabian will rarely "prove" as a stand-still horse; while, when set going, almost all the public trials ever published have been yet more against him. We have ridden an Irish mare as a hack in Rotten-row that subsequently "lost" a champion Arab in an eight or nine mile match over the sands of Egypt. Such examples might be infinitely multiplied; but it may be sufficient to say that in the conditions of the Goodwood Cup 'pure Barbs, Turkish, or Arabian horses,' are allowed 32lb., and that even then they have never been known to live either the pace or the distance; nevertheless enthusiasts will occasionally crop up, who, looking to the number of weeds, jades, and cripples which are annually exposed on the English turf, consider it would be better to go back to the fountain head for something imbued with more heart and endurance. But in arriving at this conclusion our reformers overlook the fearful ordeal to which the race-horse is submitted. He is backed, tried, and extended, his powers exerted to their utmost before, he is two years old, and by the end of his third year or second season he has done double or treble the work the good old sort ever did in a lifetime. No wonder, then, if he gives way, or if his courage or his limbs fail him! But put the Arabian to the same test, and where would he be? Or nurse and coddle

the thoroughbred until his growth and strength be fully developed, and upon every possible showing would he rank as immeasurably superior to his Eastern ancestry. He would carry more weight, and go at a greater rate; he would last longer, and be a pleasanter horse to ride, as well as a more valuable one to breed from. Put in comparison with a pedigree from *The Stud Book*, the first cross of the pure Arab or Barb is 'absolutely valueless.' The late General Angerstein persevered with it yet farther, but for racing the first cross or the double cross was equally a failure; nor does it appear to have answered for other purposes. An Arabian was used for a season or two upon a drive of Exmoor pony-mares, and the produce was almost unsaleable, though we are quite willing to admit that just a taste of Arabian blood may tell in 'a perfect hack.' There is a certain neatness of frame, and a prettiness about the head, which our own little horses do not often possess; and the Arab, again, can bend his knee and show himself off very stylishly—all points worth looking to.

Captain Upton, the champion of the Arab, took up the argument on the other side, and began by asking how, if he did not get these good qualities from his Eastern ancestors, has our thoroughbred horse obtained his size, symmetry, speed, and stoutness? The very palpable answer to this being, that most animals will gain or lose size and strength according to the climate in which they are bred and reared. However, in his enthusiasm, the gallant captain thus proceeds to describe his model Arab. There is a grandeur, a nobleness, a real beauty in the Arabian not seen in any other animal—a head once seen, not to be forgotten, a countenance and expression almost human; he looks you face to face like a man. When in a state of repose his eye is large, soft in expression, and luminous; when excited, it glows and flashes like the brightest diamond, and indicates great fire and high courage. His mane is as soft, as silky, as fine, as a lady's tresses. Ladies have themselves acknowledged this. Captain Upton has also published a pamphlet with the object of improving the thoroughbred horse on such premises as these:—That our original or first crosses with the Arabian were not often with the best kinds of Eastern horses; that, instead of a cross, we should have carefully commenced by breeding on both sides from the pure Arab; and that as a consequence our horses would have been far superior to what they now are. Still he is not very well up in the actual origin of our breed when he talks in this way:—"If the Byerly Turk were a Turkish horse, and the Godolphin Arabian, as *sometimes* represented, a Barb. . . . The Darley Arabian, there can be little doubt, was a pure-bred Arabian, but whether a Nejed or an Anezeh is *not known*. . . . We know very little of the antecedents of these horses (the Barbs). . . . Abd-el-Kader says, 'I have seen among the Anezeh horses of priceless value.' . . . Palgrave, on the contrary, speaks with great enthusiasm of the Nejed horses. . . . Again, Layard makes mention of the Shammar tribe, who were about him during the excavations at Nineveh, and speaks with the greatest admiration of some of their mares, and of one in particular, belonging to a Sheik, as one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen."

There is surely something amusing in citing Abd-el-Kader and Mr. Layard as authorities on the sort of horse to be crossed with our own! But, after proving by that monstrous fallacy, the time-test, how much superior the direct descendants of the Arabian were to the race-horse of the present day, Captain Upton clinches his argument by reminding us how "the French have been running us hard. They have won a Derby—all honour to them; and the Americans are going in zealously for breeding and racing. Do not let us be beaten at all points, and on our own ground." And how have the French and

Americans been running us hard? By breeding *de novo* from the best and purest Arabians? Not they! If they have been running us hard, it has been with our own blood, and never, perhaps, did a man knock down his own argument so completely as Captain Upton has with the example he thus furnished his opponents.

Still Captain Upton finds plenty of support amongst the readers of *The Field*, and *PHILIPPOS*, in a lengthy, good-tempered epistle, makes reference to our own pages, saying that "the question of the excellence of the Arab blood, as touching its infusion into our English stock in modern times, has often been discussed by able advocates, *pro and con*, and perhaps more especially from 1820 to 1832 in the pages of *The Sporting Magazine*." And again; "*The Sporting Magazine* of 1820 contains a series of papers communicated by Mr. John Lawrence. That on the Arabian horse is by Count Wenceslas Rzewasky, who enumerates the various breeds as kept distinct among the different tribes of Bedouins." Old John Lawrence was not much of an authority on the horse, whatever the Count may have been; but on turning to a volume of *The Sporting Magazine* for 1821, the very first we took up, we came across this curious commentary, which, as the letter is not very long, we give entire:

RACING QUALITIES OF ARAB HORSES.

To the Editor of "*The Sporting Magazine*."

SIR,—We observe in your *Sporting Magazine* for May last, under the head of **BENGAL TURF**, a very erroneous idea regarding the racing qualities of our Arab horses. It has been found by experience that our very best Arabs have no chance whatever against the veriest weeds of your English races. Egremont (bought at Ladbroke's sale), by Gohanna, one of the worst English horses we have had on this turf, could have given a stone to Nimrod, our best Arab; they were both in one stable, and their relative qualifications therefore known. Your readers will not want any further refutation when you give them in your *Sporting Magazine* the enclosed result of our last year's meeting. We can go further, however, and say that, notwithstanding the ill-effects of this climate on breeding, no Arab can go the length of a post with the produce of English horses out of our Arab mares.

Calcutta, November, 1820.

A BENGALER.

These remarks might have been written yesterday, instead of nearly fifty years since, so opposite are they to the question, to another phase of which we are brought by the concluding paragraph. Shifting the ground previously taken, another writer in *The Field*, *IMPECUNIOSUS*, says: "We all know that our racehorses, as far as speed and staying powers go, cannot be improved, and that especially a moderate plater, if he can stand his preparation, will give weight to an Arab, and beat him into fits. But the fault of our horses seems to be that they are but little good excepting as racehorses, from different forms of unsoundness; while the Arab's strong point is that he remains sound to an incredibly late period of life, though knocked about when young, and on harder ground than falls to the lot of any English horse, barring a butcher's hack. Look at our cracks of the present day. Gladiateur himself had a leg; what use would Lecturer be as a hack?—and he is too small for anything else; and, again, who would buy a hunter, much less a hack, with feet like Lord Lyons'? The Arab's strong points, I repeat, are sound legs, feet, wind, and eyes, with good constitution. They are very difficult to screw up. Surely these qualities would be transmitted to their descendants. Size would be arrived at, at latest, in the second generation, and though horses bred so would not be

of much use on Newmarket Heath, they would be sound hunters, hacks, and troopers—animals which are now rarities. I have seen several half-bred Arab hunters, and their logs have always been capital. I believe that the late Mr. Charles Davis' celebrated Hermit was half Arab. I imagine that the people who desire the Arabs are those who have never ridden one." The friends of the Arab had not previously been so ready to admit the *staying* powers of the English racehorse, although with fair-play there can be very little doubt about his possessing such qualities. But then our horses are, it seems, good for nothing but racing. Indeed, did Impecuniosus ever ride a thorough-bred horse with hounds? Did Impecuniosus ever ride a thorough-bred hack? Why, the thorough-bred horse makes the best hunter in the world when his strength has not been over-worked in his youth. He can carry weight, he can go a pace, and has reach at his fences, that it would be idle to look for in an Arabian. Mark how well Admiral Rous puts this: "A hunting-man's definition of a stout horse is a square, well-shaped animal up to 15 stone. This class often corresponds with our speedy T. Y. C. winners, generally on a large scale. I have heard a celebrated Nimrod remark that the stoutest runners he had ever known were thorough-breds notorious for speed, which could not get beyond six furlongs at Newmarket. In following hounds, when the cocktails were galloping they were cantering." But then, says Impecuniosus, our horses are nearly all screwed up. Gladiateur had a leg, and Lecturer is too small for anything but a hack, though he is quite as big as an Arabian. But begin with the Arabian as early as we do with the racehorse, put him in work as a yearling, and let him run as many times as Thormanby, Achievement, Lord Lyons, or Gladiateur, in his second and third years, and would not he be screwed up? No animal in creation does so much hard work before he should ever be put to work as our miserable system of two-year-old racing entails on the thorough-bred horse. It is to this that the admirers of the Arabian, Captain Upton, Impecuniosus, and others, so persistently shut their eyes. Without, though, going back to breed a new sort of thorough-bred, there should be one kind of proof, as suggested by Impecuniosus, easy enough of application. Let him cross half-bred English mares with an Arabian stallion, and show how superior the produce will be as hunters or hacks to that of the same kind of mares put to the English thorough-bred horse. It is surely a hundred to one on the English horse! There may be, of course, exceptions, like The Hermit; although, according to another writer in *The Field*, it is doubtful if his dam, the Trumpeter's mare, really was an Arab after all.

The time-test has, no doubt, led many well-meaning people astray; but whether we turn to Flying Childers and his mile in a minute, to the Arab Galloway Borack with his three miles in four minutes, or to some of the statements published over the very last Derby or two, such argument is little better than child's play. *Ruff's Guide* now very properly declines to give the time of the great races.—*The Sporting Magazine*.

BEFORE.

BY CASTOR.

Surely the Story of the Start has yet to be written; and we have seen it in all its many phases. On country courses in days gone-by, when jockeys, like Thames watermen, started themselves. At Epsom, when they dropped down from the Warren, and the starter said *Go!* one moment, and *No! No!* the next. At Newmarket, when it was worth a pilgrimage to the post to witness one

of those romantic starts for the Cesarewitch—a sight to be seen at Newmarket, and Newmarket only—and one we fancy familiar even to very few there. "Far from the busy haunts of men," and shut out by the Ditch from the veriest glimpse of all the bustle of a racecourse, this is a scene altogether unique in its way, as you watch a field of some thirty horses calmly facing the starter, with scarcely a soul beyond a few labourers from the adjoining fields, who, leaning on their hoes, gaze with smiling faces at the preparations for a Go! "Now then," says Mr. McGeorge, with evidently no anxiety on his mind, "'tis about time you were moving;" and in a minute or two they are gathered together, the flag drops—and they are off! The gangsmen return leisurely to their weeding, the officials look complacently on their fast receding family, while presently the gathering storm culminates in a roar as they are discerned coming through, with the favourite in front. At Goodwood, in the full blaze of high fashion and summer sunshine, have we bid them good speed for the Cup. At Doncaster we have fairly cowered on the Stand as the pitiless storm washed through those silken suits; and at our own next-door Spring Meeting have we ourselves faced the flag for a scurry stake. We have met Sam Chifney an hour or so after the race was won, literally walking-over the Derby course with his horse on his arm in the vain hope of establishing an objection. We have heard that elegant horseman, William Sadler, tell Mr. Tom Hussey, on the home-trained one, to "Start yourself, if you think I want to get the best of you!" And we have witnessed the exchange of courtesies amongst the lads and cads who took the oaths with their seats at some minor metropolitan meeting.

And what shall we say more of that "tulip-bed," as they call it? where the brown colt marches along with all the composure of a seasoned park-horse, and the light chesnut twists round and round in his nervousness like a smartly-spun tee-totum. When the old jockey doesn't seem to care so much about being exactly in the front of the rush; and the young one, whose turn is to come hereafter, knows and heeds of nothing but his orders to get well-off and to go as fast and as far as he can. Often as it may have been attempted, never has such a scene been done so much justice to as by NIMROD, although confessedly himself not much of a racing man; and his famous description fits into our print to a nicety: "Fancy twenty-four three-year-old colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* 'No, no!' cries one jockey, whose horse turned his tail to the others just as the word 'Go' was given. It is sufficient, 'tis no start, 'and *Come back!*' roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chesnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham Corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death!—what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but his temper being known, the false start may have been contrived to *accommodate* him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside location for his worthy master, his Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time; but his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely; but first and foremost his seat in the saddle—

Incorpoed and demi-natured,
With the brave beast—

and his countenance ! 'tis calm, though thoughtful. But he has much to think of : he and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride ! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey for the purpose of displaying her jewel—the horse. And that elegant horseman, Sam Day ; but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight ! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin ! But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour ; and we'll answer for it, his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then, that slim young jockey with the high cheek bones and long neck : surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption. There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear ; he is heart-whole and well ; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again ;* a beautiful start, and still more beautiful sight !"

It would be scarcely possible to pen anything more perfect in its way than this. The extraordinary force with which each jockey's form and character is given in a line or so ; the unaffected easiness of the style, but still the refined art with which the story is interrupted at its very zenith with the sudden and, as it were, involuntary exclamation—"They are off again !" One might be standing by the writer's, or rather speaker's side on the Hill ; although we believe that in point of fact the very Derby Nimrod here affects to describe, in *Dangerous* year, he did not see, as he was then in France. But then he had seen it so often, and knew each actor on the scene so well ! and here of course centres the secret of his strength. The galloping consumption joke smacks more of *The Quarterly* Editor, Lockhart, and the bit of slang from the Hazard table about "backing him out" rather confuses the sentence where it is introduced, to those who do not understand the game. Otherwise, either for the turfite or more general public, there is nothing like it that we know of. But we must not leave the post at Epsom without a word on the starting bell, which summons so many to their "heaven or to hell ;" and amusingly has *THE SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN* "distorted," as he calls it, the familiar passage from *Marmion*—

Slow o'er the mid-day wave it swung,
The Warren dells in answer rung ;
To Ashted lone the echoes rolled,
Her cask the listening bar-maid told ;
The Banstead gipsy raised his head,
But slept ere half a curse he said ;
So far the sound had urged its speed,
The steed sprung up on Ewell Mead,
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,
Listened before, aside, behind,
Then crouch'd him down amongst his kind,
And quaked as though there were a spell
Of terror in that dismal bell !

From this somewhat primitive era, when the starter roared Go ! and then louder still *Come back !* let us try forward another decade or so, and SYLVANUS shall paint us the companion picture :—"Dressed in buckskin breeches—none of your Norway does or West Riding imitations, but in hides of his own stage—with exquisitely-made boots of the true orthodox length, and antique colouring in top ; a buff waistcoat and reddish brown double-breasted coat, ornamented by the button of the Jockey Club ; a quiet beaver, placed neither at a right angle nor yet a left, but in the *just milieu* of gentlemanly taste, on a well-formed head of auburn hair, with large whiskers of the same colour ; a starting-flag in his hand, and followed by eight-and-twenty racehorses, stepping

like a troop of old Franconi's, bearing a tulip-bed aloft—so brilliantly shone the silken jackets of the riders in the sun—the observed of a hundred thousand eyes, Lord George Bentinck, as steward of the races, undertook to start the immense field for the Great Yorkshire Handicap on a plan of his own special invention.

"And I ask if the tall handsome man, so yeomanlike and bravely arrayed, marshalling his squadron of fiery yet subdued steeds to the start, is not more or less symbolical of manhood and English tastes, more picturesque and worthy of a place in our National Gallery, than if his limbs had been cased in the eternal be-satined, be-paletôté, be-tartaned fashion of our day; or his Anglo-Saxon features had been surmounted by a shining silken chapeau?"

"However, whether or no, Lord George beseeemed a gallant gentleman, and as such comforted himself in the performance of his duties as steward of the great race-meeting; and I only wish from my heart that Landseer had had the opportunity of painting his portrait and occupation, to have handed to posterity as a type of an English country gentleman of this our present and not over-prolific age.

"His lordship's plan for starting horses in a race was as simple as effectual, and was carried out in this wise: In the first place, it needed a starter whom the jockeys, instead of daring to disobey, had, as in their feelings towards Lord George, an enthusiastic desire to please; hence he undertook to illustrate his own mode of securing the horses and public from the ever-accruing disappointment of a false start, and, flag in hand, marched in the van of the quivering phalanx, quite unattended, to the starting-place on the noble course of Doncaster, in full view of the tens of thousands regarding him with admiration from the Grand Stand and every part of the ground.

"Hitherto, the functionary who had performed the office of starter, after doing his best, or rather his worst, to get the horses in a line, simply ordered the jockeys to Go! as frequently having to recall them by a distant signal, after they had galloped over three parts of the distance, by reason of some obstinate brute—man or horse—refusing to obey the order, and remaining fresh for the next essay.

"Lord George rectified this very inefficient plan by an *equestrian trigger* of his own invention; *viz.*, the posting of a man with a flag directly in view of all the jockeys—on whom they were ordered to fix their undivided attention, and to go without fail, on pain of a pecuniary fine, on seeing the colour dropped in front.

"The main duty rested with the noble chief in getting the horses in a line, a manœuvre he accomplished by great patience, and occasionally walking them backwards and forwards, till assured on his own part of their being so; when he, standing on their flank—unseen by horse or rider—suddenly lowered his flag, in signal to the man ahead to do the same; when, if the jockeys were disposed to act at all fairly, or a horse was not especially restive, a false start was next to impossible.

"On this occasion—how well I remember it!—the immense field bounded off at the first signal, notwithstanding it was Lord George's first essay, like a charge of veteran Mamelukes. The countless throng cheered the gallant starter with deafening shouts of delight and admiration; and cheered again! as, taking off his hat and bowing in acknowledgment, the handsome fellow mounted his hack and cantered down the course."

Some people go about with their eyes shut; but SYLVANUS was not of these, and there is the true ring of a sportsman in every line he writes. Still the grand effect of all this method he colours so charmingly is not without its ridiculous phase, and it is thus that Mr. Tilbury Nogo gets away upon the

famous Saraband for the Great Hurricane Handicap: "What a business it was to start us! The hairdresser had a good idea of how it ought to be done, and strutted about with his red flag in his hand in a most imposing manner; but the team he had to deal with were obstreperous to a degree, and it would have required a far more practised hand than the man of curling irons to ensure each his fair chance. First, the Vet would get too forward, and had to be cautioned, not to say rebuked: then the farmer's horse dodged right across the pale young gentleman, who stared about him in utter helplessness. In the meantime Saraband backs out of the turmoil, and, standing bolt upright on his hind legs, is with difficulty persuaded to re-enter the undisciplined ranks. When this is accomplished, a fresh disturbance breaks out with the bay. And, just at the moment when we are most hopelessly at sixes and sevens, the hairdresser loses all patience—the flag drops—Saraband bounds forward in the air—my cap flies from my head—every man for himself—the devil take the hindmost—and we are off!"

May we try for a drive again for another twenty years, since Lord George first took the flag in hand, and all the jockeys at the post had "an enthusiastic desire to please." There would seem to be something of a change come over their spirit, but we must borrow this time from ourselves with a scene from the Houghton, and AN HOUR AT THE POST.

"Where will you go now, sir?" asks the old Mr. F. H., with a mock touch of his hat, and a real indifference to the business of the day.

"Well, let us drive down and see the start for this Selling Handicap, over the last half of the Abingdon Mile."

"And we drive down accordingly in good time to witness a tolerably fair sample of what such a scurry really is, if not precisely what it should be. There is a field of nearly twenty for it, with lots of light weights of course, and two or three of the older jockeys to give them countenance—Fordham, in the scarlet jacket of Mr. Thellusson; Challoner, as quiet as usual; and Bullock, humming a nigger melody, on the good-looking game Bolero, who appears to take matters quite as easily as his jockey. Then there is that wonderful lad, Grimshaw, sitting so firmly on Buck, and about to ask him a question? with others of the feathers creeping up, and Adams amongst them on one of Mr. Wyndham's, that Sam Rogers himself owns to hardly being able to hold. The time for 'departure—2.15,' as they say on the line, is just up, and M'George essays to marshal them into something like line. Vain hope that it is! There is one young gentleman who would seem to think it only a duty to keep 'forward,' while the animal ridden by another evinces extraordinary instinct, becoming noticeably restive and fractious if not suffered to be about fifty lengths in advance of her fellows. There is much manifest working of hands and kicking of heels on the part of her jockey, but she will not come to any closer quarters, and so the others, having got into something like a body, proceeded, amidst sundry remonstrances of 'No! No!' to start themselves. The Flower Safety is pretty well home before she is stopped, while Buck, thanks to the rare handling of his rider, comes round in a half circle at pretty well full speed up to the post again. Once more do they gather together, always with the exception of the youth who will be in front, and the fractious filly which behaves so strangely at the starter's orders to 'Come back!' Still some do fall in, and amidst further cries of 'No! No!' off they go again, thoroughly heedless of the starter and his behests. Buck takes another turn; and The Flower Safety, who does not appear by any means to carry out her title, is lost in the distance, as she wends her way to the top of the town. Let us say that this amusement has continued for upwards of half an hour or more, and that a great accession of visitors has gradually joined us at the post, one and all.

seeing that it is next to impossible to get such disorderlies as these off on anything like equal terms. At length down comes the Admiral, and 'Take them back, sir, two hundred yards or more!' is his instant and imperial order to the hapless starter; while his eye next rests on the sagacious but restive filly. 'And you, sir, take your horse to the others, and if I see you this side of the post again I'll fine you five pounds!' Strange, indeed, is the instinct of that noble animal the horse! for, no sooner does the filly hear this threat uttered, than she calmly proceeds to join the rest of the field, and is never again seen past the post until they are off in another false start! Bolero takes it as coolly as usually, and is pulled up by the fine horseman on him in a few strides, and Fordham is not far away; but Buck has another 'once round' to himself, and the glasses are up to see what that is careering in the hazy distance, some two miles on. It is The Flower Safety, of course, and Woolcott rides up to Lord Coventry to say they need not wait any longer for his mare, as he thinks she has had about enough of it; and we think so too! Still there is plenty of time, my good sir, and after another scamper or two The Flower Safety comes trotting back with a bigger lad on her back, and her jockey riding a pony by her side. However, he is definitely ordered off as the Admiral apostrophises the others as 'a something lot of young fools,' and angrily inquires of M'George if he 'ever means to start them.' There is something more in an undertone; and then, 'Give me the flag, sir, let me do it!' But the hapless man lowers his flag instanter, the one in front does the same, and amidst roars of '*No! no!—It's a start!—It's not!—Yes!—No!*' they are off at last—or, at least, some of them, in the most wretched scrambling way, and we hear shouts proclaiming afar that 'the pots' are upset after all, while a kind of telegram comes oozing down that the lad in the dirty white jacket is first, with twenty to one against him. We had rather not echo the bit of recrimination which follows at the post, but we will try and draw some deduction from the fifty odd minutes we have spent here. No man could have fairly started that field of horses until the Admiral came down, for some of the jockeys took no heed whatever of the starter. If these light weights and half-mile spins are to be continued—and here is the great source of all evil—let a steward be always at the post to see fair, but on no pretence whatever to interfere with the duty of the starter any more than he would with that of the judge. Moreover, let the most stringent measures be adopted. Fines are of little use, as they are generally paid by those who order the lads to get 'well off.' The rather let a horse, whose jockey is proved to have taken, or to have attempted to take, an unfair advantage of the others at starting, be as certainly disqualified as if he had crossed or jostled in the race itself. This would spoil the betting on 'pots,' as bets would go with stakes, and so do away with the great incentive for the evil. An offender might thus be ordered away from the post, or objected to when the race was over; while, of course, the chief evidence against him would be that of the starter and the steward in attendance. One thing is very palpable, that the former must be supported and not bullied, or the little lads will only follow the example, and put their tongues in their cheeks and laugh at him. From all we witnessed on that Thursday afternoon, they must 'reform it altogether,' or no man can long hold so thankless an office."

This was written more than three years since, but we see no occasion to alter or blot out one word of it; while we have given here the starts at three different eras at the three great meetings of the world—on Epsom Downs, Doncaster Moor, and Newmarket Heath.—*The Sporting Magazine.*

THE NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

The Biennial came next, and when the telegraph announced eleven runners only; one of whom (Belfast) was not coloured on the cards, some little surprise was created at the absence of St. Angela and St. Ronan, the former of whom was reported to be amiss, whilst the latter is in reserve for the Two Thousand. The meeting of The Earl, Blue Gown, and Suffolk created great interest; but from the fact of Blue Gown having been beaten in his trial, he was not backed in the manner Sir Joseph Hawley's horses generally are when he fancies them; whilst Restitution's exhibition the day before shook the stable confidence in Suffolk. Consequently, the public fastened upon The Earl (although he likewise failed to accomplish the task set him with Silenus a fortnight previously,) and made him a warm favourite, which is not surprising, after the horse was seen to be in such healthy condition, and Fordham up. It looked like old times to see the popular idol in the well known "black and orange" of Mr. Padwick, in which The Earl was ridden; and we may here relieve public curiosity by stating that Lady Elizabeth will be ridden by the same jockey, and in the same colours, in the Derby. The field included a *trio* of *debutants* in Nelusko, Boanerges, and Stamford, and the French stable evidently intended a quietly kept *comp* with the former good-looking son of Monarque, who was backed to win a large stake at 100 to 8 and 10 to 1, although not a soul at Newmarket appeared to know anything about the horse until his number went up! We have Count Lagrange to thank at any rate for a true run race, as the "darkey" jumped off at score, and made the pace so strong, that all the "rubbish" was disposed of at the Bushes, where only Nelusko, The Earl, Blue Gown, and Suffolk were left with a chance. Of this lot, the Frenchman was the first to exhibit the effects of his own exertions, and giving way descending the hill, the issue was left to the other three in the Abingdon Bottom, where Suffolk, after momentarily encouraging the hopes of the Baron and his friends of repeating his autumn victory over The Earl, suddenly collapsed as they breasted the final rise, up which a gallant and well-contested fight took place between The Earl and Blue Gown—a repetition of the struggle between Vauban and Wroughton last year—which resulted in the third successive triumph of Danebury by a neck. Unlike Vauban's victory last year, however, the result of the race had no very important effect upon either the Two Thousand or Derby betting, except to make Lady Elizabeth, who was always 10lb. better than The Earl as a two-year-old, firmer than ever for the "Blue Riband" (4 to 1 being the highest offer against her); whilst 100 to 30 continued to be offered against Rosierucian for the Guineas, albeit 8 to 1 was taken to several hundreds about him for the Derby. On the first flush of victory, 1000 to 30 was taken four times about Blue Gown for the Derby, but afterwards 4000 to 100 was laid; and later on, when, by general consent, it was allowed that The Earl won with more in hand than the closeness of the struggle led casual observers to imagine, ten points more were offered against him in vain; nor did the liberal price of 1000 to 30 find the winner any Derby supporters. The stable won nothing like the stake over The Earl as was supposed, owing to the badness of the price, as Mr. Padwick's commission was under a thousand, in which John Day, who left Danebury the previous evening, just to see The Earl run, stood a "century." Sir Joseph Hawley, we believe, had only £50 on Blue Gown, who will be afforded an opportunity of turning the tables on The Earl—if he can—over the easier Ditch mile, in the Newmarket Stakes, for which event, just ten years since, the same owners, it will be remembered, ran an equally exciting race, which resulted in a dead heat between Eclipse and Beadsman, the sire of Sir Joseph Hawley's present celebrities, who, as all the world knows, afterwards beat his Two Thousand winner (Fitz-Roland) in the Derby.

The First Year of the TENTH NEWMARKET BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies, 8st 6lb; the second received 10 per cent, and the third 5; R. M. (1 Mile 17 yards; 72 subs.)

Mr Padwick's b c The Earl, by Y. Melbourne out of Bay Celia,	
8st 10lb	G. Fordham 1
Sir J. Hawley's b c Blue Gown, 8st 10lb.....	Wells 2
Baron Rothschild's b c Suffolk, 8st 10lb.....	J. Daley 3
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b c Sir David Gam, 8st 10lb	J. Goater 0
Mr W. Harlock's b c Stamford, 8st 10lb.....	Norman 0
Count F. de Lagrange's b c Nélusko, 8st 10lb	J. Grimshaw 0
Mr Merry's b c The Parson, 8st 10lb.....	Morris 0
Mr Payne's ch c Boanerges, 8st 10lb	Challoner 0
Mr E. C. Clayton's b c Lymington, 8st 10lb	Parry 0
Mr Pryor's b c Ritualist, 8st 10lb	T. French 0
Mr Heene's ch c Belfast, 8st 10lb.....	A. Forster 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst The Earl, 100 to 30 agst Suffolk, 4 to 1 agst Blue Gown, 6 to 1 agst The Parson, and 10 to 1 agst Nélusko. They got away at the first attempt, and Nélusko (on the Stand side) jumping off at score, made play at a good pace, attended by The Earl and Lymington, on his whip hand, upsides of whom laid Sir David and The Parson, on the extreme right; whilst prominent in the middle of the course was Blue Gown, head and head with Suffolk, who was in the track of The Earl; the last two being Ritualist and Stamford, the latter of whom was tailed off early. Sir David Gam disappeared from the front after they had run half a mile, and for a short distance The Parson appeared to have the lead; but he was soon done with, and rising the hill to the Bushes, only Nélusko, with The Earl at his side, Blue Gown, and Suffolk were left in the race. At the top of the hill The Earl deprived the Frenchman of the lead, and Suffolk taking his place between the favourite and Sir Joseph Hawley's horse, looked as well as anything into the Abingdon Bottom, where he suddenly compounded, and Blue Gown closing with the favourite, the two soon got rid of Suffolk, and ran a splendid race home, Jack being as good as his master until half way in the cords, when The Earl got the best of it, and won very cleverly at last by a neck. Suffolk finished third, four lengths off, half a length in advance of Nélusko, who was fourth. Then succeeded Ritualist, The Parson, and Lymington, close together, at a wide interval of half a dozen lengths. Behind them were Boanerges and Sir David Gam; the last two being Boreas and Stamford, tailed off.—*Sporting Gazette*.

PUNCHESTOWN MEETING.

The term "princely," applied some time back to this meeting, is to be verified in reality by a visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales; consequently the arrangements have been made in a style quite in character with the auspicious event. In order to give comfort and afford enjoyment to the distinguished visitors, there has been an iron stand, with second and upper-story, erected specially for the Royal party, and upholstered in crimson; the sides of the stand are panelled with plate-glass, and everything has been done that can tend in any way to their pleasure. The present rain (as it pours while I am writing) has put in order the course, which is the best, perhaps, in this or any other country, and is situated four miles from

Sallins, a station 18 miles from Dublin, on the Great Southern and Western Railway. The course has been used for the past quarter of a century, at the commencement of which period there were only two races run for—one 40 sovs., 11st. 7lb. each, three miles; the other 30 sovs., 10st. 7lb. each, same distance. It is two miles and a quarter in circuit, and comprises every description of natural fence, including ten single banks and ditches, some on the taking off side, others the reverse; one double bank of great notoriety into the herd's garden—this is 5ft. high and 5ft. wide on top, with ditches 6ft. wide on each side; one wall 3ft. 6in. high; a brook 9ft. wide, with a post and rail 2½ ft. high on taking off side. Three and a half miles is the greatest distance run over this course. The Conyngham Cup course is four miles; the first round is on an inner circle, then past the stand, and once round the first described course. The Downshire course is much stiffer than either, includes a wall 4½ft. high, and is a hunter's course; the surface, undulating, with a porous subsoil, assists in rendering it good going at all times, and the turf is old and elastic. The stands are placed on an elevated position, command an uninterrupted view of the course, and are capable of accommodating 3,000 persons. This meeting is the same to Ireland as Epsom is to the sister country, creates quite an equal amount of sensation, and is more largely patronized by hunting men than any other meeting in the kingdom. Its present proud position is chiefly due to the interest taken in it by the Marquis of Drogheda. A line of telegraph wire is being put up from Sallins station to the stand. There are five events set for decision on each day, and up to the time of writing there are some of them to close.—*Times*.

SALE OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S RACING STUD.

This sale was held on Saturday afternoon in the saddling-paddock at Ascot, and in the stabling of the adjoining hotel the horses were inspected by a crowd of well known owners and trainers, native and foreign, whom the fame of the stud had attracted to the spot. There was no attempt to make the lots attractive for selling purposes. With the exception of Lord Ronald, Vauban, and one or two of the young ones, all had their winter coats, and few had done any work since the end of last season. Lord Ronald, who had previously led Gomera, Europa, the Roe colt, the Farfalla filly, and one or two others a canter on the heath, was the first lot put up by Mr. E. Tattersall, who introduced the winner of 17 races with an expression of his confident belief that he would win 17 more, and in some prefatory remarks took occasion to observe that, as John Day had won 60,000*l.* for his employers last year in public money alone, racing was not such a bad speculation as some people supposed. Lord Ronald, once entered in a selling plate to be sold for 100*l.*, was put in by M. Cavallero, the Austrian Commissioner, at 1,000 guineas, and was ultimately knocked down to Mr. T. V. Morgan at an advance of 550. He looked the perfect model of a steeple-chaser, as did the next lot, Gomera, also once considered a selling plater, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, with fine action and great speed. Nor did the Duke of Newcastle give too much for her when she fell to his nod for 1,000 guineas. Ceylon, the winner of the Grand Prix in 1866, had a more than doubtful leg, and only realized 240 guineas, but Viridis made some amends by bringing 2,000 guineas, though a thousand less than the Duke gave for her at Newmarket last autumn. This is the mare which has unanimously been selected to

win the Chester Cup since the weights came out, but her appearance to-day was anything but promising. She has not grown or thickened at all, and looked very light.

Vauban, the great money-getter of the last year, beating in this respect both Hermit and Achievement, was the subject of a keen competition between Mr. Pryor and Captain Machell, and the price the latter secured him at; for, it is to be presumed, Mr. Chaplin—3,200 guineas—fairly surprised every one. It is true the horse looked remarkably well, but his very upright pasterns bode so ill for his future career, that his few valuable engagements look anything but certainties for him.

Herald, brother to Vauban, a Derby candidate once figuring in the quotations, though much improved since last year, failed for some time to elicit a bid, and only realized 200 guineas at last. The increasing taste for steeple-chasing was exemplified by the good prices which anything that looked like jumping brought, and the Duke of Hamilton, in Aquila and Painshill, has, we fancy, secured two that will repay him in this favourite sport.

The heavily-engaged 2yr. olds sold well. One of the handsomest, and also the most deeply engaged, a chestnut colt by Trumpeter—The Roe—was bought by Mr. Padwick for 1,050 guineas, and the lengthy colt by the same sire out of Palm fetched 600 guineas. The perfect beauty of the lot was the Farfalla filly, also by Trumpeter—small, but looking every inch a racehorse, with the additional advantage that she appeared fit to run the next day. The Duke of Newcastle bought her for 500 guineas.

We may fairly congratulate the Duke of Beaufort on the result of the sale. The 26 lots realized 15,480 guineas, or over 16,000*l.*, a sum a good deal in excess of what the betting (for people bet on everything) pointed to as the total. There was a very handsome luncheon, and so quickly did Mr. Tattersall get through the work, that the South-Western special was almost unnecessary, and the ordinary train, a little before 5, conveyed us all back to town.

	Guineas.
Lord Ronald, a chestnut horse, by Stockwell—Edith, 6 yrs (Mr. Morgan) ...	1,530
Gomera, a chestnut mare, by Marayas—Palm, 6 yrs (Duke of Newcastle) ...	1,000
Ceylon, a bay horse, by Idle Boy—Pearl, 5 yrs (Sir Reginald Graham) ...	420
Viridia, a bay filly, by Marayas—Maid of Palmyra, 4 yrs (Mr. G. Angell) ...	2,000
Miss Skerratt, a brown filly, by First Lord—Miss Judy Macan, 4 yrs (Mr H. Morris) ...	100
Caucasus, a brown colt, by Muscovite—Figtree, 4 yrs (Mr. Innes) ...	110
Vauban, a brown colt, by Muscovite—Palm, 4 yrs (Captain Machell) ...	3,200
Lady Hester, a bay filly, by Thunderbolt—Lurly, 4 yrs (Mr. P. Price) ...	200
Aquila, a brown colt, by Birdhill—Amalthea, 3 yrs (Duke of Hamilton) ...	430
Painshill, a chestnut colt, by Birdhill—Doglia, 3 yrs (Duke of Hamilton) ...	630
Herald, a bay colt, by Trumpeter—Palm, 3 yrs (Mr. T. V. Turner) ...	200
Pleasure Boat, a bay colt, by Lifeboat—Joviel, 3 yrs (Colonel Carlton) ...	35
Lady Grace, a chestnut filly, by St. Albans—Lurley, 3 yrs (Mr. Stephenson) ...	200
Papillon, a brown filly, by St. Albans—Farfalla, 3 yrs (Mr. Brayley) ...	400
Miesallwh, a bay filly, by Birdhill—The Roe, 3 yrs (Mr. Hodgman) ...	250
Sundial, a brown filly, by Wild Dayrell—Miss Shick, 4 yrs (Mr. Blenkinson) ...	60
A bay filly, by Young Melbourne—Bab at the Bowster, 3 yrs (Mr. Weatherby) ...	520
Europa, a chestnut filly, by Trumpeter—Ionia, 3 yrs (Sir B. Graham) ...	1,000
A bay colt, by Birdhill—Lurley, 2 yrs (Mr. J. Foy) ...	100
A bay colt, by Glenmasson—Fig-tree, 2 yrs (Mr. Hodgman) ...	80
A bay colt, by Trumpeter—Palm, 2 yrs (Mr. J. Denman) ...	600
A chestnut colt, by Trumpeter—the Roe 2 yrs (Mr. Padwick) ...	1,050
A chestnut filly, by Trumpeter—Cachuca, 4 yrs (Mr. W. Day) ...	450
A chestnut colt, by Trumpeter—Farfalla, 2 yrs (Duke of Newcastle) ...	500
A brown filly, by Birdhill—Amalthea, 2 yrs (Mr. H. Morris) ...	155
A chestnut filly, by Birdhill—Doglia, 2 yrs (Mr. W. Day.) ...	250
Total	15,480

RACQUETS.

Subjoined is a list of the matches, double and single, played by the Universities, together with their results:—

Double-handed Matches.

Year.	Winners.	Losers.
1858	Oxford : Dyke and Gundry.	Cambridge : Moorsom and Benthall.
1859	Oxford : Dyke and Gundry.	Cambridge : J. Moorsom and Marshall.
1860	Oxford : Dyke and Monroe.	Cambridge : J. Moorsom and Ainslie.
1861	Cambridge : Ainslie and Sainsbury.	Oxford : R. D. Walker and Kennard.
1862	Cambridge : Ainslie and Sainsbury.	Oxford : R. D. Walker and Kennard.
1863	Oxford : R. D. Walker and Kennard.	Cambridge : Ainslie and H. Plowden.
1864	Oxford : R. D. Walker and Mitchell.	Cambridge : Daniel and Warner.
1865	Cambridge : Rudd and Parker.	Oxford : Reid and Worsley.
1866	Cambridge : Knight-Bruce and Warner.	Oxford : Maitland and Phipps.
1867	Oxford : Reid and Clay.	Cambridge : Parker and Warner.
1868	Cambridge : Warner and Stow.	Oxford : Clay and Kennaway.

Single-handed Matches.

1858	Oxford : Dyke.	Cambridge : J. Moorsom
1859	Oxford : Dyke.	Cambridge : J. Moorsom
1860	Oxford : Dyke.	Cambridge : J. Moorsom
1861	Oxford : R. D. Walker.	Cambridge : Ainslie.
1862	Cambridge : Ainslie.	Oxford : R. D. Walker.
1863	Cambridge : Ainslie.	Oxford : R. D. Walker.
1864	Cambridge : Daniel.	Oxford : R. D. Walker.
1865	Cambridge : Rudd.	Oxford : Reid.
1866	Cambridge : Knight-Bruce.	Oxford : Maitland.
1867	Cambridge : Parker.	Oxford : Reid.
1868	Cambridge : Warner.	Oxford : Clay.

—*Bell's Life.*

ROWING.

University Rowing Matches from their Commencement.

Year.	Place.	Winner.	Time.	Won by
1829	Henley, 2m 2fur	Oxford ...	14min 30sec	many lengths
1836	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	36min	1min
1839	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	31min	1min 45sec
1840	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	29min 30sec	2-3ds of length
1841	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	32min 30sec	1min 4sec
1842	Westminster to Putney	Oxford ...	27min 45sec	13sec
1845	Putney to Mortlake ...	Cambridge	23min 30sec	30sec
1846*	Mortlake to Putney ...	Cambridge	21min 5sec	two lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake ...	Cambridge	22min	many lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	foul	foul
1852	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	21min 36sec	27sec
1854	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	25min 29sec	11 strokes
1856	Mortlake to Putney ...	Cambridge	25min 50sec	half a length
1857	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	22min 50sec	35sec
1858	Putney to Mortlake ...	Cambridge	21min 23sec	22sec
1859	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	24min 30sec	Camb. sank
1860	Putney to Mortlake ...	Cambridge	26min	one length
1861	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	23min 27sec	48sec
1862	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	24min 40sec	30sec
1863	Mortlake to Putney ...	Oxford ...	23min 5sec	42sec
1864	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	21min 48sec	23sec
1865	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	21min 23sec	13sec
1866	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	25min 48sec	15sec
1867	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	23min 22sec	half a length
1868	Putney to Mortlake ...	Oxford ...	21min	six lengths

* This was the first race rowed in outrigger eights.

—*Bell's Life*.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE gardens of the Zoological Society have never possessed so valuable and extensive a collection of animals as at the present time. In many particulars it is unrivalled by any other in the world. It is particularly strong in the large pachyderms—possessing one pair of rhinoceros, a pair of hippopotami, and two pair of elephants, one of the African and another of the Indian species. The number of these gigantic animals has necessitated a very considerable alteration in the arrangements. A new elephant-house is now commenced; this will be arranged in eight compartments, each with its own exercising ground. These compartments will be immediately tenanted by the elephants and the two rhinoceros, which are both of the Indian species, and it is hoped that the other divisions will soon receive a pair of African rhinoceros, whose arrival is shortly expected. The speedy erection of

this new building has been rendered imperative by the extraordinarily rapid growth and increased power of the two young African elephants, who have in play at various times almost demolished the building in which they live; this they have done, not from malice or mischief, but from a mere exuberance of animal spirits. Though much quicker and more active in their movements than the Indian species, they are perfectly docile, obeying readily the voice of the keeper, and carrying visitors about the garden with the greatest safety. It would be not a little singular if the employment of the Indian elephants in the Abyssinian campaign should so far familiarise the natives with the sight of this animal in a domestic and captive state, as to lead them to attempt the domestication of their own species.

Passing from the large pachyderms to the great ruminants, we find the garden possesses two specimens of camels; three giraffes, one from Abyssinia, recently purchased for £400—this is possibly a geographical variety, as it is distinguished by the whiter limbs than the specimens which have been longer known. Among the smaller animals we may notice the great ant-eater, which, unlike his predecessor who was in the garden some years since, is nourished, not on eggs, but by means of meat chopped small, and is progressing vigorously on that diet.

The collection of Phasianidæ is the most complete in the world. Among them may be enumerated the Chinese tragopan, which breeds freely; the purple, black-backed, and white-crested kaleeg; the cheer, and the Siamese, Impeyan's, and Semmering's pheasants; the polyplectron, Pallas's cared, the lineated, Swinhoe's, the versicolor, and Reeves's pheasants.

It may perhaps interest many to know that upwards of £1,000 worth of pheasants were reared in the gardens during the last season. To the notice of those interested in British birds and their migrations, we would commend a nightingale that has lived for several winters in the open aviary to the right of the entrance gate.

Taken altogether, the gardens have never been better worthy of attention than at the present time.—*Field.*

A GOOD DAY WITH THE BLACKMOOR VALE.

ON Friday, the 3rd, the meet was Haydon Lodge. The morning was anything but one for hunting, the sun shining as bright as June on the select few who had the good fortune to meet the hounds. The order was given to draw Gosthill, and a fox was immediately on foot. Press with his pack was quickly on his line, and the fox first made his point for Sherborne Castle, the seat of the late worthy master, G. D. W. Digby, Esq.; but leaving the Castle on the right, onward they raced him to North Wooton Copse, which he passed on his left, and on to near Westhall. Here our fox got headed by a labourer, and turning short back retraced his steps through North Wooton Copse, and at a good pace on to Pinford, taking a straight line to Ven (the seat of Sir W. Meddlecoate), where he was run into in the pleasure grounds after a fine gallop of one hour and twenty minutes. Crackmoor Wood was next drawn, and a fox was soon found (this is always a sure find, thanks to a good preserver). He broke covert at once over the beautiful water meadows, nearly into the town of Sherborne, over the old Sherborne Road to Osborne, which he left on his right. The pace was good, making the dust fly over the dry fallows. Our fox then made for Pointington, where he tried the main earth, but the door was shut. Nothing

daunted, forward again was the cry, to Bradleyhead ; turning to the right and leaving Melborne Wick on our left, on to Melborne Port ; here our fox entered the cottage gardens, the hounds getting a view of him, and scaling a wall, he ascended the roof of a wheeler's shop, the whole pack after him. Thence he jumped on to the tops of the houses, a distance of 20ft., part of the pack still pursuing him, which could not be prevented, owing to the great excitement prevailing amongst the people of the town. This was a scene that will not easily be forgotten ; for ten minutes this fox continued his course from house to house above the crowd of spectators, but finally, taking a last look at them, he bolted down a chimney, when he was soon made piecemeal of by his deserving foes, who were waiting for him below. Three of the hounds were very much hurt, but I am glad to hear they are recovering. Thus ended this capital run of one hour and a half.—*Field*.

THE CROCODILE.

SIR,—In reading "Old Log's" description of the crocodile, I have been tempted to offer, as a note to his most interesting article, a few recollections of what I believe to be one of the sights of Western India—viz., Mugger Peer. Your correspondent mentions two crocodiles having been kept and fed in a tank at Calcutta, where they had lost all fear of man ; also that at Cuttack the crocodiles in the ditch of the old fort were fed by the Faqueers, and had become equally accustomed to the sight of the human form—if indeed a compound of starvation, fanaticism, nakedness, and filth can be called a man.

Returning from India in May, 1861, while at Kurrachee *en route* for Bombay, I went with some friends to see this Mugger Peer. After a drive of some six miles or so from Kurrachee (I write quite from recollection, and regret that I have no memoranda to refresh my memory), we came upon one of the usual Indian villages, with its one street ankle deep in sand and dust, where we left our conveyance under a fine banyan tree. A very short walk brought us to the pond, which was a sheet of greenish, slimy, and most uninviting-looking water, of irregular shape, with little promontories of mud and sand, and miniature bays and creeks overhung by brushwood and palm trees, and mostly filled up with tall reeds. It was somewhere about three acres in extent, and finished at one end in a deep ditch, which in turn almost joined a paved tank, the common bathing place of the village.

The village itself was on the very verge of the pond, and numerous children crawled about within a stone's throw of at least a hundred muggers. Overlooking the tank and pond, on a small rising ground, were the temple and shrine of the holy man—the original founder of this remarkable colony, I suppose. On the opposite side irregular mounds of sand and straggling palm trees faded away into the scorching distance. A couple or so of rupees having insured for us the obedient services of one of the priests, a very few minutes sufficed for the capture, death, and dismemberment, at his hands, of a small goat. There was hardly a sign of life all this time on the slimy surface of the lake, save here and there the three clods of earth (as it were), which to the initiated eye marked the eyebrows and nostrils of a mugger. Shortly, however, at the call of the priest, the whole place seemed alive, and, almost as quickly as I can write it, the shore and immediate vicinity were lined with muggers of all sizes,

arriving in half dozens at a time, and ranging themselves composedly on each other's backs, where it seemed impossible to push to the front rank. The priest then threw small pieces of the meat in all directions, which were eagerly snapped up, often with that remarkable side twist, which is the crocodile's most rapid and dangerous movement.

I confess that for the first few seconds my feelings were not of the most comfortable description, whilst within ten or twelve feet of us lay, or waddled in eager expectation, such an array of these horrid-looking creatures; but, our courage having returned, we experimented upon the power of a mugger some six feet long.

Having fastened a leg of the goat to a stout rope, four of us (perhaps 40st. weight) took good purchase of one end, the baited end being firmly fixed in his powerful jaws. At the first strain of the rope he seemed to give way to us, but in an instant we were gradually, but surely, following him as he backed himself into the water.

On some of the mud banks, basking in the sun, lay larger specimens (one of them held in his half-open jaws the head of a kid in an evidently advanced stage of decomposition), as well as in hot sandholes on the opposite side. Some of these we endeavoured to stir up with our sticks, but without further result than an angry hiss in reply to each jocular dig in the ribs. Besides this curious sight, there are in the neighbourhood hot wells and springs, and warm nooks and crannies, each of which appeared to have its particular occupant.

In the pond and its vicinity we certainly did not see fewer than sixty or seventy muggers, and there were besides many places unexplored by us which might, and probably did, contain each one or more; and it occurred to us that the feeding of all these creatures was a puzzling problem. Their number precluded entertaining the idea that they were fed "by hand," and the nature and limited extent of the pond seemed to place beyond all doubt the non-existence of a "fish diet;" so we seemed, as it were, forced back upon the somewhat unpleasant conjecture suggested by the very close proximity of the village and its "infantry" aforesaid.

In whatever manner accounted for, certain it is at least that their commissariat department is under excellent management, or these dreadful reptiles would soon become the terror and scourge of the neighbourhood.—*Field*.

KELTS AT SEA.—Will you, or any of your correspondents, kindly inform me, *first*, whether kelts are caught at sea? *second*, if so, how far from the rivers, which may be presumed to be their native ones?—**GADFLY.** [We cannot call to mind any special instance within our experience, but we are strongly under the impression that kelts, more or less mended, or salmon in moderate condition, are not unfrequently taken at sea. Salmon have been taken above fifty miles from any river.—**ED., Field.**]

RACING CALENDAR.

RACES PAST.

DEBROOGHUR RACES,—1867-68.

STEWARDS.

MAJOR STEWART.
CAPTAIN HAMILTON, R.A.
W. G. WAGENTRIEB, Esq.
A. D. SMART, Esq.

MAJOR DAVIES.
J. RIDDELL, Esq.
G. G. MCLEOD, Esq.

CAPTAIN HUME, *Secretary*.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*The Nosegay Purse*, value Rs. 500, presented by Messrs. White and Riddell. For all horses owned by residents of Assam. R. C. and a distance.

Entrance 5 G. Ms. to 1st November, 1867; 8 G. Ms. to 1st December, 1867; 10 G. Ms. to 1st January, 1868, when the Race will close. Winners of the season once to carry 7lbs. extra; twice 10lbs.; thrice 14lbs.

Six subscribers.

			st.	lbs.	Rider.
Dr. White's ch. w. g.	...	Shan Van Voekt	9	11	Kaloo Khan ... 1
Mr. McLeod's b. w. g.	...	Yanathan	9	11	Mr. Cruickshank... Dist.

SECOND RACE.—*United Service Stakes*. For all Horses, the property of, and to be ridden by, Officers in Civil and Military employ, including Volunteers of all ranks. 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. Ms. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Catch weights of 10st. and upwards. Horses that have won any purse or plate value over Rs. 400, not allowed to start. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

					Rider.
Dr. White's g. a. h.	...	Arbitrator	Capt. Hamilton ... 1
Mr. Screwdriver's ch. o. b. g.	...	Kangaroo	Mr. Pearl ... Dist.
Mr. Appleby's g. o. g.	...	Friar Tuck	Owner ... Dist.

THIRD RACE.—*Buggy Stakes*. For all *bonâ fide* Buggy Horses. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch weights of 19st. 7lbs. and over. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

					Rider.
Dr. White's g. w. g.	...	Bryan O'Lyons	Mr. Cruickshank ... 1
Capt. Hume's g. w. g.	...	Avallanche	Capt. Hamilton ... 2
Mr. McLeod's r. o. g.	...	Joe Buggins	Capt. Hume ... Dist.

FOURTH RACE.—*A Cup presented by Major Comber*, value Rs. 400. For all Horses. R. C. and a distance. Weight for age and class. Winners of the season once 4lbs. extra; twice 7lbs.; oftener 10lbs. The second Horse to save his stakes. Entrance 5 G. Ms. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

			st.	lbs.	Rider.
Mr. Davidge's ns. b. w. m.	...	Ma Cherd	...	10 4	Guffoor ... 1
Messrs. White and Riddell's bn. w. g.	...	Goldfinder	...	10 4	Kaloo Khan ... 2
Mr. Screwdriver's ch. a. h.	...	Dubious	...	8 0	Yacooob ... Dist.

FIFTH RACE.—For all Ponies under 13½ hands. ½ mile heats. 5 G. Ms. from the fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Weight for inches. 13 hands to carry 9st. 4lbs. for every ½ inch above and below.

				<i>Rider.</i>	
Capt. Hamilton's	<i>Mosquito</i>	...	Guffoor ... 1
Dr. White's	<i>Lang Doolan</i>	...	Mr. Welborne ... 2
Mr. French's	<i>Fuig</i>	...	Kalloo Khan ... 3
Dr. White's	<i>Lancho</i>	...	Mr. Aylmer ... }
Mr. Appleby's	<i>Friar Tuck</i>	...	Mr. Pearl ... } Dist.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—For all Galloways. 10 G. Ms. from the fund. Entrance 2½ G. Ms. Weight for age and inches. Distance ¾ mile. Winners of the season once to carry 7lbs. extra; twice 10 lbs. To close and name on the 2nd February, 1868.

				<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. McLeod's g. c. b. h.	<i>Joseph</i>	...	Kalloo Khan ... 1
Mr. Screwdriver's ch. a. h.	<i>Dubious</i>	...	Guffoor ... 2
Mr. Davidge's br. c. b. h.	<i>Donald</i> 3

Joseph led from the start; the favorite nowhere.

Betting two to one on *Dubious*.

SECOND RACE.—*The Planters' Plate*, value Rs. 1,000. For all Horses. 2 miles. The second Horse to receive Rs. 300 from the Stakes. The third Horse to save his stakes. Entrance 5 G. Ms. 1st December, 1867; 10 G. Ms. 1st January, 1868; 20 G. Ms. 4th February, 1868, when the Race will close. The winner of the Jorehaut Planters' Cup this season to carry 7lbs. extra.

			<i>st. lbs.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. Davidge's ns. b. w. m.	<i>Ma Chere</i> ... 10 4	Guffoor	... 1
Messrs. White and Riddell's br. w. g.	<i>Goldfinder</i> ... 10 0	Mr. Pearl	... 2
Mr. McLeod's b. w. g.	<i>Xanathan</i> ... 9 11	Mr. Cruickshank	... 3
Messrs. White and Riddell's ch. w. g.	<i>Shan Van Tocht</i> ... 9 11	Kalloo Khan	... 4

THIRD RACE.—*The Hockey Stakes*. For all *bonâ fide* Hockey Ponies. Owners up. 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. ½ mile heats without dismounting. To close and name at the Stand before the Race.

Mr. Welborne's	<i>Red Leaf</i> 1
Baboo Shoosaidur's	<i>D. P. W.</i> 2
Mr. Dolby's	<i>Punch</i> 3

FOURTH RACE.—*The Bedouin Stakes*. For all Arabs. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. ¾ mile. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name on the 4th February, 1868.

				<i>Rider.</i>	
Dr. White's g. a. h.	<i>Arbitrator</i>	...	Kalloo Khan ... 1
Mr. Screwdriver's ch. a. h.	<i>Dubious</i>	...	Guffoor ... 2
Mr. Begg's g. a. h.	<i>Al Euschiid</i> 3

FIFTH RACE.—*A Purse of 10 G. Ms.* For all C. B. and Cabini Horses. Weight for value. Horses valued at Rs. 400, 10st. 7lbs. 5lbs. allowed for every Rs. 50 below. ¾ mile. To close and name the day before the Race.

				<i>Rider.</i>	
Mr. McLeod's w. c. b. h.	<i>Joseph</i>	...	Mr. Cruickshank ... 1
Dr. White's b. c. b. h.	<i>Breezy</i>	...	Mr. Welborne ... 2
Mr. Dolby's w. c. b. g.	<i>No Name</i>	...	Owner ... 3
Capt. Hamilton's g. c. h.	<i>Pekoe</i>	...	Owner ... 0
Mr. Sevenoaks's w. c. b. g.	<i>Snowball</i> 0
Mr. Cookeley's g. c. b.	<i>Bombardier</i> 0
Mr. Screwdriver's b. c. b. m.	<i>Brown Bess</i> 0

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*The Assam Turf Club Grand Handicap.* R. C. 25 G. Ms. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Half forfeit. To close on the 6th February, 1868. To declare and name at the Ordinary the day before the Race.

	st.	lbs.	Rider.	
Mr. Davidge' ns. b. w. m.	10	7	Gaffoor	1
Messrs. White and Riddell's b. w. g.	10	0	Kaloo Khan	2
Dr. White's ch. w. g.	Shan Van Vocht	Dist.

SECOND RACE.—For all *bona fide* Factory Horses that have been in regular use in a factory since 1st May, 1867. Winners of any Race above 10 G. Ms. not allowed to start. 8 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Second Horse to save his stakes.

			Rider.	
Mr. Hossack's b. c. b. h.	Mr. Welborne	1
Mr. Wood's g. w. g.	Capt. Hamilton	2
Mr. Sellar's g. c. b. h.	3

THIRD RACE.—*Forced Handicap.* For all winners of any stake or cup value above Rs. 300. Optional to losers. Winners once 5 G. Ms.; twice 10 G. Ms.; oftener 15 G. Ms. 5 G. Ms. extra for all Horses declared to start. R. C. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by noon the day before the Race.

Did not fill. The Stewards having made a "cocked hat" of the handicap, the owners of all the horses mutually agreed not to start.

FOURTH RACE.—For all Ponies under 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands. 5 G. Ms. from the Fund. Catch weights. Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats without dismounting.

			Rider.	
Dr. White's	Kaloo Khan	1
Mr. Dolly's	Yacoub	2
Mr. Welborne's	Owner	3

FIFTH RACE.—Hurdle Race. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. R. C. Over 6 flights of hurdles 4 feet high. Entrance 2 G. Ms. To close and name the day before the Race.

			Rider.	
Dr. White's	Mr. Pearl	1
Captain Hume's	2
Captain Hamilton's	Mr. Welborne	3

The meeting, on the whole, was eminently successful, although the attendance of horses and spectators was not as numerous as was expected, owing to circumstances having prevented the Seebaugor sportsmen being present, which was felt to be a great disappointment, as balls, theatricals, and other amusements had been projected for their special entertainment.

The second class races brought out the best fields, and gave rise to the closest contests ever seen on an Assam course, but owing to the unexpected breakdown at Jorhaut of the two leading horses of the confederate stable, and to the shameful condition in which Yanathan, a *Touchstone* colt was brought out, the great events degenerated into a series of matches between *Ma Chere* and *Goldfinder*, both very second-rate animals.

Athletic games, got up by the Officers of the 42nd N. I., and contested for by the Sepoys of the Garrison, enlivened the intervals between the races. A Ball given by the Benedicts of the station brought to a close one of the gayest weeks ever known in Debroo.

RACES TO COME.

CALCUTTA RACES, 1868-69.

SECOND MEETING.

Shaik Ibrahim's Plate of 50 G. Ms.—For all Maiden Arabs brought to Calcutta between the 1st January and 15th May, 1868, and purchased of, or belonging to, the following Arab dealers, *viz.*, Shaik Ibrahim, Hadjee Mahomed, Esau Bin Curtas. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Entrance 10 G. Ms. $\frac{1}{2}$ forfeit. To close and name the 1st November.

CHAS. HARTLEY,

Secy., Cal. Races.

SEALKOTE RACES.

THE JUMMOO CUP.

To be run at the Sealkote Race Meeting, October, 1868.

A Gold Cup, value 1,800 Rupees, presented by His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir and Junmoo, G. C. S. I. for all horses the *bona-fide* property of Officers of Her Majesty's Service, Civil and Military, residing and stationed in the Punjab. Distance one mile. Calcutta weight for age and class raised one stone. Gentlemen riders. Horses landed in India after the 1st January, 1868, allowed 3lbs., on or after the 1st April, 1868, 5lbs. Three horses, the property of different owners, to start, or the Cup will be withheld.

Entrance.

1st July, 1868	10 Gold Mohurs.
1st August "	20 "
15th October "	30 "

When the race will close with a sweepstakes of 5 Gold Mohurs for all horses declared to start. Entrances to be sent to,

G. JOY, CAPT., 7TH HUSSARS,

Hony. Secy., Sealkote Races.

BANGALORE RACES, 1868.

Revised in consequence of their being no Mysore Races, and a Cup given by the late Maharajah of Mysore.

STEWARDS.

COL. THORNHILL, *Staff Corps.*DR. OER, C. B., *Deputy Inspector.*MAJOR PEARSE, *Mysore Commission.*CAPT. MESHAM, *Staff Corps.*

CAPT. TWISS, R. A.

LIEUT. TURNER, *16th Lancers.*

FIRST DAY.—TUESDAY, 11TH AUGUST, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*Gold Cup*, value Rs. 3,000, presented by the late Maharajah of Mysore. For all Maiden Horses. Weight for age. 2 Miles. Entrance 1st June, 5 G. M., 1st July 10 G. M., when the Race closes. Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for each Horse declared to start. For this Race Australians carry 17 lbs. extra, with no allowance for Mares and Geldings.

SECOND RACE.—*The Omnibus*.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses. Weight for age. 2 miles. Winners once 7 lbs., twice 12 lbs., oftener 1 stone extra. Horses that have not won previous to the meeting allowed 7 lbs. Entrance 200 Rupees H. F. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—*The Welter*.—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses the property of officers stationed at Bangalore. Arabs 10 stone. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. 1½ mile. G. R. Entrance 50 Rupees P. P., with a sweepstakes of Rupees 75 for each horse declared to start. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—*Hack Stakes*—100 Rupees from the Fund. For all Hacks. Arabs 10 stone. ¾ mile. G. R. Entrance 15 Rupees. Winner to be sold for Rupees 500. To close and name the day before the race.

SECOND DAY.—THURSDAY, 13TH AUGUST.

FIRST RACE.—*Bangalore Derby*.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. 1½ miles. Winners once 7 lbs., oftener 10 lbs. extra. Entrance 1st June 50 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start.

SECOND RACE.—*Colonial Maiden*.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all Colonial Maidens. Weight for age. 1½ miles. Winners once 7 lbs., oftener 10 lbs. extra. Entrance 1st June 50 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start.

THIRD RACE.—*Galloway Plate*.—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all Galloways. Weight for age and inches. Previous winners, once 7 lbs. extra; oftener 12 lbs. 1½ mile. Entrance 1st June 50 Rupees, 1st July 75 Rupees. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for a start.

FOURTH RACE.—*Charger Stakes*.—200 Rupees from the Fund. For all Officers' Chargers that have been regularly ridden on Parade for 3 months before the Meeting. Arabs 10 stone. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. ¾ mile. G. R. Entrance Rupees 30. To close and name the day before the race.

THIRD DAY.—SATURDAY, 15TH AUGUST.

FIRST RACE.—*Maiden Arab Stakes*.—500 Rupees from the Fund. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Winners once 7 lbs. extra; oftener

10 lbs. 1½ mile. Entrance 1st June 50 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees. Sweepstakes of Rupees 150 for each horse declared to start.

SECOND RACE.—*Merchants' Purse.*—Value _____ Given by the merchants of Bangalore. Handicap for all horses. 1 mile. Entrance 200 Rupees H. F. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—*Bangalore Stakes.*—500 Rupees from the Fund. Handicap for all maiden horses. 1½ mile. Entrance 1st June 50 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start.

FOURTH RACE.—*Arab Sweepstakes.*—Weight for age. Winners once 7 lbs., oftener 12 lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. 200 Rupees H. F. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

FIFTH RACE.—*Pony Race.*—50 Rupees from the Fund. For all ponies 13-2 and under. Catch weights over 9 stone. R. C. Entrance Rupees 10. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH DAY.—TUESDAY, 18TH AUGUST.

FIRST RACE.—*Grand Stand Stakes.*—600 Rupees from the Fund. Handicap for all horses. 2½ miles. Entrance 200 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.—*Whim Plate.*—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all horses. 1½ miles. Weight for age and inches. Winners of one previous season 5 lbs. extra, of more than one previous season 10 lbs. extra. Entrance 100 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

THIRD RACE.—*Arab Handicap.*—Rupees 500 from the Fund. For all Maiden Arabs 2 miles. Entrance 200 Rupees. H. F. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—*Little Welter.*—300 Rupees from the Fund. For all Arabs the property of Officers stationed at Bangalore. 10. 7. Maidens allowed 7 lbs. 1½ miles. Entrance 50 Rupees. G. R. To close and name the day before the race. Professionals may ride carrying 7 lbs. extra.

FIFTH RACE.—*Hack Stakes.*—75 Rupees from the Fund.—For all hacks. Arabs 10 stone, Australians 11. 7. ¾ miles. G. R. Entrance 15 Rupees. The winner to be sold for Rupees 400. Winner of the Hack Stakes on the 1st day excluded. To close and name the day before the race.

FIFTH DAY.—THURSDAY, 20TH AUGUST.

FIRST RACE.—*Hurdle Race.*—250 Rupees from the Fund. Arabs 10. 7. Australians 11. 7. Maidens allowed 7lb. Round the Course and a distance. G. R. Over 5 Hurdles. Entrance 50 Rupees. To close and name the day before the race.

SECOND RACE.—“*Purse of Rupees 500.*”—Presented by Ally Askar. For all Maiden Arabs purchased from his stable from the horses imported by him this year. Weight for age. Winners once 7 lb., oftener 12 lbs. extra. 1½ miles. Entrance 1st June 50 Rupees, 1st July 100 Rupees, when the race closes. Sweepstakes of Rupees 150 for each horse declared to start. Three horses, the property of different owners, to start, or the Purse will be withheld.

THIRD RACE.—*Winning Handicap.*—300 Rupees from the Fund. Forced for winners, optional to losers. For all horses that have started during the meeting. 2 miles. 50 Rupees for each race won. Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 for each horse declared to start. To close and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—*Consolation Purse.*—300 Rupees from the Fund. Handicap for all horses that have started during the meeting and not won. 1½ mile. Sweepstakes of Rupees 75 for each horse declared to start. To close and name the day before the race.

FIFTH RACE.—*Ladies' Race.*—Terms to be made the day before the race.

RULES.

1. The decision of the Stewards is final.
2. W. I. T. C. Rules (as in force at present), local rules excepted.
3. Winners of Whim Plate, Welters, Garrison Stakes, Hurdle and Hack Stakes not forced for Winner's Handicap.
4. Winners of all Lotteries to pay 5 per cent. to the Fund.
5. If there is a deficiency of public money, a percentage to be deducted.
6. All communications to be addressed to "Major E. B. Ramsay," Bangalore.

E. B. RAMSAY,

Secretary.

CEYLON TURF CLUB. COLOMBO RACES,—1868.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 5TH SEPTEMBER, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—*The Trial Stakes* of 8 sovereigns each, h. ft. if entered by the 31st July, and 12 sovereigns h. ft. if not entered until the 14th August, when the Race will close at noon. £50 added for all Horses that have never won a Race in Ceylon or India. Weight for age and class. 1 Mile.

SECOND RACE.—*The Arab Derby* of 5 sovereigns each, £25 added, for all Arabs. Maidens in Ceylon or India allowed 5 lbs. To close on 14th August, and name on 21st August. Weight for age. 1½ Mile.

THIRD RACE.—*The Crusaders' Challenge Cup.** A piece of plate value 100 sovereigns, presented by "The Crusaders," to be run for every year in Colombo, and to be won three years for permanent possession. Open to all horses. Weight for age and class. Winners since the 1st May of the current year 5 lbs. extra, twice 9 lbs. extra, oftener 12 lbs. extra. Winners of a Race of the value of 100 sovereigns in previous seasons 7lb. extra. Penalties to be cumulative. *Bona fide* maidens and horses that have been in Ceylon for 12 months previous to date of race, without leaving the island, and the property of residents, allowed 7 lbs. Entrance for Horses named 1st August £10, and on 1st September, when the Race will close at noon, £15, together with a Sweepstakes of £10 for each Horse declared to start the day before the meeting. Three horses from *bona fide* separate stables to start, or the Cup will be withheld, and any year when the Race does not fill, the Cup to go back to the Donors.

One mile and a half, gentlemen riders, but weight for age and class not to be raised 7 lbs. Except as above stated, the Race to be run under the Ceylon Turf Club Rules of 1867.

FOURTH RACE.—*Pony Race* for all ponies 13 hands and under. Entrance 5s. if made by noon of the day of the Race, and 10s. at the Post, with £3 added. Catch weights. ¼ mile heats without dismounting.

* THE CRUSADER'S CUP to be won three times for permanent possession, but not necessarily three years in succession.

SECOND DAY, 7TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Colombo Stakes*, 10 sovereigns each; ft., with £50 added; to close on 14th August, and name or declare forfeit on 21st August. Weight for age and class. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

SECOND RACE.—*The Turf Club Plate* of £100 for all horses *bona fide* the property of Members of the Ceylon Turf Club. Entrance 10 sovereigns, h. ft. if made by 31st July, 20 sovereigns h. ft. if not made until 14th August, when the Race will close. To name or declare forfeit on 21st August. Winners once during the meeting to carry 4 lbs., twice or more 7 lbs. extra. If six horses enter, the second horse to take half the entrance money; if less, to save his stake. Weight for age and class. 2 miles.

THIRD RACE.—*The Military Stakes* of £50. Entrance 5 sovereigns. Weight for age and class. Gentlemen riders. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*Scurry* of 10s. each, with 5 sovereigns added. Entries to be made at 7 A. M. on 3rd September on the Course. Post entries double. Catch weights. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats without dismounting. Gentlemen riders.

THIRD DAY, 9TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Merchants' Cup*.

SECOND RACE.—*Handicap* for 2nd Class Horses, a Sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each, with £5 added, 3 sovereigns, h. ft. A mile and a quarter. Gentlemen riders. Entries to be made on the 8th September.

THIRD RACE.—*Handicap* for 1st Class Horses, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 50 added, 8 sovereigns h. ft. A mile and a half. Entries to be made on the 8th September.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Selling Stakes* of 20 sovereigns. Entrance 3 sovereigns. Entries to be made on the 8th September. The Winner to be sold by public auction immediately after the Race. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

WEIGHT FOR PRICE OF HORSE.

£200 to carry	12st.
160 do	11st. 7lb.
120 do	11st.
100 do	10st. 7lb.
80 do	10st.
60 do	9st. 7lb.
50 do	9st. 3lb.
40 do	8st. 13lb.
30 do	8st. 7lb.

FOURTH DAY, 11TH SEPTEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*Weight for Class*. The winner of a previous Race during the meeting to carry 3 lbs. extra. of any race of the value of £100, and one other Race 6 lbs. extra of any such £100 race, and two other races, or three other races in all, 10 lbs. extra. A horse that has run in two Races, and won none, allowed 3 lbs. Second horse to save his stake. Entrance 10 sovereigns, h. ft., with 30 sovereigns added; to close on the 14th August; name and declare forfeit by noon, 31st August. One mile. This race to be run under the Turf Club Rules of 1866.

SECOND RACE.—*The Ladies' Purse* of 40 sovereigns. Handicap open to all horses. Entrance £2. Bonnet Race. Gentlemen riders. Entrances to go to 2nd horse, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrances to be made on or before noon on Thursday, the 3rd September, when the race will close.

Horses running in this Race are eligible for the Forced Handicap and Consolation Stakes.

THIRD RACE.—*The Forced Handicap.*—Forced for all winners, and open to all horses that have run during the meeting. Entrance, winners 8 per cent. on gross winnings. Losers 2 per cent. on the gross amount of added money they ran for. 1½ mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*Consolation Stakes.*—Handicap for beaten horses. Entrance 3 sovereigns, with 20 sovereigns added. Gentlemen riders. 1 mile.

RULES.

1. Ceylon Turf Club Rules to be strictly adhered to, except when otherwise provided for.

2. All Races, except otherwise provided for, to close and name on 14th August.

3. All Races to close and name at *noon* on the day fixed, by which hour all entrances, declarations, &c., must be in the hands of the Secretary.

4. Racing to commence punctually each day at 4-15 P. M. First Saddling Bell at 3-45 P. M.

5. Should there be any deficiency in the public money, a percentage will be deducted from *each* Race.

6. In all Selling Races, half the surplus to go to the Fund, and half to the owner of the second Horse.

7. Horses to be measured and aged by the Stewards at the Race Stand at 7 A. M. on 3rd September.

8. Three Horses, the property of *bona fide* different stables, to be entered, or no public money will be added, except in the Arab Derby.

9. The Stewards will class the Horses in the 1st and 2nd class Handicaps.

10. All winners of Races *£50* or upwards to give one dozen of Champagne; of *£100* or upwards, to give two dozens of Champagne.

11. European professional Jockeys, when riding against Gentlemen, to carry 7lbs. extra.

12. The weights for the Forced Handicap and Consolation Stakes will be published the day previous to those Races, and entrances for losing horses in the Forced Handicap and for the Consolation Stakes to be made at noon on the day of the Race.

13. Ladies, Members of the Turf Club and Subscribers to the Races of *£5*, only admitted free to the Stand.

14. Entrance to the Stand, *Rs. 3* each day. All carriages remaining on the Course *Rs. 3* each day, except those then actually in the use of Members of the Turf Club, or Subscribers of *£5*.

15. Owners of Horses entered for Races, the Stake of which exceeds *£15* of public money (not being Members of the Turf Club), to subscribe *£5*; for Races of *£15* to subscribe *£3*, and under *£15* to subscribe *£1* to the Race Fund.

16. Every Horse shall pay to the Fund a fee of *10s.* for each Race (except the Pony Race and Scurry) for which he may be entered. Such fee to be paid at time of entry.

17. The decision of the Stewards to be final in all cases.

ALEX. CROWDER CROOKSHANK,

Colombo, 16th January, 1869.

Honorary Secretary.

VIZIANAGRAM RACES,—1868.

STEWARDS.

GENERAL BABINGTON.
J. MINCHIN, ESQ., C. S.

LIEUT.-COL. BRADLEY, M. S. C.
MAJOR HARRINGTON, 33RD REGT. N. I.

CAPTAIN F. W. DOBREE, D. A. Q. M. G.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 3RD NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Derby.*—Rupees 600 from His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I., for all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Rupees 30 entrance on or before 1st October, and Rupees 60 entrance before 1st November, when the race will close, with a sweepstakes of Rupees 50 for all horses declared to start. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

SECOND RACE.—*The St. Leger.*—For all maidens (Arabs excepted). Rupees 600 from His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I. Weight for age. Rupees 30 entrance before 1st October, and Rupees 60 before 1st November, when the race will close, with a sweepstakes of Rupees 50 for all horses declared to start. Distance 1 mile.

THIRD RACE.—*The Sooriah Family Purse* of Rupees 700, presented by G. L. Nursing Rao, Esq., with a Sweepstakes of Rupees 50, for all horses. Arabs 9 stone. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*Hack Stakes.*—Rupees 100 from A. V. Nursing Rao, Esq. Entrance Rupees 10. Winner to be sold for Rupees 450, if claimed. Catch weights above 10 stone. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Maharajah of Vizianagram's Cup*, a piece of plate, together with Rupees 500 in specie, presented by His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I., for all horses. Weight for age. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance on or before 1st September Rupees 50, before 1st October Rupees 100, before 1st November Rupees 200, with a sweepstakes of Rupees 50 for each horse declared to start.

If there are six entries and three starters, the second horse to receive Rupees 250 from the stakes.

SECOND RACE.—*The Oriental Stakes.* Rupees 300 from His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I., for all Arab and Country-bred horses. Entrance Rupees 20. Arabs to carry 9 stone. Distance $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

THIRD RACE.—*The Vizianagram Purse.*—Rupees 400 from His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I., for all horses. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 8 stone 7lbs., 4lbs. added for every inch above. Entrance Rupees 30. Distance 1 mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*Pony Plate.*—Rupees 50 for all Ponies 13 hands and under. Catch weights. Entrance Rupees 5. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats without dismounting.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 7TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Great Northern Challenge Stakes.*—Rupees 800 from the Fund, for all horses. Weight for age. Winners of the meeting once 5lbs. extra, oftener 10lbs. extra. Entrance on or before 1st September Rupees 50,

before 1st October Rupees 100, when the race will close, with a sweepstakes of Rupees 50 for all horses declared to start. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

SECOND RACE.—*The Welter*.—Rupees 300 for all horses the property of Officers in the Northern District. Entrance Rupees 20. Arabs 10 stone. Gentlemen riders. To close and name the first day of the meeting. Distance 1 mile.

THIRD RACE.—*The Koomar Maharajah's Purse*.—Rupees 300 from His Highness the Koomar Maharajah of Vizianagram for all Arabs and Country-bred horses. Entrance Rupees 20. Weight for age. Winner of the Derby or Oriental Stakes 7lbs., of both 10lbs. extra. Distance 1 mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*Hack Race*.—Rupees 100 from the Fund for all horses. Catch weight above 10 stone. The Winner to be sold for Rupees 350; previous winners debarred. Distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 10TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Vizianagram Handicap*.—Rupees 400 from His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I., for all horses that have started during the meeting, forced for Winners at Rs. 25 for each race won, optional to losers at Rs. 25, with a sweepstakes of Rupees 25 for each horse accepting. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

SECOND RACE.—*The Vizagapatam Handicap*, Rupees 400 for all horses that have started during the meeting, forced for Winners at Rupees 25 for each race won, optional to losers at Rupees 25, with a sweepstakes of Rupees 25 for each horse accepting. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

All horses that have won any race during the meeting (4th Race each day excepted) will be classified by the Stewards and entered for one of the above.

THIRD RACE.—*The Beaten Handicap*.—Rupees 300 from His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I., for all horses that have not won during the meeting. Entrance Rupees 20. Distance 1 mile.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Scramble*.—Rupees 75 for Burghers and Troopers of His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I. Catch weights. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats without dismounting.

RULES.

1. Country-bred 7lbs., Cape 10lbs., Australian 14lbs., English 23lbs. extra.
2. The Western India Turf Club Rules in force, local rules excepted.
3. Decision of Stewards final.
4. In all other than Maiden Races, Maidens allowed 5lbs.
5. Owners entering horses (except for Selling Pony and Hack Stakes) to subscribe Rupees 50, and in Confederacies each member to pay individually.
6. Geldings and Mares allowed 3lbs. in all races.
7. Half added money to be given for a walk-over.
8. A rateable deduction will be made from the amount added, should the subscriptions fall short of the amount advertised.
9. With the exceptions named above, all declarations of starting and entrances to be sent to the Secretary, so as to reach him at the race stand by noon the day before the race, at which hour they will be opened by him in the presence of a Steward.

F. W. DOBREE, Capt.,

Honorary Secretary.

MOZUFFERPORE RACES,—1869.

STEWARDS.

R. P. JENKINS, Esq.
HORACE COCKERELL, Esq.

M. J. WILSON, Esq.
W. H. URQUHART, Esq.

FREDERICK COLLINGRIDGE, Esq.,

Honorary Secretary.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 12TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.—*Trial Stakes.*—For all Horses. Weight for age and class raised 21lbs. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Distance 1 mile. 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. Entrance 15th October 2 G. Ms., 1st December 3 G. Ms., with 2 G. Ms. for a start. Winner to be sold for Rs. 1,500.

SECOND RACE.—*A Purse* of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Maidens. Weight for age and class. Distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Subscription, 15th October, 2 G. Ms., 1st December 3 G. Ms. for a start.

THIRD RACE.—*Hack Purse*, Rs. 100 from the Fund. For Maiden Hacks. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. G. R. Weight for age and class, with 2st. added. Entrance Rs. 20. Winner to be sold for Rs. 700.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Pony Stakes.* For all Ponies 13 hands 2 inches and under. 2 G. Ms. 13 hands to carry 10st. 3lbs. extra for every half inch above that height, and 5lbs. allowed for every half inch below it. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Rs. 50 from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats without dismounting.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 14TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.—*A Purse* of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. For Maiden Country-bred and Arab Horses. Weight for age and class. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Subscriptions, &c., same as second race, first day.

SECOND RACE.—*Selling Stakes.* 12 G. Ms. from the Fund. Horses valued at Rs. 700 to carry 10st. 3lbs. off and on for every Rs. 100 lowered or added. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 2 G. Ms.

THIRD RACE.—*The Planter's Purse*, value Rs. —For all Horses. Added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. Ms. each. H. F. Weight for age and class, with 2st. added. G. R. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Forfeit to be declared at the Ordinary the day before the race. Winner of the meeting once 3lbs., twice or oftener 5lbs. extra. Three horses to start on *bona fide* separate interests, or the Purse will be withheld. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Subscriptions same as second race, first day. Winner to be sold for Rs. 1,500.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Galloway Stakes* of 3 G. Ms. each, with 15 G. Ms. added. For all Galloways. Weight for age and inches. Top weight 11st. Maidens allowed 10lbs. 1 mile. Subscription, 15th October, 2 G. Ms.; 1st. December 3 G. Ms.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 16TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.—*The Drawing-Room Purse*, 15 G. Ms. For Government Stud-bred Horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Winner of first race, second day, to carry 3lbs. extra. 1 mile. Entrance 3 G. Ms. H. F. To close on 1st December, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the race.

SECOND RACE.—*The Mozufferpore Cup*, the gift of Baboo Chimun Lall Chowdry. Handicap for all horses. Entrance 5 G. Ms. 2 G. Ms. forfeit for non-acceptance. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close 1st December, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the race. Three horses to start on *bona fide* separate interests, or the Baboo's Cup will be withheld. Winner to be sold for Rs. 1,500.

THIRD RACE.—*The Melbourne Sweepstakes* of 3 G. Ms. each, with 25 G. Ms. added, for all Colonial Horses landed between 1st October 1867 and 1st March 1868. Weight for age raised 21lbs. Maidens allowed 10lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close 1st July, and name the day before the race.

FOURTH RACE.—*Selling Stakes*, of 2 G. Ms. each, with 10 G. Ms. added. For all Horses. 1 mile. Horses valued at Rs. 700 to carry 10st., with 5lbs. on and 4lbs. off for every 100 added or lowered.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 19TH JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.—*The Civilians' Cup*. Handicap for all Horses. 5 G. Ms. Entrance. H. F. To close the day before the meeting, and declare forfeit at the Ordinary before the race. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Three horses to start on *bona fide* separate interests, or the Cup will be withheld.

SECOND RACE.—*The Welter Handicap*, a Purse of 15 G. Ms. For all Horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Entrance 3 G. Ms. H. F. To close the day before the meeting. Handicap to be declared on third day. Top weight not to exceed 12st. Winner to be sold for Rs. 1,500.

THIRD RACE.—*The Mozufferpore Stakes*. Rs. 100 from the Fund. For all horses. Horses valued at Rs. 700 to carry weight for age and class, with 2lbs. added. Open to horses at any price, putting up and taking off 3lbs. for each Rs. 100 above or below that selling price. Entrance 2 G. Ms. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

FOURTH RACE.—Rs. 100 from the Fund, for all *bona fide* Cabuls. Catch weights above 11lbs. G. R. R. G. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. Winner to be sold for Rs. 450.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, 21st JANUARY.

FIRST RACE.—*Forced Handicap*. For all winners, except Galloways, Hacks, and Ponies. 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. Winners once forced 2 G. Ms., twice 3 G. Ms., thrice or oftener 5 G. Ms. Optional to other horses that have run during the meeting. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Penalty for non-acceptance 1 G. M. Entrance of optional horses to be made on the fourth day. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

SECOND RACE.—*Free Handicap*. Purse of 10 G. Ms. from the Fund. For all Horses that have started for, but not won, a race during the meeting. Entrance for those accepting 2 G. Ms. R. C.

THIRD RACE.—*Free Handicap*. For all Horses that have started for any Hack Race during the meeting. Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance for those accepting Rs. 20. 1 mile. Lowest weight to be 9st. Open to those horses only who have run in the third race, first day, fourth race, fourth day, or any additional Hack. Purse given from the Fund.

FOURTH RACE.—*Free Handicap*. For all Galloways and Ponies that have started during the meeting. Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance for those accepting Rs. 20. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

N. B.—All nominations and communications connected with the Mozufferpore Races to be addressed to

G. DENIS, Esq.,
Secretary pro tem.,
Mozufferpore.

RULES.

1. All disputes to be decided by the Stewards, or whomsoever they may appoint, and such decision to be final.
2. The Handicaps to be made by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint.
3. In all Races (except Weight for Price, Selling Stakes, and Handicap) mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.
4. In the event of a walk-over for Purses given from the Race Fund, only half the Purse will be given. No horse allowed to walk-over more than once for public money, but this limit does not extend to Entrances.
5. If three or more horses start from *bona fide* different stables, the second to save his stakes.
6. The Stewards have the power of making up new races with any surplus fund acquired from walks-over, &c.
7. No horse can start for a race unless his owner has paid his Entrance and Subscriptions.
8. The winner of each Selling Race will, if claimed, be put up to Public Auction at the weighing stand enclosure after the race, and then sold to the highest bidder above the selling price; any surplus to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the Fund.
9. All nominations, not otherwise provided for, to be sent to the Secretary by 2 o'clock the day before the race. The Entrance Money to be sent the day before each day's race.
10. Every winner of a Lottery to pay ten Rupees to the Race Fund.
11. Winners of all races to pay eight Rupees course fees for each race.
12. All horses regularly trained on this course to pay eight Rupees to the Fund.
13. If by the 1st December, 1868, there are not three Entrances from *bona fide* different stables for the races that close on that day, the Stewards reserve to themselves the power to alter the terms of such races as have not filled in any way they may think proper.
14. In Hack or Pony Races over-weight need not be declared.
15. Declaration as to starting, *i. e.*, whether each horse will start or not, to be made in writing to the Secretary, if required, at the Ordinary before the race. Any one neglecting to do this at the time appointed shall not be permitted to start horses for the race. In races, however, where the Entrances remain open till the day before the race, such Entrances shall be deemed a declaration of starting, unless the contrary shall be specified in writing to the Secretary at or before the Ordinary.
16. Every horse to be saddled and on the course within five minutes' sounding of the second bell or bugle. Owners neglecting this rule, do so at the risk of their horses being left behind.
17. All owners of horses to pay 5 G. Ms. to the Fund. Galloways and Hacks 2 G. Ms.
18. All riders to wear colours.
19. Winners of the season once to carry 3lbs., twice 5lbs., thrice or oftener 7lbs. extra.
20. No professional Jockey or Stable-keeper allowed to take tickets in the Lotteries.
21. In all other matters the rules of the Calcutta Turf Club to be in force.

By order of the Stewards.

FREDERICK COLLINGRIDGE,
Honorary Secretary.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1868.

Vicitrix fortunæ sapientia.—*Juvenal.*

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CALCUTTA:

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1868.

To our Subscribers.

ALL communications for the Editors, *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, to be addressed to the Editors, *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, care of COLONEL M. TURNBULL, ALLIPORE, CALCUTTA.

All payments to be made to the same gentleman, drafts being forwarded in registered letters.

Subscriptions and other payments will be acknowledged in the number of the Magazine next published after they have been received.

Subscribers are particularly requested to give early notice to the Editors of any change in their addresses, as also to intimate to them, immediately, any delay or default in the delivery of their numbers of the Magazine.

I hereby authorize W. Apperley, Esq., to sign all receipts and cheques for the Proprietors of the "*Oriental Sporting Magazine*."

CALCUTTA, }
The 27th April, 1868. }

M. TURNBULL.

The first number of the "Oriental Sporting Magazine" (New Series) has been re-printed, and copies are available. The second and third numbers are in the press, and will shortly be ready.

During the absence of Colonel Turnbull from Calcutta, communications may be addressed as usual, as arrangements have been made for their disposal.

To Advertisers.

THE large circulation of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* with Messrs and Book Clubs, and the frequency of its issue, viz., TWELVE times a year, give it peculiar advantages for all advertisements, but especially those of a permanent character.

All advertisements should be forwarded to the Manager, Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited, 5, Council House Street. The Magazine is issued punctually on the 15th of every month, and advertisements for any particular number should be sent to the Press on or before the 12th of each month.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*We beg to acknowledge the Subscriptions received from the following
Gentlemen since the publication of the last Number :—*

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
Beckett, G. M., Esq.	... Eta, N. W. P.
Bignell, R., Esq.	... Balasore, Orissa.
Caird, W., Dr., 12th N. I.	... Jubbulpore.
Cumming, W., Esq.	... Muttrapore, Bengal,
Dobbs, A. F., Lieut.	... Gulburgat, Deccan.
Drummond, W. L. P., Captain, 17th B. C.	... Barrackpore.
Graham, G. F., Capt., A.D.C.	... Calcutta.
Hay & Co., G. C., Messrs.	... Calcutta.
Hebbert, W. S., Lieut., DD, R. H. A.	... Secunderabad.
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James, T., Colonel	... Calcutta.
Lyall, R. A., Esq.	... Calcutta.
Maharajah of Vizianagram, H.H. the, K.C.S.I.	Fort, Vizianagram.
Maharajah of Burdwan, H. H. the	... Palace, Burdwan.
Marquis, J., Lieut.-Col., 17th N. I.	... Delhie.
Minchin, C. C., Major, Pol. Agent	... Bhawulpore.
Morris, G. G., Esq.	... Barisaul.
Secretary, Hong-Kong Club	... Hong-Kong, China.
—, Book Club, 1st Goorkhas	... Dhurmsala.
Stokes, A., Esq.	... Jamalpore.
Turner, W., Brigr.-Genl. Sir, K.C.S.I., C.B.	... Saugor.

*A list of Additional Subscribers to the "Oriental Sporting Magazine"
since the issue of our last.*

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
Bourke, E. B., Esq.	. . Colombo, Ceylon.
Caird, W. E., Dr., 12th Native Infantry	. . Jubbulpore.
Dicken, C. S., Esq.	. . Springsure, Australia.
FitzHerbert, W. H. M., Lieutenant	. . 3rd Bn. Rifle Brigade, Seetapore.
Hawthorn, R., Captain, R.E.	. . Kandy, U. S. Library, Kandy, Ceylon.
Hood, Alexander, Esq.	. . Dimboola, Ceylon.
Kelman, John, Esq.	. . Meteor Downs, Australia.
Lambert, C., Captain, Police Magistrate	. . Clermont, ditto.
Lyall, Robert, Esq.	. . 65, Clive Street, Calcutta.
Marquis, J., Lieut.-Col., 17th N. I.	. . Delhie.
McHenry, Captain	. . Arthur Downs, Australia.
O'Connell, Maurice, The Hon'ble	. . Brisbane, ditto.
Pring, Batcliffe, The Hon'ble	. . Ditto, ditto.
Secretary, Akyab Club	. . Akyab.
_____ of the Australian Club	. . Sydney, ditto.
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THE
Oriental Sporting Magazine.

VOL. I.]

JULY 15, 1868.

[No. 7.]

THE GOVERNMENT STUDS.

SINCE our last remarks on this important question were penned, several additional communications have appeared in the Magazine, and we trust that general attention has been drawn to the subject. We are sorry that the Stud Officers, or their representatives, have not contributed their valuable remarks so freely as they might have done, as it appears that they do not admit the correctness of the basis on which so many suggestions have been founded. We trust that they will think better of this, as our only object is public advantage, which is only to be attained by fully hearing, not merely both, but *all* sides of a question regarding which there is so much to be said. In the meantime we request attention to one of our extracts, being a letter lately addressed to the Calcutta *Englishman*, and which evidently issued from the Stud Department.

Adhering to the intentions stated in our March number, we do not propose to enter into the *pros* and *cons* ourselves, but to direct attention to the chief points for consideration.

It will be observed that several of our correspondents make different suggestions with a view to improve the breed of horses, on the ground that the breed has much deteriorated of late years and the horses are unfit for Government purposes. Some say that they are good enough for Cavalry, but not for the Artillery, and some that they are not good enough for either; and on this point of present unfitness for all Government purposes, almost all our correspondents are more or less agreed. On the other hand, the Stud Officers, we understand, deny the premises altogether, saying the breed has not deteriorated at all, and that the Stud horses are good enough for both services, though we gather that it is admitted that as yet they have not been able to turn out quite enough Artillery horses. This is an important difference of opinion on the cardinal point of the whole question, and the main objects of those interested in it should be to get the facts ascertained as regard this point.

It is very generally stated that Government are either conducting an enquiry about the Studs, or are about to do so immediately; and if

this is true, we may safely conclude there must be something that requires correction or improvement. But, then, it may be entirely directed to the point of *quantity*, and not of *quality*, or indeed to economical management only, and not to attaining improvement either in quantity or quality of Stud horses.

We think, therefore, that accurate information as to the point of the Government investigation would be very useful, and we shall be much obliged if any of our correspondents or subscribers can, and will, procure it. And it is equally desirable to ascertain whether the opinion as to deterioration and present unfitness of Stud horses is one generally entertained by Artillery and Cavalry Officers, or not. If that is the question before Government, they cannot do better than ask for the opinion of every Officer of fifteen years' *service experience* in those branches of the army.

Something has been said as to the great increase in the price of country horses suitable for Irregular Cavalry, but more than one of our correspondents suggest, very naturally, that this may be owing to the increased demand for nags at a moderate price.

Various suggestions have been made as to the best way to improve the breed, on the assumption that improvement is absolutely necessary. There is a pretty general opinion that Queen's Plates ought to be given, and one notable suggestion is made that handsome sums be given for races for Australian horses to be claimable by Government at certain fixed sums. We fear that, as long as the present Governor General remains at the head of affairs, no Plates will be granted; but if they were, it seems worthy of consideration whether there would be much chance of Government getting anything like an adequate return in mares for the expenditure proposed. At the same time, it must be remembered that a few good mares, if properly mated, would eventually affect a good many Stud productions.

Of course there are suggestions about changes in the Sires, and, as may be expected, the use of more Arabs is recommended by some. On this point we think our correspondents should be careful lest, what is called in one of the extracts in our June number a "romantic notion" about the Arab should mislead them; for we have always understood that Arab Sires were fully tried for many years, and that it was only when they had, as a class of Stallions, failed so decidedly (chiefly as regards the size of their progeny) as to injure the Stud materially, that Stud Officers took to English horses. We know that Colonel Apperley, who had perhaps no equal as an authority on these questions during the last ten years of his service in India, held a strong opinion in favour of English horses, and against Arabs as *classes* of Stallions. Some instances of large and good horses being begotten by Arabs have been mentioned, but it should be considered whether these are not the exceptions that prove the rule, of very general applicability in nature, that like produces or begets like. On this point, too, we hope to elicit the actual facts through the experience of Stud Officers.

We commend to the attention of Government what is said by "Bob" about the limit of price given for Stallions in England. We have heard Colonel Apperley say, that this was the only obstacle he saw latterly to bringing the Government Stud up to any mark that might be thought necessary for Army purposes. The limit used to be £200 (the figure given by our correspondent.) And Colonel Apperley used to say that if he was allowed to purchase ten horses annually at £400 each, he was confident there would be a striking change for the better in ten years time, at a trifling increase of expenditure.

We entirely concur in the suggestion that Government should purchase a few horses every year in Australia and the Cape Colony, as that course would be likely to assist in any emergency. Their Agents would know where to go if an extra supply were suddenly required; and, moreover, if a corps or two were mounted on Australian or Cape mares, it is not improbable that some of the latter would be useful additions to the Stud when they had done their work in the field.

FLOREAT SONEPORE.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Sonepore Race Meeting is one of the oldest and most pleasant Meetings in India, and it is most desirable that it should be kept up, both on account of racing interests, and of those of the general public. The meeting is supported by annual voluntary subscriptions given by the persons attending the races. These subscriptions have been very handsome, but they have done little more than cover the necessary current expenses of each year, leaving a balance only just sufficiently large for working on with during the year, until the next meeting. Time, however, has told on the Race Stand, and it is in want of repairs, alterations, and additions that must absolutely be made, and that without delay.

Messrs. Collett of Dinapore, and Fox of Beeheea, Shahabad, have in the most public spirited manner generously given me their help. Their professional knowledge and assistance are for the execution of this work simply invaluable to me, and are a guarantee to the public of the way in which it will be done. Plans and estimates have been prepared, and in order to save time, and have everything finished, if possible, before the next meeting, materials are being collected, and the work has already been begun on my responsibility.

The estimates come to Rupees 12,000, including some necessary fittings, &c. A Fancy Fair was held at the last meeting in aid of the Stand, &c., and its proceeds came to about 3,400.

The Maharajahs of Nutwah and Doomraon, and the Maharanee of Tikaree, whose ancestors, as well as themselves, have so long and so generously subscribed to each meeting, have each promised a subscription of Rupees 1,000, and the Maharajah of Benares, K. G. S. I., though not an inhabitant of this Division, has handsomely given Rupees 500, and has promised more if necessary.

The following gentlemen too have, unsolicited, offered subscriptions as below :—

R. Abercrombie, Esq.	Rs. 100	M. Fox,	Esq.	Rs. 100
W. Ainslie	100	A. Hope		100
J. A. Crawford	100	R. P. Jenkins		100
J. W. Dalrymple	100	W. F. Macdonnell		100
W. Drummond	100	R. J. Richardson		100
J. Elliot	100			

leaves a balance of Rs. 5,000, for which I confidently appeal to the public ;

To the racing men, in the interests of their noble sport, which must never die out as long as there are Englishmen in India ;

To the public in general in the interests of the dear old Sonopore Meet—The Goodwood of India—the one holiday that all in Behar, both Europeans and Natives, and many in Bengal and Up-country, look forward to throughout the greater part of the year, as giving us all a brief escape from the collar at a most necessary season, after the oven-like heat of the hot weather and the steam heat of the rains have done their best to sap our health and energy ;

To one and all ; in the recollection of the beautiful groves of mango trees ; of the picturesque encampment ; of the charming friendly gipsy life in the fresh air under the trees ; of the strains of the band floating through the but semi-conscious brain at early dawn as it summons to the races ; of the good racing ; of the pleasant balls ; of the fair faces ; of the good fellows full of fun and jollity ; of the wondrous and endless diversity of sights throughout the fair ; of the many old friends always met there, &c., &c., (without end,) and I appeal.

Shall these end ? Shall Sonopore suffer for the want of a few dirty rupees ? *Never.*

PATNA, }
2nd April, 1868. }

E. DRUMMOND.

Cheques and Drafts to be made payable to the above address.

We earnestly commend this stirring appeal to the attention of our subscribers. To those who have been at a Sonopore Meeting, it is unnecessary to say

To those who have not, we can confidently say that if they give a gold or two now, they will not repent it when they pay their first visit to Sonopore.

TIGER SHOOTING AT DAROOR.

ON the 8th of March we got news of a tiger in a *Sendi bund* at a deserted village, called Daroor, 30 miles to the west of Elichpoor. As we were marching in that direction, we determined to beat him up. The day before Captain M— sent on, and had three *hélas* tied up for him. When we arrived at camp, a man came to say that there had been a kill. Immediately after we heard that the other two *hélas* had also been killed, and we of course presumed that there must be a pair of tigers in the bund. After breakfast we went to the furthest end of the bund, leaving the elephant to come on with the line of beaters, and posted ourselves on the top of the boundary mound, about two feet high, as we all preferred shooting on foot. When we got there, a man came to say that a fourth animal, a cow, that was grazing near the bund, had been killed. We sent a man back to tell the beaters to come on, and took our places close to each other. There were four of us. General L—, Captain M—, myself, and a native officer of the Irregular Cavalry, H. C. As the line of beaters came near us, a man in a tree above us gave a low whistle, which was to be the signal if he saw anything. In another minute we saw a most beautiful sight, *viz.*, four full-sized tigers coming slowly towards us. They were coming through the high grass and *sendee* bushes, in Indian file, quite slowly. We let them come to about twenty yards from us, when one of them, No. 3, put her head up, and took a good look at us. She had such a lovely face, that it was impossible to resist firing at her, and the same idea must have struck us all, for we let a volley into her head and neck almost at the same moment. The two in front, and the one behind her, bolted back; but she sprang across to the right, roaring loudly. In fact, the way they all cursed and swore was a caution! As she crossed to the right, we gave her another broadside, and she rolled over, as we thought dead, into a nullah. The beaters came on again, and another low whistle told us that another tiger was coming. Presently we saw her sneaking through the high grass to our left. As she came to a small open space, we let fly into her ribs. For a moment she stopped and looked at us, and then on she came, as straight as an arrow, at us, with her ears well laid back, and a very bad expression on her countenance. The *jemadar*, who was nearest her, had emptied his rifle, and had not got his second gun ready. Captain M—, who was next to him, in trying to get his second gun quickly, slipped off the mound on which we were standing, and fell. General L— and myself had luckily a spare barrel each; and as she was close upon us, I fired into her face. The ball hit her right in the middle of the forehead, crashed through the top of her skull, and out at the back of her head. This turned her off; but even with that she sprang across our front, when the General gave her her *quietus*, and she rolled over, stone dead, into a bush in front of us. As there was a wounded one in the jungle, we sent and turned all the beaters out of the bund,

and got the elephant up to look him up. First, we went to the place where the first tiger had rolled over, but she was not there. After beating on a short way, she got up with a roar, but we soon polished her off. She had crawled some twenty yards from where she first fell, and after leaving a lot of her entrails in the nullah, had still strength enough to *pat* any cooly who might have come near her. We then took the elephant back through the bund, and after going about 100 yards, put up one of those that had been wounded in the first scuffle. We came upon drops of his blood every now and then. He was lying in a very thick patch of *sendee* bushes, and on the elephant coming near him, got up with a loud growl, just showing his head and fore-quarters. The General let drive into him. My cap missed fire. He slunk away into some very thick bushes in the middle of the bund, showing his back twice as he went along, but the elephant was so very unsteady, that it was almost impossible to get a shot at him. We beat this place four or five times over, but could not come across him again, and as it was getting late, had to leave him there, in the hopes of finding him 'next morning. One had got away altogether unwounded, and we could find no traces of him. Next day we went back, and beat the bund up and down, but with no success. Our wounded friend had disappeared altogether, and we could hear nothing more of him anywhere. The two we bagged were females, in fine condition.

H. W.

ANOTHER TAX.

PROPOSE a new tax! "Stick him in the corner of the racket court, and let each member peg three at him!" "Let him lead over and fall at a big fence as hounds begin to run, and let the field all jump on to him!" Such like kind wishes would ordinary sportsmen bestow on the proposer of a new tax. I do not wish to be unpopular, but, nevertheless, I think the State, the public, and sportsmen generally in India might be benefited by a tax on guns.

That game in India is fast disappearing, no one can deny; that its total disappearance will do much to make this country more disagreeable to our young countrymen, follows as a matter of course. No youngster, save the unhappy one who is wrapt up entirely in literary pursuits, and probably unfit for the enjoyment of muscular exercise and the pleasures of the field, ever starts for India without dreaming of tigers slain in full charge; without longing to gain a contested spear; without calculating on dropping right and left two fine horned bucks; or, at the least, without intending to bag forty couple of snipe. To show that the opportunities for all these delightful feats are fast disappearing, let me just point to a few contrasts which the same country presents within a very limited number of years.

Not long ago, well-known parties used to hunt up the churs on the Brahmapootra from the neighbourhood of Gowalpara to nearly opposite Serajunge, and the early part of each day was devoted to tiger shooting: deer were unmolested till all chance of getting tigers for the day had vanished, and even then they were not shot at indiscriminately. Fine Barasingah bucks tempted the rifle bullet. Venison was wanted for food and for the servants, and as a present for the cultivators on whose plantain trees the elephants fed; and the deer within as late a date as fifteen years roamed in herds of fifties and hundreds. The present writer has shot in this same country three times of late years, but never met a herd of Barasingah yet. Tigers there yet are, but they are scarcer; and the country, as a hog hunting country, is quite spoilt: a few hogs are still to be found, but certainly not in numbers sufficient to make it worth while to take horses from a distance for the sport.

Now, the above state of things I consider is owing very greatly to the increase of shooting among a class of natives who never shot before, and to a great influx of guns, and to the supply of firearms given to the police. Cultivation has increased, and with it game will retire; but the decrease in game has been far greater than the proportionate increase of cultivation.

In the famous hunting ground of Singmaree, I myself saw a large pile of tusked heads, none of which should have been murdered; they ought to have died a natural death. The natural death for a wild boar of course is to expire from the effects of a well-planted hog spear. Charles Payne, huntsman to the Pytchley, when stating that gins and traps, keepers and guns, greyhounds and purchasers at Leadenhall market, had made it almost impossible for a fox to die a natural death, seemed astonished that any one should deny that the natural death of a fox was to be eaten up by foxhounds, and similarly I consider old grey boars were intended for pig-sticking purposes, and pig-sticking purposes only. They are bad and unwholesome food for human creatures, and clearly their pursuit was arranged to delight the Anglo-Saxon in India, and to nerve his arm, and teach him horsemanship and dexterity whereby to hold in firm hands the Government of pusillanimous Bengalees. I have no hesitation in saying that a paternal Indian Government should encourage hog hunting among its young officers, Civil and Military. I don't believe Sir G. Y., our late sporting councillor, or the G. G. himself, could honestly deny this.

Pigs and deer have decreased, and have almost disappeared in many places still fit for them. Tigers in consequence prey more on cattle. The timid Bengalee, who will take a shot at a hog, provided he is secure from an attack, and who has no fear of deer, lets a tiger alone, from sheer funk; and the inference would be that tigers should increase. They have not done so, chiefly, I believe, because when they are too severe on the cattle, complaints are made, and gentlemen make parties and shoot the tigers, or professional shikaries with poisoned arrows are paid to destroy them.

But the herdsmen do not, as a rule, clamour to have the tigers attacked. I was one of a party of three who had the luck to bag five tigers one fine day in 1866. We had beaten up a nice low patch of Jow jungle, and there were tracks everywhere; but we put up nothing for certain. The eldest of the party remained conversing with some gowalahs at a Batthan, but I, fancying the elephants had scented something, beat the patch again. The gowalahs told my friend that there were no tigers anywhere near, and just as he had made up his mind that the statement was true, he heard our opening shots. The Jow was high, and the tigers were lively, and it was long before the fifth was padded; but he was padded, and before we bagged him, he showed us a magnificent sight. I had been possessed with the idea that tigers never bounded high in the air in scrimmages with elephants, but the animal in question, which was disturbed unexpectedly, first jumped as high as it could with arched back and elevated tail, evidently to make sure of its attack: it alighted on the ground just to give impetus for a sure stroke, and in an instant it was on the head of one of the largest elephants. Verily, that was a glorious day, and very different from other days in the same chur, which on two other later occasions proved blank. However, in this case, these tigers died a "natural death," so I don't complain. But in all these churs we did not meet a single deer, and scarcely a hog: formerly they swarmed. Tigers were more numerous also. Cultivation even now there is hardly any, but the deer and the hogs died the unnatural death of being shot by natives with guns and ammunition, which in the event of another mutiny, or of an inroad from any of the hill tribes, would simply be taken from the present owners and would be fired against our own people.

Where are the noted hogs of Doudcander in Tipperah? of Burgootea, Romminy, and Hookchur in Noakhally? All shot and exterminated. I heard even that the Tumlook ground, sacred to the Calcutta Tent Club, was being spoilt by G.—I won't hint at the crime, for some one would at once go and try to commit it. I only say that it is worse even than shooting.

I have travelled a long way from the tax, but I am on the right scent yet. I say that game, especially hogs and deer, is disappearing, and that if this disappearance could be retarded, to the manifest benefit of Anglo-Saxons in India, without any great detriment to any other classes of the community, and with positive benefit to the State, that preservation of game to that extent is not unworthy of the consideration of Government.

The introduction of late years of firearms among classes who never before used them, is not denied. The number of natives who now own guns is very much increased. This increase in the use of firearms has been attended with great evil. Affrays are now constantly found more destructive to human life than formerly, as guns are used where sticks and a few spears alone were formerly resorted to. Unskilful marksmen are continually shooting human creatures in the dusk of early morn, or twilight, mistaking them for hogs, deer, or even monkeys.

I know of a case where a poor boy got up into a tamarind tree, and was shot by mistake for a monkey. Along all the hill frontier guns are now getting very common, and in all disturbances will be used against ourselves. In any raid or foray any number of men can at once arm themselves with firearms. The manufacture of powder is increasing among the natives. All this might be discouraged and turned to account.

I look on a gun as a luxury, and shooting as a pleasure, for which a sportsman might well be called on to pay. The cultivator who keeps a gun is undoubtedly able to contribute to State expenses. If the permission to use guns was a matter of right in virtue of a tax, shooting would be confined to those who really cared about it and excelled in it. The Government would know what number of arms its subjects possessed, and who owned them, and a fair addition to the resources of the State might be derived from a tax on guns.

No sportsman would object to the stoppage of the present continual popping in all likely places, and the increase to his sport would amply repay him for the outlay.

No village community or poor cultivator could reasonably object, for if the guarding of crops or destruction of a tiger was required, it would be better performed by a good shikarry, for whose tax the villagers might pay, than by these unskilful gunners who now disturb the peace, and harass sportsmen.

I know of no tax that would be less objected to than one requiring each person who wishes to shoot to take out a license, say of Rs. 20 per annum, and to state how many guns he possesses. There should be a severe fine for any person who has a gun without a license. The conviction should be easily obtainable before any Magistrate, and half the fine should invariably be given to the informer. Any policeman knowing of the illegitimate possession of a gun, and failing to report it, should be fined as if he had himself fired a gun without a license.

I recommend the above ideas to the consideration of the rising sportsmen of India, in the hope that they may yet enjoy pleasant days of snipe and partridge shooting, find duck on the jheels undisturbed by the continual banging of a needy Mussulman on a plantain tree raft: yet find it worth while to make up parties for deer shooting without disappointment, and enjoy the variety of sport afforded by peacocks, hares, and jungle fowl. I recommend the idea to the horseman as likely to prolong the existence of the better sport of hog hunting, our only substitute for fox hunting, and to merchants and money making men who are not sportsmen, as pointing the way to a tax less likely to annoy them than many we have lately seen discussed; and I trust the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* will think none the worse of one for proposing a thing so unpopular as a new tax.

HOGSPEAR.

MY FIRST RACE MEETING.

I AM a Wallah, so to speak, and my education in the sporting department having, I admit, been much neglected, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will excuse the numerous mistakes which are likely to appear in this my first effusion in sporting matters. Having passed four years in the country, I am now located in charge of a sub-division in a very out-of-the-way place, from which it is impossible to move out, except by palkee dawk, or, for those who like it—I do not—on horseback. It is reported that there is plenty of sport to be had in my sub-division, but the native Sub-Assistant Surgeon and the Assistant Superintendent of Police, who are the only other officials besides myself, have agreed with me to leave well alone, and not to make any fruitless attempts on the lives of the buffaloes, tigers, deer, alligators, and other animals with which the country is said to be well stocked.

I have had since my arrival here a good deal to do in the way of Act Xs, and so forth, and not much time to go visiting elsewhere. On one occasion, however, I did make a very pleasant visit to the head-quarters of the Division, and what happened in the course of that visit is the subject of this letter, which I am afraid you will find not only very stupid, but in no way flavoured with the sporting smack.

The head-quarters of my Division have been situated about sixty miles from my place, and besides the usual Civilians, including Commissioner, Collector, Magistrate, Doctor, &c., there was a regiment of Native Infantry and a battery of Artillery stationed there, so there were often various varieties of fun to be found there. Colonel M., who commanded the regiment in the station, and Mrs. M. had always been very kind to me, and I know them much better than any one else in the station, and on the one or two occasions I had gone there previously had always lived with them. Colonel M. had in his younger days been very fond of racing, was still absurdly fond of horses; and as for Mrs. M., she was, if possible, even fonder of them than the Colonel.

A little before Christmas I got a note from the Colonel to this effect:—

“My Dear Sir,—We have got up some sky-races here, and what with them, cricket-matches, dances, &c., we intend to have a lively Christmas week. The Rajah of K. has given a cup to be run for, and as nearly every man of us has entered a horse for it, it will be rather fun. Thursday will be the best day, but we shall be very happy to put you up for the week; so, like a good fellow, come in.

Yours, &c.,

M.”

Racing is not, as you may suppose, much in my line. I know perhaps a horse from a cow, and kept a pony, as that was the correct thing; but avoided getting on the animal's back as much as possible,

and not without good reason, for he had put me off it on various occasions quicker than I got on. I could tell some rather good stories of my difficulties with that pony, but must get in to my races as fast as possible, and drop the pony, even as that beast has more than once dropped me.

But as there were few Act Xs. pending, and as there was little and no crime at the time in the sub-division, I thought I might as well go, and so wrote to the Colonel to say I should be with him on Wednesday, the day before the races began, and on the first day of which the Rajah of K.'s cup was to be run for. Had there been any crime going, I should certainly not have left my station, for I like to get through my work in Cutcherry before taking any relaxation. The officer who preceded me was one of the rattling riding order, but he never could keep crime down. He and the Superintendent of Police had always a race who was to be on the spot first when a dacoitee occurred, and as soon as they rode in the direction, another dacoitee took place somewhere else. The present Assistant Superintendent of Police follows my plan. We both work very hard in Cutcherry, and have elaborated a system of instructions to the Police and landholders by means of which I have succeeded in stopping the various crimes which used to rage in this sub-division. My serishtadar, who knows a good deal of the district, tells me that those rules have had a most extraordinary effect, and he also says that the dacoits, burglars, &c., who formerly dreaded no man, stand in frightful awe of me. I dare say the serishtadar is right. He generally is, and there can be no doubt as to his being a clever, shrewd man, for whom, when I leave this place, I shall endeavour to get promotion.

I wrote to the Commissioner of the Division to know if he had any objections to my coming in for a few days (I did not like to say for what), and as he answered at once not only that he had no objections, but that he thought it would do me a deal of good if I oftener made a move, I laid my dawk. I did not quite understand what the Commissioner meant when he said that moving oftener would do me good, for I am, and always have been, perfectly well. But he was one of those restless mortals, who liked to be here one day, and a hundred miles off the next. I never saw the good of that sort of thing, neither had I ever any available time to leave my station. The Commissioner had of course plenty of leisure. I certainly have not, for when I am not in Cutcherry, I am engaged in writing a series of articles for the Calcutta Briton Newspaper, "On the best method of governing India by itself and through itself."

However, to continue, I started by dawk on Tuesday night, and found myself next morning about 9 A.M. in comfortable trim for breakfast at the comfortable abode of my friend, Colonel M. The only adventure I met with on the road was that the palkee bearers when coming from soft ground dropped the palkee, and somehow or

other one of the glasses of my spectacles—for I am short-sighted—was knocked out, and lost in the confusion.

Well, when I reached Colonel M.'s house, I could not find any one. At last, to my shouts, an old pensioned servant came and told me that the Colonel Sahib and the Mem Sahib had both gone out to the stable, which was at the other end of rather a large compound. I followed them there, and found the whole household evidently agitated, surrounding a grey horse, which the Colonel told me was his racehorse, named *Josephus*, which the day before was as certain of winning the cup as possible; that from want of work, one of his legs had swelled, but he would have it put all to right by warm applications. He asked me to look at the leg, and say if I did not think he was right.

I did as I was bid, and examined the leg. It was swollen all the way down from the knee to the hoof. The unfortunate *Josephus* could not put the foot to the ground; and little as I knew on such matters, it seemed clear to me that, unless the Colonel's horse's three legs were equal to the other's four, the cup was "not for *Joseph*." Colonel M. was very confident, and said *Josephus* would beat every other horse on three legs in a trot. Of course I could not say he would not, but I began to think that if this was the style of thing, I might as well have brought in my pony and done a little business with his four legs.

Meanwhile, I had not seen Mrs. M., who was in the stable, we being on the grass outside, but she now came out, and after shaking hands she said, "You see what trouble we are in about *Josephus*. M. does not know anything about training, and he has galloped the horse's legs off—just look at that fore leg. *Josephus* had a six-mile gallop this morning, and this is the result. The only chance for him is putting on ice at once, for he has strained his—something or another, I forget what. Don't you think so?" Here was I then, knowing a horse barely from a cow, placed as arbitrator between Colonel and Mrs. M., and in Cutcherry language called in to decide two issues, 1st, was this swollen leg, which was an admitted fact, caused by too little or by too much work? 2ndly, Ought boiling water or ice to be applied as a remedy? To come to a proper decision requires consideration, but thinking Mrs. M. probably knew as much about a horse as the Colonel; knowing the personal advantage to myself in deciding the matter in favor of the lady of the house; and judging by my own feelings, i.e., that my leg had never swelled from want of running, and as I thought they very likely would if I was made to run full speed six miles, or even a tenth of that distance; thinking also that if my leg was swelled and sprained, cold water would be pleasanter than boiling, I gave my vote for the Mem Sahib's diagnosis and prescriptions, and have ever since been held up as one "who did not say much, but knows more about a horse than he looks."

Colonel M. did not tell us then, and took precious good care not to mention it till long afterwards, that he had already half-boiled *Josephus*. He was now iced, and when this was done and the animal led away, we

went in for breakfast, where I was happy to find the Colonel in first-rate spirits about his horse winning. I am not a betting man, and the Colonel knew it, but while we were at breakfast, he at least ten times over offered me five to one, and eight to one, that *Josephus* would "spreadeagle"—I think that was the word—his antagonists, and win by fifty yards. I hoped it would be so, but could not help thinking of the animal's unlucky name, and the Colonel in that out-of-the-way place had evidently not heard of the song.

After breakfast I went out to call on some of the officials whom I knew. I found every man, and I may say every woman, in the most intense state of excitement. Every lady and every durzee in the place were hard at work sewing silk and satin to make racing jackets and caps. There was a scarcity of the raw material, and I found out afterwards that various ball dresses, &c., had been cut up and expended in this manner.

There also seemed to be a most extraordinary demand for lead. The whole of the lead in the place had been bought up, and was not sufficient; and in each house its owner was engaged in melting down bullets, shot, &c., and making bars. I did not understand this till the Collector explained to me that the gentleman or gentlemen who had arranged the weight to be carried by the horses, had gone on the size of the men at head-quarters, which ran large; but that all the sub-divisional men were coming in, that they were small and good riders, and would ride the various horses, hence they would be obliged to carry extra weight. For instance, the Collector's horse, *Radamanthus*, a waler, had to carry thirteen stone; and as the gentleman who was to ride him weighed about eight stone and seven pounds, he would have to carry four and a half stone; and supposing the saddle and bridle weighed one stone, the rider, Mr. J., would have to carry three stone and a half of lead, which the Collector told me he had had great difficulty in procuring, and was still uncertain how he should stow away, so as to be carried properly by Mr. J. and *Radamanthus*. However, the Collector was also very confident about winning the race, since Colonel M. had not a chance, and that he had told J. (the rider) to stay with his horse to the distance, and then come away. We went out and examined *Radamanthus*, a great big bay horse, and as we looked at him, the Collector's admiration rising as he looked, said to me in a sort of gruff whisper—"By Jove, S., there is a horse. I would not mind giving you ten to one that he wins the cup in a walk." The Collector knew I did not bet. I wish I had betted and taken all the bets that were offered to me on that Wednesday before the K. cup was run for. I should have been a richer man than I am.

Next I went to call on the Doctor of the station. He had two horses in for the cup, *Epicurus* and *Xenocrates*. Every one had adopted the most crackjaw names to be found. None of them were received a month before, and the Doctor's two were then buggy horses now they were racehorses. The Doctor had made his arrangements as regards his jackets, his caps, and his lead; but was in difficulty about

boots and spurs for one of his riders. He was having sewed some white leather to a pair of boots to make them look like topboots; but a spare pair of spurs was not to be found in the station. But the worthy Doctor was just as confident as the others. He was a Yorkshire man, with lots of pluck. "I shall send *Epicurus* to make the running, and at the corner *Xenocrates* will leave the horses, come clear away; and if he don't distance some of them; I'll eat him." He offered to bet me any odds I liked he won. Whether the worthy Medico was doomed to be that horrid thing called a Hippophagist or not remains to be seen.

And so the day passed. Every man had a horse for the Cup, and every man was confident that his horse would win the Cup, and that easily.

I returned to my worthy host in the afternoon, expecting that we would take the usual evening drive, but there was a great deal too much excitement in the household for any weakness of that kind. I had remarked during the day the absence of the usual buggies and dog-carts. Every one was walking, and nobody was driving; and I ascertained that every horse and pony in the place had been put into training for these races, as there were buggy stakes and galloway stakes, and other stakes, the nature of which I in nowise comprehended.

Colonel M.'s carriage horses were at that moment having a finishing gallop, as they were to run for something or another on the following Saturday; and a finishing gallop it proved to one, as I was afterwards told, for he hurt one of his legs to such an extent that he was never fit for anything afterwards; and the Colonel and Mrs. M. are now obliged to be content with a buggy, for in that out-of-the-way place it is not easy to get a match for a carriage-horse, or, in fact, any horse at all. Many of the horses had passed from generation to generation of officials; some of those which were to run were upwards of twenty years of age, and I was told that in arranging the weights to be carried, they were reduced in those over a certain age for each year, and, as ought to be the case, allowances were made for old age as well as for youth. The Major of the Regiment had entered a horse certified by himself to be twenty-three years old, and he was to carry only nine stone instead of twelve, which would have been the weight had the animal, *Methuselah* by name, been more youthful. Others had endeavoured to take advantage of this rule, but had been unsuccessful, as there was almost always some difficulty about the certificates, and in proving the age of the horse.

When I reached Colonel M.'s, I found the household on its way out to examine *Josephus*, who after being iced had been left in peace. It seems there had been a good deal of excitement in the course of the day, for a constant manufacture of ice had been kept up in one of Carre's machines, and a spark from the furnace had ignited the thatched roof of the shed where it was, had burnt down the shed, and nearly set on fire the dwelling-house, which also was thatched. I noticed the charred ruins of the shed, but every one was too much

interested about the horse to say a word about the fire; and as nobody made any remark about it, I supposed it to be the usual and correct thing, and not wishing to expose my ignorance, said nothing. "Least said, soonest mended" is an old Scotch saying, and it applies to racing as to anything else. I had hardly said a word all day, and yet I had been made a confidante by every man with a horse to race, and I have no doubt, from my agreeing with them in everything when I did speak, I was considered rather an authority by several. Well, *Josephus* was brought out, and we—at least I speak for myself—were horrified at discovering that his second foreleg was now nearly as large as his first. I say "we," for I began now to take such an interest in my friend's animal, that I looked on him as my part property, and found myself occasionally talking of *our* horse. Colonel M., however, now cheered up, and said the horse was only a little stiff (which he was most unquestionably not a little), and that he would soon get right and beat every other horse in a trot, &c., &c. I remarked that the worthy Colonel did not venture to express any opinion as to the cause of, or remedy for, the stiffness, Mrs. M. being present, and she directed *Josephus* to be again well iced. His legs were bandaged up with ice, and the unfortunate animal removed. I say "unfortunate," for I heard the Colonel order the syco to parboil both legs about eight o'clock, *i.e.*, taking advantage of our being then at dinner. That these orders were carried out, I have no doubt; for while we were at dinner the Colonel got up saying he would see if *Josephus* had eaten his supper, and when he came back he said the horse was doing first-rate, by which I suppose he meant he was half-boiled by that time.

Having disposed of our friend *Josephus*, we went to get ready for dinner, and as there was to be a race ordinary and lotteries at 9 p.m., we had arranged to dine at 7. We found a new arrival, a Mr. Johnson, from another station; and as my host's house was not large, he was put into the Colonel's dressing-room, while I had a small spare bed-room leading out of it. We had the Collector and one or two others at dinner, and just as we were setting to work, we heard the sound of a palkee approaching. Mrs. M. started up in dismay, and said, "That must be Colonel Jones. I wrote and told him we had no room for him, and he cannot have got my letter." Sure enough it was Colonel Jones, a young dapper Colonel, who had come nearly sixty miles to see the races, &c. What was to be done? for there was not a spare bed in the house, and every house in the station was crammed. However, a note was written and sent over to a neighbour who was believed to have a bed, and in due course it arrived. Now, the servants of the house were just as excited as their master, and they brought over a bed sure enough, but without a bottom to it, or mattress or mosquito curtains. The bottom and the mattress were eventually arranged, but mosquito curtains were not to be had for love or money. Now, if our station is super-excellent in anything, it is in its mosquitoes. For zeal, size, and vigor, they whip creation, and miserable is the man who tries to sleep without curtains.

But as Colonel Jones said mosquitoes never touched him, he was turned over to the once bottomless bed without curtains.

Meanwhile, our dinner progressed, and I was surprised, after my morning's conversation, to find how modest at first every man was about his horse. The Collector said his horse was "slow as a top." Colonel M.'s horse "had only two legs: if he had four legs to go, he might have had a chance," and so on. The winners in a walk and a trot of the morning were all absent. But as the beer went down their throats, the courage of the racehorse owners seemed to rise. The Collector "did not see what there was to beat him." The Doctor thought he would be "there or thereabouts," and the Colonel's horse's blood was so good, that if he could go the distance he would likely "pull through." I thought of the boiling and icing that had been going on all day, and wondered what effect they would have on the blood; but I said nothing, as I would thereby only show my ignorance.

At 9 P. M., we went to the station billiard-room, where the lotteries were to come off, and found about thirty others. I enjoyed the lotteries immensely, bought tickets in them all, was lucky in drawing prizes, and when we finished off, found myself Rs. 50 or 60 to the good. *Radamanthus* was said to be the first favorite for the Cup.

There was not much betting, but as the Collector and Doctor both boasted what their horses would do, the Collector, getting excited, bet 300 to 10 in chicks against *Xenocrates* winning, and the Doctor reciprocated the bet against *Radamanthus*; the Doctor declaring to win with *Xenocrates*, which horse, he affirmed, could walk round *Epicurus*, the latter being good enough to beat all the rest.

And so to bed about midnight. I fell asleep immediately, and slept like a top till about 2 or 3 A.M., when I was awake by a frightful row going on in Colonel M.'s sleeping-room, where Jones and Johnson were deposited. A dog's fierce growling and a man's fierce cursing and swearing proceeded therefrom. It seems the mosquitoes had got the better of the gallant Colonel, and had not allowed him to close his eyes for a minute. Johnson also had been kept awake by the lively exercise taken by Jones in his attacks on the mosquitoes, or rather on his own body, and had at last taken compassion and offered to surrender to the Colonel his curtain-enclosed bed, which offer was gladly accepted. "Man proposes, but God disposes." In this case there was a huge dog of Colonel M.'s, which had got loose and under Jones' bed, and was now master of the situation for the moment. Jones put his leg out of the bed: the beast gave a growl, as much as to signify that he would have a piece of it. Jones was at the period of my waking engaged in addressing the dog in anything but endearing language. What was the result I cannot say, for I again went to sleep; but Colonel Jones made his appearance next morning, looking as if his night's rest had been anything but undisturbed.

As the races were to be in the afternoon, I had some time next morning to look about me. We had *Josephus*' legs iced again; whether they were afterwards boiled is unknown to me, but as that was evi-

dently his remedy, I have no doubt he carried it out rigorously and vigorously. We agreed that the two forelegs were no worse than the day before, and that being the case, our spirits rose, and we were all very confident as to the result; and so we passed away the time till about one o'clock, when we adjourned to the racecourse, about a mile distant from the station. For the reasons before-mentioned, every one went in palkees, tonjons, or on foot, all the draught animals in the place being transferred to the racing stable. We halted, stand, where the ladies took up their positions and put on their gloves, while the gentlemen walked about in front with the betting books. Every man except myself was the proud owner of a horse, or a jockey for the horse, and every lady was the wife, or sister, or daughter, of a racing man.

At last the racing began. There was a galloway and a pony race, the particulars of which I do not recollect, and then preparations were made for the cup race. Twelve horses were to start, and as each of the riders had to carry on his or his horse's back from one to four stones of lead, a long time was taken up in making the necessary weighment. The Collector was not looking happy, for he had had a difference with his jockey as to how all the weight was to be stowed away on *Radamanthus*. The Doctor was looking downright miserable, for some, to me, inexplicable reason. Colonel M. was as cheery as ever.

Just as all preliminaries were concluded, and the twelve horses were taking their preliminary canter, it was remembered that no judge had been appointed, and as every one else had some interest in the race, they all insisted that I should hold that office. In my excitement, and forgetting my short-sightedness and the damage to my spectacles in my dawk trip, I consented, and was installed in a sentry box.

The race being a mile and a half in length, the horses were sent off to the other side of the course and started. At least eleven of them did, for the twelfth, instead of starting to run the race with the others, turned round and galloped home with his rider in exactly the opposite direction. I don't know how the race was run, but first arrived at the winning post *Radamanthus*, at least fifty yards before the second, which was an animal named *Vinegar*, unheard of in the betting. About twenty-five yards after him came the Doctor's two, *Xenocrates* and *Epicurus*, making a beautiful race, whipping and spurring and bustling, ending in *Epicurus* being first by a yard, so it was said or admitted; and though I could not see myself, I also said so, joining in what was evidently the general opinion. After them, at a long interval, came one horse, *Josephus*, and after him came the others.

But the race was not to be so swift. It seemed that one of the bags of lead had tumbled off the back of *Radamanthus*, a mile from home, and so he lost the Cup, and his master his bet with the Doctor. The rider of *Vinegar*, thinking he had lost the race, got off his horse outside without coming to be weighed, and he was put out. So *Epicurus* won.

The Doctor had declared to win with *Xenocrates*, had backed him through thick and thin, and had not a penny on *Epicurus*, but most unfortunately had forgotten to tell his jockeys this, so that, though he won the Cup, he lost every bet except the one he had made against *Radamanthus*.

So much for the luck in racing, and for this Cup in particular; and it chanced that I was once right, if I never am again, when I said to myself it is "not for *Joseph*."

MOSS TROOPER.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND ASSAM.

(Continued from page 466.)

May 14th.—Pushed on to Myet Chin; got there by 4 p. m., but found nobody there. Lloyd and George promised to meet us there this day.

May 15th.—Hill and I saw to-day some eight different herds of bison; but, owing to the jungles having been over-burnt, we could not get sufficiently near them; they require heavy cover to retire into during the heat of the day. We saw a fair sprinkling of deer, but I only bagged one buck sambur, and Hill one thamine.

May 16th.—We made for the Nya Bein, and en route came across a buck sambur and five does standing in the open. I made a good shot at about 200 yards off at the buck, wounding him badly with the Lang rifle. After an exciting chase, bagged him. He had very fair horns. As soon as we had padded this, which, owing to the weight of the animal, was no light task, we went towards the heavy jungle, and soon came upon marks of bison and buffaloes, but our luck was very bad, and we did not sight one of these animals. We also made some ridiculously bad shots. Hill missed a young dakaél standing and looking at him, and not more than 15 yards off—firing over. I also missed a sambur, which, however, Hill killed in first-rate style. To-day I fired at a pig, and the ball cut its throat very neatly, but it would have escaped had Hill not potted it. Hill bagged a sambur, and I got another; and when in sight of our sheds saw some "Thamine." We got off and stalked. I got the first shot, and killed a buck neatly, and wounded another; in chasing the latter, lost sight of the first one, and should never have found it, though it fell dead, had Hill not kept his eye on the spot where it fell. Hill wounded one too, but both his and mine got away.

May 17th.—We started very early, hoping to find bison at or near the vicinity of the salt lick, but the shikarees lost their way,

and we never got to the place all day. Soon after starting I made a lucky shot, killing a sambur dead with a ball through the head; left the carcass in a karon shed, and told the people to give our camp followers notice of the kill, to enable them to take it home. We went on then through a tree jungle, putting up very little; at last I shot a pig through the body, but missed it with the left barrel. As it passed Hill, he missed it too, so it got away. Hill soon afterwards killed two buck sambur, but one unfortunately fell upon one horn, and snapped it off close to the head. We came upon the fresh trail of bison, and followed them up; they had gone down wind, so before we got within shooting distance they smelt us and bolted. We then turned our attention to the deer, and shot three more during the day, of which Hill got one. On our return home, found George there. Lloyd had ridden back to Tongho, but would be down by boat to-morrow or the next day; at Tuen they had bagged a cow bison and a young bull, and two sambur; and George, *en route* here, had seen a tiger, which trotted along quietly in front of him, but as George was wet through, and none of his guns would go off, no harm was done. He also came across pig and a lot of deer. He looked half-drowned when he reached us, but a stiff glass of grog and a bath soon set him right.

May 18th.—Hill rode to Kyanker to see after his Police, so George and I went out together. We had not gone far, when George made a capital shot at a dalaël, knocking it over; and most unfortunately disturbed a herd of sine or wild cattle. We jumped off our elephants and followed at a jog trot after them. We came upon the herd, the rear being brought up by a magnificent bull; but he would not let us get near him, and as we were quite done, we had to give in. We sat down, rested, and when the elephants turned up, which they did not do for upwards of an hour, we breakfasted and had a good drink. We came upon bison too, but could not get near them. During the day George shot a dalaël and a fine sambur. I was lucky in bagging two sambur with one ball each. On our return home, found Hill had returned with Watson late in the evening; Lloyd also, arrived.

May 19th.—Although it was raining like mad, we all started. I had a hood on my howdah, so I did not mind the wet much, but the others looked very miserable. After passing the tree-jungle, George broke the foreleg of a buck sambur, and I killed it for him. Going on further, out of a solitary clump of long grass, a bison got up literally right under Lloyd's elephant, and such a peppering as he got from everybody as he bolted; but he escaped. I was the only one who did not fire, as I was too comfortable under the hood, and did not care to cast it down to get myself and guns wet. We followed up the wounded one, and soon came upon the herd scattered about. One fine bull let us get within 150 yards of him. I gave Hill the shot, he fired, and hit hard. Lloyd fired at another. Hill went full chase after his, and Lloyd after his own. George and I followed Hill,

as he had the grub with him. Now, Hill's elephant was the fastest by a long way, and we soon lost sight of him. We were cheered by hearing him occasionally fire, but we did not sight him till past 11, and by that time we were all swearing at him for going on in such an inconsiderate way. We had nothing for it but to follow, as he did not know the jungle and had no shikaree with him to shew him the way home, otherwise I think we should have left him to his fate. Lloyd fired at least a dozen shots, and when he did rejoin us was very savage at our not having followed him instead of Hill, as he had wounded his animal badly and had seen six or eight others; and had we been all together, we might have given a better account of the herd than we did. However, there was no help for it, but to grin and bear it. When at last Hill allowed us to overtake him, he was greeted with yells, but he was far too good a fellow for any one to be angry with long, and his anxiety to bag a bison almost excused his running away from us all. In following up this bison, we got out of our beat altogether, and for the rest of the day saw nothing to speak of. We tried new ground with but ill success. I missed a lot of things, and bagged but one buck sambur. George and Hill each got a sambur, and Lloyd a dalaël and a young pig, which proved first-rate eating. I shot two snakes right and left with ball to-day; they proved the dreaded Hamadryads, a snake as large as a boa and as deadly as a cobra.

May 20th.—Heavy rain all day, which interfered with our shooting. We did not see any signs of bison all day, and only bagged a few deer and pigs. Lloyd bagged a buck sambur, Hill a boar, George a sambur, and I a pig.

May 21st.—Very heavy rain all day. Neither George nor Hill would come out, so Lloyd and I went together. At first we had indifferent luck. The ground had become so spongy, owing to the incessant rain, that elephants did not like moving over it at all. We each shot a sambur, and getting disgusted, turned towards home. Something kept running in front of Lloyd, who followed it up, thinking it was a dalaël. Presently, on reaching a deep but narrow watercourse, the animal sprang across it, and Lloyd taking a snap shot, broke its back. It turned out to be a fine tigress. I was just in time to get a shot before she expired. We padded her, and had not gone half a mile when I fired at a dalaël, and in so doing started a bison, but could never get near it. In the open I shot a thamine. We got home by 3 P.M., and though the tigress had not been killed three hours, she already smelt unpleasantly. She had a cut right along the inside of the thigh, evidently inflicted by a pig. She measured just ten feet as she lay.

May 22nd.—Only Lloyd went out to-day; it rained so incessantly that George and I would not venture out, and Hill and Watson returned to Kyankee. Lloyd came home with two deer. As it cleared up towards the afternoon, we went out and came across a great number of deer and pig. I got two deer, George two deer and a pig, and Lloyd two pigs and a deer. The ground is now so heavy that it is

cruel work taking out the elephants, so we have made up our mind to leave off shooting, and to get home.

May 23rd.—A general move. Lloyd and George went to Baulong. I went across country to Tuen. I wounded a buck thamine and a boar *en route*, but lost them both.

Lloyd and George shot a few deer at Baulong, but had to give it up; the monsoon had set in so steadily. The next day I rode back to Tongho. Thus ended our last trip but one.

January 8th, 1868.—Having to inspect works at Burpettah, I sent the elephants on to Baish-a-wah ghat a week ago, and started in a boat at 5 P.M., making for this ghat in preference to Tarra-barree, as the Assistant Commissioner of Burpettah Sub-division had written in to the Deputy Commissioner begging that any one fond of shooting would go to Baish-a-wah, as there were no less than five man-eating tigers there. Combining pleasure with duty, I determined to look these animals up, and Captain Bowie, Deputy Inspector General of Police, and Mr. Barry, a Tea Planter, accompanied me. We ought to have reached the ghat soon after daybreak, but the fogs were particularly heavy, and the boatmen did not know where they were. However, it cleared up about nine, and while floating down, some way ahead of us, on a sand bank, we espied a buffalo. Having nothing better to do, we determined to shoot it, and as it conveniently lay down in the water, head down stream, it aided us in getting within shot of it. When we got within 100 yards of it, it stood up, but on moving we ascertained by its movements that it was a wounded beast; we opened fire, but every one missed! Our second venture was equally bad, but on my third attempt I hit it on the hip-joint, and it at once fell; we then got ourselves carried on shore, and killed it with two or three more shots. It turned out a big cow, with a good head, but emaciated, sick, and lame. Our victory was not much to brag of. We arrived at our destination at 3 P.M., found the elephants there all right, but devil a bit of *kubbur* could we get of the man-eating tigers. The villagers knew nothing about them. It was too late to attempt to proceed to Burpettah, so we pitched a tent and remained on the sand bank, but retired to the boats at night to sleep.

January 10th.—Got off after a great deal of trouble with our coolies. The Assamese are the greatest set of beasts I ever met; they won't work, they won't get up of a morning, and are generally so stupefied by the effects of opium, that they are till late in the day useless. The country had been over-burnt, and did not promise well for sport. We only saw one deer, which Bowie and I both missed. We came upon a

herd of buffaloes, wounded two or three, but did not bag any; and as they went in the opposite direction to the one we wanted to go, we did not go after them. We then made straight for Burpettah, and got there at 2½ P.M. In the evening we went after florikin, but saw none. I got two black partridges and one duck.

January 11th.—Busy all the morning. In the afternoon went after florikin: saw none. I have never been out here before without coming across a lot; where they can have gone to I can't imagine. I only got two black partridges.

January 12th.—Barry went along the road with the traps, whilst Bowie and I went across country. Barry got charged by a cow buffalo, which he killed dead with one ball, and afterwards caught her young one. We saw lots of marks of rhinoceros, buffalo, and deer, but saw none. I did fire at a boar, but missed. I shot a duck, two partridges, and a snipe to-day. Got to Barry's first garden about 1 P.M. In the afternoon we went out after small game: saw no florikin. Bowie shot a peafowl and a black partridge. I bagged a couple of partridges and wounded a jungle cock, but lost it. In the evening saw a florikin a long way off, but failed to get a shot.

January 13th.—As usual, great difficulty in getting coolies: we did not get away till 9 A.M. *En route* came to a likely-looking bit of ground for florikin. Scarcely had we gone off the road when up got three of these birds. We got off the elephants and tried after them on foot: did not succeed in putting them up. We then mounted and put up two. One was too far off to shoot at. The other got up in front of Barry, who missed fire. I blazed at it, but did no harm. I then went after it on foot, got a long shot, and wounded it, but it flew a long way, and very nearly escaped. However, I put it up at last within shot, and killed it. I also shot a partridge. We saw one or two small deer, but no big ones. We got to Minah Muttee at 4 P.M., and had quite enough to do to pitch the tent and to make ourselves comfortable before dark. A lascar even cannot be got in Assam.

January 14th.—Bitterly cold this morning and very foggy, the country well-burnt. We soon came upon the first tracks of a rhinoceros, but in following it up, my elephant got frightened, trumpeted, and set the rhinoceros off. The mahout I had is a splendid tracker. We came upon two other tracks, and he followed them until we got into very high null, at least 18 feet high. I was leading, and just ahead of me a the rhinoceros began to grunt. My elephant pulled up dead. Bowie's bolted, and where Barry went to I have not the least idea. Thus we remained for a few minutes, my elephant refusing to move, the rhinoceros grunting and squeaking away a few yards in front. At last the mahout drove my elephant in. She charged trumpeting. The rhinoceros ran off, but gave me a snap shot at its shoulder about 40 yards off. The ball told, the animal fell on its knees, picked itself up, and went into such awful jungle that I half funk'd to follow. But as there was no way of getting at the rhinoceros, except by following on its track, I followed up very cautiously. I could hear it every now and then.

Barry came up, but Bowie's elephant would not move, except to the rear.

I heard a grunt to the right, and looking in that direction, saw the rhinoceros crossing the open bed of a nullah, and immediately discharged both barrels of my breech-loader, a rifle by Lyell, carrying three ounces conical and five drachms of powder, into its back. It ran up the bank roaring, and when hidden by the long grass, turned to charge. My elephant had behaved splendidly, and ran on without hesitation. Another shot turned our quarry, who had to run across an open piece of ground. Here I got two good shoulder shots, and reduced the animal to a walk, and three more shots killed it. It turned out a female, full grown, and with a good horn—size 13 inches, weight $1\frac{1}{2}$ seer. Both Barry and Bowie had very bad luck, not getting a single shot. Barry was on a pad, and he was kind enough to come out more to show us sport than to indulge in it himself, having shot lots of these beasts when he formerly resided here. We cut off the head and breakfasted. Barry, being seedy, went home; Bowie and I going on. We soon came upon fresh tracks, and in a dense piece of jungle up got two rhinoceros. One came towards me, and a lucky shot behind the ear killed it dead. Seeing the other bolt, and the mahouts calling out frantically "Shanah, shanah," I fired and brought it down. The jungle was so heavy that I could not see whether it was a large or a small one, and not knowing the meaning of the word "Shanah," I was eager to kill, thinking it was some rare kind of rhinoceros. However, my disgust was great when the fallen animal picked itself up and came towards me in the shape of a half-grown calf rhinoceros. Seeing it was mortally wounded, Bowie and I fired, and put it out of its agony. A rhinoceros of this size is worth 800 Rs., so it may be imagined how sorry we were at having killed it. Bowie's elephant behaved a little better this time. It used to be staunch enough when her own mahout was with her, but she funks and won't obey with the new man. The first killed proved a fine female, with a horn not quite so large as the one killed before breakfast. Got home by 12. In the evening I shot a florikin; so did Bowie.

January 15th.—We went towards the Boorie Nuddie: wanted to see about limestone, and also to shoot anything we could come across. Bowie on my elephant, I on his. We saw a lot of deer, but would not fire at them. Bowie saw a large herd of buffaloes. In the long grass we got separated, and both crossed the river at different points. I soon hit a rhinoceros off, but the grass was so heavy that I could not get a shot, and the elephant would not charge in. I followed it for about two hours; at last gave in and re-crossed the river, picking up a lot of limestone. Hearing two shots fired in quick succession, I went towards the sound and came across Barry, who had wounded a panther as it ran up a tree; but lost it. I saw some peafowl, and in going after them came across fresh rhinoceros marks, but could not come across one. Going towards home I shot a peafowl, and knocked over and lost two partridges. Near the tent I turned off to

the florikin ground, and saw Bowie coming after me; so stopped for him. He told me he had come across an immense rhinoceros, had knocked it down, but had lost it. The mahout, who has seen many killed, said it was the largest he had ever seen, and that it was very badly wounded. Whilst talking, up got a florikin: we went after it and I shot it, and then went home to breakfast. In the evening we again went after florikin. I made a wonderful shot at a cock bird, good 80 yards off, and killed it dead. Bowie got a hen bird.

January 18th.—Only Bowie and I went out. We made for the jungle where I got the shots last June. We soon came upon fresh tracks; followed, and put up a huge rhinoceros. I gave him a right and left, and Bowie fired up his bottom, inflicting a bad wound. His elephant then refused to move, so I ran out to cut the rhinoceros off. He fortunately took to the open, and I ran up to within 50 yards of him, emptied all my rifles into him and brought him to the ground, but it took me some time to kill him outright. He proved a huge monster, with splendid horn, size $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 2 seers, and worth about 90 Rs. The report of our guns attracted the villagers, who had assembled like vultures for the sake of the meat; they took all we shot, but would not help us a bit in any way. We came upon two fresh tracks and followed them up. The way my mahout tracked was worth seeing. For good two hours he went round in circles, following every movement of the beasts as they had been feeding. I thought he was going over the same tracks over and over again, but he said—"No, I am on their track," and sure enough, when we both had given them up a long while past, he brought us up to them standing close together. Bowie killed the bigger with one ball behind the ear, and the other we polished off between us, she charging viciously several times; but each time she was met by such a volley that she had no chance. The one Bowie killed would have had a very fine horn, but it was unfortunately broken; the other had only a small horn. More vultures in the shape of men turned up to cut up these animals, whilst we went home well pleased with our day's sport. After this, while we were marching about, we had very little luck, bagging only a few florikin, partridges, and peafowl. One day we saw at least 500 deer, but could not get near them.

THE EFFECT OF SNAKEBITES ON THE PORCINE FAMILY.

It does not seem to be at all well known that swine, both wild and tame, are perfectly indifferent to the bites of the most poisonous snakes. Whether the accumulation of fat and gristle on their snouts prevents the venom of the reptiles from thoroughly impregnating their systems with the poison, or to what other cause it may be attributed,

I regret to say I am not sufficiently versed in piggish anatomy to state; but that such is the case I can certify, having on two occasions been an eye-witness to pigs being severely bitten by cobras without it affecting them in the least.

The first time I witnessed this fact was in Ceylon, in 1856. When on a visit to a Sugar Planter residing in the South of the Island, at a village called Baddagamma about sixteen miles from Point de Galle, I was returning one morning from snipe shooting with a tolerably fair bag of birds, when my attention was arrested by watching about a dozen semi-wild pigs belonging to my friend most perseveringly engaged in endeavouring to turn over with their snouts the half-rotten stem of a palmyra palm, which had fallen a victim to age or the elements, and was lying within a few yards of the trash house. So perseveringly did the pigs act in a body, and so ardently did they strive to turn over the stem in question, that it struck me, at the time, they must have some particular object in view, and curiosity to see if they would succeed in their endeavours, for I had never seen pigs work so unanimously, in concert before, caused me to stop and watch them.

After two or three failures they gained their point, turning the tree half-round, when a whole family of cobras, large and small, glided from under it. After them the pigs scampered helter-skelter, showing as much activity, although only half-wild, as a Bengal boar would do. So completely was their attention taken up by the sport before them, that they allowed me to approach much nearer than usual. A very large cobra, fully five feet in length, (it must have been pater familias or the mother of the interesting progeny) was seized by a half-grown sow within twelve feet of me, and whilst she was crunching up the horrible writhing *bon bouche*, which had been seized about the middle of its body, I distinctly saw the reptile bite the sow twice on the snout, without the animal apparently caring the least about it; the pleasure of consuming the luscious titbit entirely compensated for any annoyance or pain that the pig might have felt at the time; and out of the whole batch of cobras, I do not think one escaped from the omnivorous maw of the swine. I saw the sow mentioned above some days afterwards not the least affected in any way by the bite of the cobra.

The second instance was on a small island, yeleft Pulobbin, situated in the narrow channel of the sea between Singapore and the mainland of the Malayan Peninsula. I had gone over to Pulobbin to endeavour to shoot a man-eating tiger which was creating great havoc amongst a few wretched Chinese convicts, stationed on the island to split granite, and ship it to Singapore for building purposes. In this instance, I had been out all the morning in an unsuccessful search for the man-eater, and on my return, feeling rather done up, I stretched myself at full length in the raised portico at the entrance of the shooting hut, and was enjoying my pipe and siesta, when I noticed a large black cobra slowly gliding along the top of a bank within twenty feet of me. At the spot where the hut was constructed, a hill rose rather abruptly from the edge of the sea, and the bank was caused by the hollow cut

out of its side to allow room to build the small shooting tonkin. This bank was about six feet high, and I was therefore nearly on a level with the reptile, and excellently situated to watch all its movements. In the side of the bank were several holes having much the appearance of the nests of our English sand-marten, and they had evidently at some previous time been the nests of either king-fishers or some of the fly-catcher family. The cobra having approached the very brink of the cutting, suspended his head and about two feet of his body over it, and commenced a diligent search in three holes for rats, birds, or any small prey which might be concealed within them. Suddenly a loud squeak from one of their occupants showed that the unwelcome intruder had been successful in its search; and on the snake withdrawing its head from the abandoned bird's nest, a large frog leaped vigorously out, but, on reaching the ground, seemed to be perfectly paralyzed with the venom of the bite, and in less than a minute died. I never saw the venom of a snakebite kill its victim quicker than it did on this occasion. I could actually trace the working of its course through the frog's system, as its skin rapidly assumed a darker line, increasing in shade until the colour was nearly black.

The snake seemed to be fully aware of the deadly effects of its own bite, as it never attempted to follow its victim, though it closely watched it from the bank, its head being thrust about two inches over the bank, its eyes fixed on the frog, whilst the forked tongue was thrust in and out of its mouth, showing the state of excitement the reptile was in, at the pleasurable contemplation of the feed before it.

Not at all desirous that this large poisonous reptile so close to the bungalow should escape unscathed, I called my servant to bring me a loaded shot gun, half-frightened that the sound of my voice might frighten the cobra and cause him to escape; such, however, was not the case, his whole attention was occupied by watching the dying struggles of the frog, and even on my slowly rising on my legs, the snake seemed to be perfectly unaware of my close vicinity. Little, however, did the reptile anticipate what was in store for it, for whilst gloating over his wretched victim, a fine half-grown pig belonging to one of the Chinese ticket-of-leave men, and which had been grubbing about in a neglected patch of pineapple plants close to the hut, eyed him, and actually rushed at him with the rapidity of one of the feline species. The snake was completely taken by surprise, its head at the moment being about four inches below the surface of the bank, thus preventing the reptile seeing the enemy approaching from behind.

The pig, without a moment's hesitation, seized the snake near the tail, and commenced chumping him up as a savage would eat a string of macaroni. Again and again the reptile bit him—twice on the snout, once on the ear, and once on the foreleg. The pig did not seem to care the least about it, not stopping for one moment until it had devoured the hideous reptile, on completing the demolition of which it went off grunting its satisfaction at the unexpected and luxurious

repast which fate had thrown in its way. I saw the same pig some days afterwards, and it certainly did not then evince signs of speedy dissolution.

On another occasion I saw a pig giving chase to a snake, which only made good its escape by reaching the branches of a small guava tree. The animal on this occasion deliberately set to work to grub up the tree by the roots; but as the snake, which was only a small one, of the arboreal species, had got into a hollow in the stem of the tree, piggy's labour was perfectly in vain.

An intimate friend of mine once informed me that he saw a whole family of fifteen cobras devoured by a couple of pigs when he was taking off the roof of a bungalow at Mungledyc, and although the pigs were bitten in at least half a dozen places, it did not have the least effect upon them. From my own observations, I can safely say that pigs are not only great destroyers of snakes, whose bite they do not take the least trouble to avoid, but the flesh of many of these deadly reptiles is to them a perfect titbit, eagerly sought for, and fought for, when discovered.

But, doubtless, Mr. Editor, you will feel more than satiated by this time with the pig and snake subject, so I will conclude with only one more remark, *viz.*, it is a well known fact to American farmers residing in those districts where the deadly crotalidæ or rattle-snakes abound, and who are in the habit of sending out large droves of hogs to fatten on the mast and acorns in the extensive forests around them, that where the rattle-snake has been known to exist in the greatest abundance, after a short time not one of them is to be seen, owing to the perpetual war of extermination carried on against them by the swine, which will perseveringly grub for hours at a hole where they have seen a snake enter. This certainly shows anything but a dread of their fatal bite.

YOUNG SHIKARRY.

AMALGAMATION OF THE N. I. T. C. AND THE C. T. C.

Behar Turfite in No. 2 of the new series has responded to my call just as I wished.

Every one, more especially one who takes an interest in the Turf as a sport, is open to conviction, and as my object always has been to see racing all over India on a sounder footing than at present, I am glad to see any suggestions I may advance freely discussed in your pages.

My chief reason for wishing to see the N. I. T. C. abolished and amalgamated with the C. T. C., was, that by so doing we should so augment the C. T. C. as to enable it to give Purses to be run for at

the principal Meetings in the Presidency in conjunction with the Governor General's Plates, which I still hope to see presented.

I might exclaim, what's in a name?—that is, by what name the Amalgamated Club should be designated; and as I am fond of old institutions that have answered well, I would reply, "Continue the old name of the C. T. C. by all means, so long as the required object is carried out."

I want to see Purses for Produce Stakes as an inducement to those Breeders whose ardour has not already been cooled down by seeing the wretched animals that have, with but few exceptions, been already produced in this country, to say nothing of those that have emanated from the Government Studs.

I see no reason whatever why horses should not now be bred in this country certainly of as good a stamp as they were in former days. There has been a deterioration in both private and Government Studs, and it will go on until the first principles of breeding are acted up to, *viz.*, the knowledge of "Pairing," which under the system at vogue in the Government Stud is impossible. It is well known that zemindaree mares are served by whatever horse the owner chooses, without reference to fitness or otherwise, and I feel convinced that a malformed "Pauch Kulceau" would receive more mares than the more perfect English horse; hence the chief reason why we have such a lot of useless animals turned out.

I have no doubt I shall incur the wrath of the Stud Officers, but every man is entitled to have his opinion, and I shall be only too glad if they can show that I am in error. I am not writing in a spirit of contention, but I wish to see the whole system of breeding in India thoroughly ventilated, in order that the best plan may be adopted, and that we shall have a better class of horses in India.

I maintain, without disparagement to the Officers of the Stud individually, *that there is hardly one of them who understands breeding as regards pairing.*

I would not like to see the Officers removed from the Studs—far from it, I think they ought to be increased; but as a *sine qua non*, a Yorkshire or other breeder, a man who has been accustomed to breeding all his life, should be imported for each Stud, whose duty it should be to see every mare stinted, and you will soon find that the outlay thus incurred would be returned in the shape of more useful horses being turned out, and fewer rejections.

There is another point I would strongly advocate. The thorough weeding of the present brood mares; the entire expulsion of the O. B. Stallions for the next few years; the importation of mares from England, the Cape, and Australia, and some Arab Stallions of the old Godolphin stamp. We don't want your broken-down, thoroughbred weed, nor your Yorkshire trotter; we want good blood such as the Arab will bring, and the imported mare will bring the substance.

We have not a sufficient number of Studs. Why should not Oude be tried, also the Punjab? I firmly believe that Breeding Companies

established in these places would prove a much better speculation than all the tea that could ever be grown, but without the importation of breeders, it would be useless to attempt it.

It may be said that I have gone away from my original subject, but I have not, for if the breeding establishments will bring forth produce, the Turf Club must bring forth Purses, which can only be done by an addition to the members of the C. T. C.

The above was written before the appearance of the April number of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, and I quite agree with your correspondents Bob, Paul Pry, and a N. W. Turfite.

I am well aware the Stud Officers are opposed to the introduction of Colonial mares, why I cannot tell, as also to Arab Sires. They may be right, but I contend the *proof of the pudding is in the eating*, and as they have so utterly failed, let them follow my idea as an experiment, and give it a fair trial.

I hope the Committee about to be appointed to inspect the several Studs will enquire into every subject connected with their management, system, &c., and I would strongly recommend, if no such a man can be found in India, which I doubt, that a man be brought from England to attend the Committee, versed in the subject. I do not so much blame our Stud Officers. They don't select the Sires, nor the mares; but what training have they ever had in breeding? It is a profession of itself, and one rarely followed by an Officer.

I contend that with my system you will not only have sufficient horses for your Artillery and Cavalry, but you will give a greater field for the Native Cavalry to select from.

I trust the reports of the Stud Committee will be made public and not too late, when the subject is forgotten; but now is the time for agitation, and let all have the benefit of what the Committee see and find out.

I was very sorry to perceive from your last number that Charles Hartley had sent in his resignation of the Secretaryship of the Calcutta Races. It is to be hoped that his services, as well as those of Mr. G. S. Wallace, will be recognized; and I feel convinced there are many men in the North-West who would be glad to assist in the undertaking.

THE COLONEL.

THE MONTH.

At home, the all-absorbing topic has been the great annual festival of England, the Derby week. But before we go to Epsom, let us take a glance at an important episode at Bath, viz., the Meeting of *Achievement* and *Julius* for the Beaufort Cup. The great mare had to give *Julius* 6lbs., and as the mare's allowance is about 4lbs. at

that time of the year, or 3lbs. at all events, she was giving the horse 9 or 10lbs., as compared to the terms on which they would have met in a race without penalties. *Achievement* ran fast and pulled hard for two miles, when *Julius* forced the pace, and when it came to the final struggle she was beaten easily,—in fact, by a good deal more than the 10lbs. One authority says the mare turned jady, but another maintains the contrary, and that it was nothing but the weight over a great distance and a good pace. We cannot think, be the cause of her defeat on this occasion what it may, that it was *Achievement's* true form, unless her excellence has departed for ever; for, after her running for the Doncaster Cup, it is unlikely she would have cut up so very badly, even though *Julius* may have improved a good deal.

There is rather more than usual of interest about the Derby this year. There has seldom been so hot a favorite as *Lady Elizabeth*, and it may be added that it has rarely happened that so great a favorite performed so badly. The mare was evidently in the worst of tempers and refused to run a yard. *Oxion*, who had been an outsider, but was backed a good deal towards the end, ran well for about 1½ mile; *Speculum* and *Paul Jones* ran up to their public form. The performances of Sir J. Hawley's three, and the course of the betting about them, were curious. Though it was well-known that all the owners' money was on the other two, a considerable section of the public distrusted them, fancied *Blue Gown*, (always known to be a stager) and reaped the reward of their good judgment. Thus the betting ring has not fared very well, though enormous sums must have been "got out of" *Lady Elizabeth*, *Rosicrucian*, and *Green Sleeve*. Lord Hastings had such opportunities of hedging to advantage that it is said he won money, and will be able to pay half the old liabilities. He resigned his position as a member of the Jockey Club about a fortnight before the Derby,—a good thing, for no one who has defaulted for a day should be allowed to remain a member of that important body. The race was nearly won by a great outsider, *King Alfred*, who started at 100 to 1, and probably would have won, had not his chance been thought so little of that he was started for a race on the previous day; ten days before the race 150 to 1 was offered against him for either first or second place, and 75 to 1 against his being one of the first three! It was a fast race, the time having been better on only one occasion; *Kettledrum* ran it in half a second less. Sir J. Hawley's declaration to "win with" "*Rosicrucian* or *Green Sleeve*" in preference to *Blue Gown*" is noteworthy.

An account of the race, and also of the *Oaks*, which was won by *Formosa*, will be found among the extracts in this number. The Woodcote Stakes brought out a good lot of two-year-olds, and the winner, a colt by *Stockwell* out of *Catherine Hayes*, promises to do something pleasant for Mr. Merry.

We would draw attention to an extract describing a curious system of betting lately come into fashion in France.

We are sorry to see that the grouse disease has re-appeared badly in some parts of Scotland, but as yet it does not seem to have affected a great extent of country.

Here, in India, we are in our bydays, but the July entrances for the Calcutta races, and also the Sonapore Prospectus appear in our present number.

Our last number contains two more letters about the weights, but we can inform our correspondents that Pegasus has followed up his last communication on the subject by himself making a proposal for a change which he no longer thinks premature, but justifiable; not merely on account of the late performances of Australians, but because there is good reason to suppose, from the English stock still being imported, that the improvement among that class of horses is likely to speedily affect the whole class, and, above all, to be a permanent, and not a transient improvement. He has proposed to the Stewards of the Turf Club to raise the weights of Australians 7lbs., leaving Capes as they are, and to reduce the weight of Country Breds 3lbs.; also that the weights shall be reduced all round when only English and Colonials run against each other, and raised when only Country Breds and Arabs run. These proposals are now in circulation among the Stewards.

CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

A Meeting of the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB was held on Saturday, the 25th April, 1868, at the Race Stand, at 6-30 A. M.

PRESENT :

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL S. BLANE, *Chairman.*

J. BECKWITH, Esq.,
J. M. SCOTT, Esq.,
R. ABERCROMBIE, Esq.,
J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq.,
LIEUT.-COLONEL WALTON,
C. T. BROWNE, Esq.,

COLONEL M. J. TURNBULL,
W. JOHNSON, Esq., *Inspecting
Veterinary Surgeon,*
COLONEL T. JAMES,
and
MAJOR W. R. C. MYLNE.

The proposition to vote Rs. 500 towards a testimonial from the Turf Club to Messrs. C. Marten and G. J. Wallace, which had been circulated for the votes of Members, was confirmed.

A proposal was brought forward from Lord Ulick Browne to amend certain Rules of the Calcutta Turf Club. Resolved that the Rules referred to, and the amendments, be printed in parallel columns and half-margin, and circulated for the votes of Members.

Proposed by Mr. J. Beckwith, and seconded by Colonel James,—that the Editors of the *Sporting Magazine* be requested to publish the birth and pedigree of foals, and that breeders be requested to intimate to the Editors of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* the births of all foals bred by them.

Proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Blane, and seconded by Lieutenant-Colonel James,—that such gentlemen as are Members of the N. I. Turf Club be invited to become Members, without ballot, of the Calcutta Turf Club, on payment of the annual subscription of Rs. 16 if resident in Calcutta and the Suburbs, and Rs. 8 if resident in the Mofussil.

Proposed by Colonel Bowie, and seconded by Colonel Walton,—that a temporary stand be erected for Members of the Turf Club and their lady friends only during the Race Meeting.

The following gentlemen were nominated for ballot at the next Ordinary Meeting:—

Proposed by J. M. Scott, Esq., and seconded by Colonel M. J. Turnbull—

CAPTAIN H. P. MONTGOMERY	...	60th R. Rifles.
A. B. MACTAVISH, Esq.	...	60th R. Rifles.
W. TILDEN, Esq.	...	60th R. Rifles.

Proposed by Colonel Bowie, and seconded by Captain the Hon'ble A. Stewart—

CAPTAIN W. ROBERTS, R. H. A.

Proposed by Colonel Walton, seconded by R. Abercrombie, Esq.—

MAJOR J. GRAHAM.

Proposed by J. A. Crawford, Esq., seconded by J. D. Maclean, Esq.—

W. THOMSON, Esq., Calcutta.

(Signed) S. BLANE, LIEUT.-COLONEL,
Chairman.

J. A. CRAWFORD,
Secy., C. T. Club.

*Amendments of Rules of the Calcutta Turf Club, and the Rules of Racing
circulated for votes of Members.*

RULES.

AMENDMENTS.

6. (1) The Club Meetings shall be usually held at the Race Stand, but the Stewards are at liberty to consult the convenience of Members by appointing any other place for the purpose. The day and hour when the Meetings are to be held shall be fixed by the Stewards.

(2) No person who is not a Member of the Club shall be admitted to any of the Club Meetings.

(3) Notices of Meetings of the Club shall be given by Circular to resident Members, and by an announcement in at least one of the Calcutta daily newspapers.

12. (1) Mofussil Members not attending the Club Meetings personally, shall have the privilege of voting by a vote-paper on all questions for decision under Rule 13, Clause 4 of Rule 18, and Clause 2 of Rule 24.

(2) Mofussil Members who are unable to attend the Annual General Meeting personally, shall have the privilege of voting by proxy on the question of the election of the Stewards and Secretary of the Club, as also of the Race Officials for the year.

And by proxy in the election of the Stewards and Secretary of the Club, as also of the Race Officials for the year.

the election of the Race Officials for the year under Clause 3 of Rule 8.

Add Clause (4). Whenever the business to be brought forward at a Meeting cannot be concluded on the day fixed, the Meeting may be adjourned by the Members present to any subsequent day or hour without further notice.

Add to Clause 1, "provided that all expenses, connected with the circulation of vote-papers in the last two cases, shall be defrayed by the Member concerned."

RULES.

AMENDMENTS.

(¹) Any Member wishing to cancel a proxy is at liberty to do so by writing to the holder and to the Secretary, provided the letter reaches the Secretary before the vote has been recorded.

How proxies may be cancelled.

13. (¹) If the Stewards or any Member or Members of the Club wish to propose an alteration in, or addition to, any of the established Rules of the Club or of the Calcutta Course, notice of the intention to do so must be given at a Meeting held not less than one month previous to that at which the proposition is to be brought forward, and the proposed alteration or addition must be then and there stated in writing. The Secretary shall then circulate to each non-resident Member a copy of the proposed alteration or addition with a vote-paper as provided for by Rule 12.

Members to be informed of any such alterations or additions.

(²) In the event of any alteration or addition being agreed to, every Member of the Club shall be informed by Circular.

17. (¹) The Club subscription shall be expended in the purchase of Racing Periodicals and works of reference, &c., and in the incidental expenses of the Club. Any surplus funds may be expended either in a Purse or Purses given by the Club at the Calcutta Races, or may be added to the Stand or Course Funds, as may be decided by the Stewards.

Subscriptions how to be expended.

(²) When it is proposed to spend the Club Funds in any other way than the above, (such as on Races or Racecourses out of Calcutta) the proposal must be laid before a Meeting, and the purport of it shall be stated in

When it is proposed to expend them in any other way.

Clause 1, lines 6 and 7, for "at a Meeting held not less than one month previous to that," substitute at "the meeting held next before that."

Line 13, after the word "Member" insert "who may have expected a writ to that effect."

Clause 2, strike out, and insert in lieu "At the end of every year all alterations and additions shall be communicated to the Members of the Club individually; and should any Member express a wish to that effect, the intimation shall be made to him after the Meeting at which the alteration or addition is agreed to."

Clause 2, line 7, after word

RULES OF RACING.

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the notice, fixing the day and hour of the Meeting at which it is to be brought forward.

32. All nominations, &c., are void by the death of the subscriber, unless any person shall declare to the Secretary, in writing, his willingness to be responsible for them, and for all the liabilities of the horses of the deceased subscriber connected with the Races and Meeting for which they are entered, or for which any nominations have been taken by him.

Nominations, &c., void by death. Exception.

38. When a horse is sold with his engagements, or any part of them, the seller has not the power of striking the horse out of the engagements with which he is sold; but as the original subscriber remains liable to the respective winners for the amount of forfeits, &c., in each of these engagements, he may, if compelled to do so by the purchaser's default, pay the amount, in which case it becomes due to him from the purchaser; and until this forfeit is re-paid, both the purchaser and the horse remain under the same disabilities as if the purchaser had been the original subscriber.

Liability for engagements of horses sold.

42. When a horse is aged on the Calcutta Course, his name, age, and description shall be entered by the Secretary to the Races in a book to be kept for the purpose, and such aging shall stand good for the future.

An aging book to be kept.

But if at any time positive proof is brought forward that a horse has been wrongly aged, he may be aged again. In such cases, however, the revised aging shall be prospective only, and shall not effect in any way the result of past Races.

Age to stand good for the future

Exception. Effect of a revision.

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"and" omit the words "the purport of."

Line 9, for the words "at which it" substitute "that a proposal on this subject."

Line 8, after the word "with" insert the word "all."
Line 8, for the word "Meeting" substitute the word "Meetings."

Add Clause (*). "In all cases of sale by private treaty, the written acknowledgment of both parties that the horse was sold with his engagements is necessary to entitle the other to the benefit of this Rule; but when the horse is sold by public auction, the advertised conditions of the sale are sufficient evidence when a horse is sold under Rule 74. With reference to Clause 5 of that rule, a written agreement is necessary to entitle the original owner, i. e., subscriber, to the benefit of this Rule."

Add Clause (*). "This Rule is, however, subject to the provisions of Rule 53, Clause 2."

RULES.

AMENDMENTS.

53. (1) When an objection is made to the qualification of a horse, the Stewards can call on the objector, or on the owner or other party concerned, for such evidence as they may deem necessary. If the objection is made by 3 o'clock P. M. on the day before the Race, the *onus probandi* rests with the owner; but if made after that hour, it rests with the objector.

(2) When the age of a horse is objected to, either before or after a Race, the Stewards can order an examination of the horse's mouth by a competent person, to whom a fee of Rs. 8 will be payable for such examination. The fee shall be paid by the objector if the horse proves to be of the right age, and by the owner of the horse, or his agent, if the contrary should be the case.

Clause 2. Add the words "if the objection is preferred after a race, it must be made before the rider of the horse objected to weigh in, or else it will not affect the results of that race."

(3) When the question of qualification cannot be decided before the time appointed for the Race to take place, the Stewards may allow the horse objected to to start for it under protest, and subject to the result of the enquiry. In such a case, if the horse objected to should come in first, the prize shall be withheld; the Stewards shall fix a date within which the qualification or disqualification must be proved, and on that date the matter shall be finally settled. If the horse should not come in first, the objection must, nevertheless, be brought to an issue for the satisfaction of the Stewards and the public.

(4) No objection can be entertained against winning horses after the conclusion of the Race Meeting, except charges of fraudulent entry, or of running horses under a false description.

Clause 4. Add the words "which may be investigated within one year from the date of the alleged offence."

57. It is optional for the jockey to weigh with his bridle; and if he prefers not to do so, the Clerk of the Scales will

Weighing with bridle optional; 1 lb. allowed for a curb.

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allow 1 lb.* for a curb or a double bridle, but no weight will be allowed for a snaffle bridle, unless it is put into the scale before the horse is taken out of the enclosure.

62. (1) In starting horses for a Race, Caution at start- no caution is required beyond calling on the jockies to come up to the starting post.† The starter has authority to order the jockies to draw up in a line as far behind the starting post as he may think necessary.

(2) Horses may be started for a Race in Starting for by a either of two ways, viz., word of mouth. by flags,‡ or by word of mouth; in the latter case, if the word "off" or "go," or "way" is given by the starter, it must be considered as a fair start.

(3) The horses must walk up, and be started from a walk if practicable. If the start takes place on the wrong side of the post, it shall be declared null and void.

* i. e., 1 lb. of weight will be put into the scale *with* the jockey, instead of putting in the bridle. The jockey can, however, weigh without either a bridle or allowance if he chooses.

† It should be remembered that it is of no consequence if the horses are started a few yards before the starting post, as that the great object is to effect as fair a start for all as possible; but the start should take place as near to the post as practicable.

‡ The following is a description of the flag system of starting. The starter holds up a small flag, and there is an assistant with another flag about 200 yards before him, who watches and follows his movements. When the starter thinks he sees a fair opportunity, he starts the horses by lowering his flag to the ground (still holding the other end of it in his hand), on seeing which the assistant lowers his also. If the horses have all got off on tolerably fair terms, the starter leaves the flag on the ground until all the horses have passed the assistant, and then the duties of both are at an end. But if just after lowering his flag, the starter perceives that one of the horses has jumped round, or thrown his rider, &c., &c., he raises his flag from the ground, on which the assistant does the same. This act on the part of the assistant is a signal to the jockies that it is a false start, and that they must return to the post.

AMENDMENTS.

Add the words "no whip, or substitute for a whip, shall be allowed in the scales."

Note to Clause 2, line 5. For the words "starts the horses by lowering, read "lowers;" and in line 7, after the words "his also," substitute "which act of his assistant in response to the signal of the starter constitutes a fair start."

RULES.

AMENDMENTS.

74. (1) In a selling stake, if any person,

All horses liable to be sold, whether winners or not. whether an owner of a horse in the Race or not, shall, within a quarter of an hour after the last jockey has

weighed in, express to the Stewards a wish to bid for any horse or horses that have started in the Race, such horse or horses shall be immediately put up to public auction on the Racecourse in front of the Stand, and then and there sold by the Clerk of the Course to the highest bidder as follows :—If the horse be the winner, for any bid above the price at which he is entered ; and if he be any other horse in the Race, for any bid above the value of the stakes, added to the price at which he is entered.

After the words in line 12, Clause 1, "if the horse be a winner for," strike out the rest of the first part of the Clause, and substitute, "the price at which he is entered, or for any bid above that sum ; and, if he be any other horse in the race, for the value of the stakes added to the price at which he is entered, or for any bid above that amount."

The horse sold shall not be delivered until he is paid for, and payment must be made to the Secretary of the Races by 2 P. M. on the day of the Race, if it is run in the morning, or by 9 P. M. if in the afternoon, otherwise the purchaser shall not be entitled to demand the horse at any future time ; but, nevertheless, the owner may insist on the purchaser taking and paying for the horse.

(2) No bid of less than Rs. 10 shall be allowed, and all surplus above the upset price shall go to the General Race Fund.

(3) No claiming shall be allowed, nor shall owners of horses have any advantages over others.

No limits to purchasing. (4) Any number of horses may be sold to the same person.

(5) When a horse is sold under these Rules, the original owner, and not the purchaser, is liable for his engagements.

2. The interests of the bets are inseparable from the interests of the stakes, except when the winning horse is disqualified, owing to a default in making stakes.

Add "or if an objection be made to the qualification of a horse on the ground of incorrect pedigree or nomination after the race is run, the bets

RULES ON BETTING.

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shall be paid to the horse that comes in first, provided he is entitled to this in other respects. But if an owner or his representative succeeds, by fraud or misrepresentation in starting a horse in a race for which he is legally disqualified, thus making the owner liable to the penalties prescribed by Rule 27 of Racing, the bets will go with the stakes, whether any objection be made before or after the race."

RULES ON LOTTERIES.

When payment is to be made for Tickets and I. O. U's.

2. Every one taking tickets or buying horses must give a cheque or cash for the value on the spot.

For the words "cheque or cash," read "cash, currency notes, or cheque."

Add Rule 4.

"Lotteries go with the bets, but should a horse be substituted for another and be allowed to start when its name does not appear on the card of the Races, and it is not a prize in the lottery, such horse shall in no way affect the lottery, but the purchaser of the horse which passes the post first of those drawn in the lottery, such horse not being otherwise disqualified, shall be the winner of the lottery."

CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

An Ordinary Meeting of the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB was held on Saturday, the 20th June, 1868, at the Race Stand, at 6-30 A.M.

PRESENT:

J. BECKWITH, Esq., *in the Chair.*

MAJOR W. R. C. MYLNE,
LIEUT.-COL. B. WALTON,
J. M. SCOTT, Esq.,

G. M. BLACKER, Esq.,
and
J. A. CRAWFORD, Esq.

The following gentlemen were duly elected Members of the Club:—

CAPT. MONTGOMERY	...	H. M.'s 60th R. Rifles.
A. B. MACTAVISH, Esq....	...	Ditto ditto.
W. TILDEN, Esq.	...	Ditto ditto.
MAJOR J. GRAHAM	...	Dy. Comr. of Police.
W. THOMPSON, Esq.		
CAPT. W. A. ROBERTS	...	Royal Horse Artillery.

The following gentlemen were nominated for ballot at the next Ordinary Meeting:—

LIEUT. B. H. S. GOWER ... 17th Bn. Cavy., Barrackpore.

Proposed by J. M. Scott, Esq., and seconded by J. A. Crawford, Esq.

JAMES ROME, Esq.

Proposed by J. Beckwith, Esq., and seconded by J. A. Crawford, Esq.

(Signed) J. BECKWITH,

Chairman.

J. A. CRAWFORD,

Secy., C. T. Club.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of several communications, some from regular correspondents, but some also from "new hands."

Want of space has compelled us to delay the publication of some of them, but the writers may be assured that we will show our gratitude for their contributions by inserting them as early as we possibly can.

A SAFE TRAP.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

GENTLEMEN,—At this non-sporting time of the year, I think the following amusing incidents may prove acceptable pabulum for your Magazine. One day last November we had a pig-sticking party, comprising some ladies to view the sports, and a few Mahomedan noblemen and their suites. After the sport was over we returned to breakfast in our respective tents, and while afterwards lounging about, enjoying our cheroots, &c., we, Europeans, were much amused at seeing a native servant run out from the shamianah of our fellow sportsmen, who had breakfasted there separately, armed with a bundle of straw in one hand and a firebrand in the other. He passed out of sight round a corner of the tents, and as nothing came of it we made no remark. Ten minutes later this scene was repeated, and very soon afterwards we heard a shot fired. On enquiry we found one of our friends had shot an adjutant, and further received the following explanation :—The party had seen some adjutants and vultures soaring so nearly out of sight that the two classes of birds could not be distinguished, and one of them asserted that he could lure some of them to the ground immediately. The assertion was challenged and success defied, but achieved as I have explained above. The facts were patent, but we cudgelled our brains to understand *why*, though the *how* was plain,—and I think up to this point you will do the same. Briefly, our witty friend told us that it was a sure trap—the birds taking the rising smoke for a Hindoo pyre!!! I have found no European since who had ever heard of the dodge, nor had I, though a considerably old resident in the country.

Yours faithfully,

May, 1868.

PHENIX.

U 2

LOTTERIES.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR GENTLEMEN,—In your last number's editorial on the subject of defaulting, you state, "The inconvenience to a lottery-holder of collecting the value of tickets on a settling day, needs only to be seen to be appreciated * * * * * The value of every ticket is scarcely ever gathered in." A statement which will be heartily indorsed by every man who has ever held a lottery. As a remedy you propose the ready-money system. With the present coinage that would be, I think, very inconvenient; but I would suggest that at Sonepore, at any rate, the lotteries should be collected the day after the race is run, instead of being allowed to accumulate till settling day. Being a blank day, there is plenty of time. It would, I think, prevent the confusion of accounts, and tend to check rash speculation, but notably the confusion of accounts: after about a dozen lotteries are out, there are a good many men who do not know exactly how they stand, and on settling day find themselves involved to a greater extent than they anticipated.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

"NEMO."

THE CALCUTTA PROSPECTUS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—With reference to the Prospectus of the Calcutta Races for 1868-69 which appears in your number for May, and the remarks which you made upon them in the succeeding number, I, as one interested, should like to say a few words on the subject. First, I am glad to observe throughout the Prospectus a tendency on the part of the Stewards to accede to the representations from the owners of racehorses and breeders which have at various times been made to them.

In the *Trial Stakes*, for instance, a great advantage is given to English and Waler Platers who have not won in this country by the penalty imposed on *Indian* winners. English maidens have a race to themselves, and together with maidens of other classes receive very handsome allowances in the "big races:" the "country-bred" party have also received much consideration.

As to the weights in Shama Churn Mullick's Plate and Charles Nephew's Cups, I cannot help giving my decided opinion in favor of the latter, and expressing my regret that the weights in the former are not at least 7lbs. lower, as they might be without causing the slightest inconvenience of any kind.

It is, in my opinion, a pity that the proposition to double the money added to the Calcutta Derby out of the proceeds of the English Derby Lottery has been overruled by the Stewards. The introduction into the Prospectus of such races as the "Ladies' Purse," "Mr. Lewis' Purse," "The Great Eastern Hotel Purse," "The Drapers' Purse,"

will strike those conversant with former Calcutta Prospectuses, and I am happy to be able to inform you and your readers, and the public, that the Stewards are indebted to Mr. Lewis, the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre in Calcutta, and the owner of some of the best race-horses in Australia, for the above-mentioned Purses, the amount of which that sporting gentleman guarantees.

I hope then the entries will be such as the Prospectus merits. They might be much increased if Officers of the various branches of the Army, who, for all they know to the contrary, possess as chargers some of the best Arabs and Walers in India, would prepare and try them, and enter the best at Sonapore and Calcutta. The expense, between three or four of them, would be trifling; the amusement would be great. In any case, I hope there will be some entries from the Artillery, and such Regiments as the 4th and 11th Hussars, and the 5th Lancers.

In conclusion, allow me to make a few remarks on your criticisms on the "Race Prospectus for the season 1868-69," published in your last number.

The convenience of Military men was, I believe, by no means the sole or principal object of the Stewards in fixing the 1st meeting for the 19th December. The meeting was, I understand, so fixed more to give the Madras owners a chance of running at Calcutta, which chance, however, they declined to accept, and fixed their meeting for the 24th December; and to permit of the Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Meerut meetings taking place on earlier and cooler dates, than to attract a formidable Military array. It is not clear to me that people will feel the sun more on the Racecourse in the afternoon than at Cricket Matches, Fancy Fairs, and Athletic games.

I would desire to point out a slight inconsistency in the arguments adopted with regard to the prejudicial effect the afternoon sun is likely to exercise on the attendance, and when writing of the arrangements agreed to by the Stewards (unanimously at last, if I am not mistaken,) for letting the Stand. In the former instance you say we must "*expect a falling off*" in the attendance as the meeting progresses;" in the latter you question the soundness of the calculations based on the amount subscribed in former years, because, say you, "we should have calculated on more favorable results *in consideration of the certain increase* in the attendance during the afternoon running." (The italics are mine.)

You are, I observe, "still unable to understand why the Lessee is to be allowed to charge so little as two Rupees." To what extent this is the Lessee's affair, I will not stop to enquire; but it seems to me that, small or large, the entrance is precisely the same as gentlemen, except non-subscribers and casual visitors, a very small minority, have paid for many years past; thus, in the two meetings there are 8 days' racing, for which the Lessee will receive Rupees 16; and as by the rules of the Turf Club every person subscribing one Gold Mohur to the Races is entitled to a stand ticket for the two meetings, the charge

is more imaginary than real. I cordially agree in your wish to abolish the perplexing Gold Mohur in the Prospectus, and in your remarks on the propriety of encouraging the importation of English horses. A parting word on the hope expressed by "Castor" in the last three lines of his letter, that the Stewards will "raise the weights carried by Australian horses at least 12lbs." With all deference to Castor, I hope the Stewards will refrain from acting on his suggestion, and instead of so doing, *lower* the weights carried by *English* horses 5 or 7lbs.

Yours faithfully,

5th July, 1868.

EXILE.

HORSE-BREEDING.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR GENTLEMEN,—The horse-breeding question having now been thoroughly ventilated, every one who had anything to say has said it, and something more besides, each confident of the rectitude of his own judgment; Brown advocating blood, Jones bone, and Robinson says mix blood and bone, and the ideal horse becomes a fact. On one point, however, all appear to agree, that is, in abusing the Stud Officers. Before the subject is finally allowed to stand over, I would draw attention to one question hitherto out of the beaten track, viz., are the defects of the colt hereditary, or due to climate? Have we not wrongly visited the sins of the children on the father, and through him on the Stud Officer who selected him? Every one well knows that in this country dogs degenerate from pointers to pariahs without a flaw in the pedigree: they run to nose, lose the characteristics of breed, become mongrels in appearance, and curs in conduct. In a letter in your May number I stated:—"There is, no doubt, great disposition to degeneration in colts foaled in this country. We see it in their diminutive size and malformation, *e. g.*, ring bono, contracted feet, and spavin." As a dog runs to nose, so a colt becomes a leggy weed, losing, like the dog, his characteristic of breed. The effect is plainly perceptible; as to the cause I would repeat the question, is it hereditary, or due to climate? If, as I believe it to be, in a great measure, due to the latter, how can it be remedied? Only by breeding horses for India in a different locality. Paucity of grass and water would be great obstacles to instituting breeding establishments in the hills, but it seems feasible to remove the studs from India to the Cape or Australia. I believe they could be conducted with as little or less expense there than here, and the supply of mares to breed from would be better. If private individuals can make it pay to send Walers to Calcutta, and sell them for 300 Rs. or 400 Rs. each, why should not Government do the same? It is quite certain that no horse brought up at an Indian stud can be sold for that, excepting at a loss. My

object, however, in writing was to draw attention to the question, not to propose a remedy.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

"NEMO."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—It has often occurred to me that much might be done to better the condition of the "Horse" in India, besides simply breeding and placing him, and there is a practice existing amongst horsemen, "professional and others," the abolition of which would, I think, go a long way towards it, and show at least that we considered him too good a servant to be in any way cruelly treated, and also that we kept pace with the times. I mean the practice of "twitching" him! The Nigger does it, as of course he would, its very cruelty having an unmistakable charm for him; but I can scarcely imagine that sportsmen and horse owners generally, if aware of the highly sensitive organization of the upper lip of the horse, would ever allow a piece of string to be twisted with the aid of a lever round the lip of any animal in their possession. As affairs stand at present, it is done on every possible occasion. Should a horse not stand quietly for a manual inspection, or object to being shod or bridled, if there is any operation to be performed on him, however simple it may be, as a preliminary measure he is "twitched," not only on the lip, but on the ear too, and some brutes even twist the tongue! Poor fellow, he rarely forgets it, and frequently to touch his head afterwards is to cause him great terror! In place of the "twitch," dear Mr. Editors, the exercise of patience is all that is required, a handful of grass for him to nibble at, and being held by the man who cleans and feeds him, will generally keep him quiet enough for any ordinary requirements: if restive under shoeing, and the above fails, strapping up one leg and exercising him a little on three will quiet him sufficiently for shoeing at any time, and he will eventually stand to be shod of his own free will; but if he is "twitched" or "cast," as is sometimes the case, "and which is also very objectionable and unnecessary," the sight of the forge or the rattle of the shoeing tools are sufficient to render him nervous, fidgetty, and even restive, the next time he is to be shod. For minor operations, having one foot strapped or simply held up is, with patience, a sufficient precaution, and as for all the serious ones the poor brute is "cast," it cannot possibly require the additional torture of the "twitch" to place him more entirely in our power.

Many a man who would cry out to see a horse "whipped" or "spurred," sees him "twitched" without a murmur!

Trusting you will lend your aid in his service,

I remain, yours truly,

Dinapore, 21st June, 1868.

RECLUSE.

EXTRACTS.

HOW I WAS CURED OF STEEPLE-CHASING.

Most people have got a mania or a hobby of some kind, and so it fell out that I, in the days of my youth, had mine. Now manias, as it is well known, take a thousand different forms. One person devotes the leisure hours of a harmless life to the pursuit of philosophy; another to the pursuit of butterflies; a third will find enjoyment in grubbing for hours and hours among the roots of trees in search of fungi and other noxious plants; another man rejoices in the chase of stag and fox and hare; another man will follow for hours 'through field and marsh, through frost and snow,' the woodcock or the snipe. But in all these cases the disease or mania is of a character which our old friend Plato would call therapeutic or acquisitive, *i.e.*, there is always something 'to catch,' which in English is denominated by the word 'sport.' Nay, my gentle fox-hunter, be not angry that I should class with you as a sportsman the devotee who pursues with a butterfly-net the 'swallow-tail' and the 'death's-head'; for I do assure you that the element of sport enters *largely* into butterfly-catching—not that I do anything in that line myself—but in the fens of Cambridgeshire I have seen respectable old gentlemen of mild appearance and philosophic turn of mind 'go straight' and well in a five-and-twenty minutes' burst without a check after a fine specimen of an *apteryx major* with a kill at the end, in a style which would do credit to a first-flight man in any country. The claims of the philosopher to be considered as a sportsman I cannot with equal sincerity uphold, but I do strongly assert the claims of the fungus-hunter to be classed in this category, for my own grandfather was a mighty hunter in the mushroom line, and the old man would go out early in the morning, with a red pocket-handkerchief in his pocket, and if he got 'on the line' of a mushroom and brought it 'to bag,' the delight with which he showed the contents of that red handkerchief at night was quite equal to that of the sportsman who, after having three years' sport out of one jack-snipe, brought him down at last by a stray shot, and returned in triumph to his home with the labour of three years in his pocket.

But no matter what it is, as long as there is something which wants killing or catching, there will be found a class of men who will make it their particular line of sport to kill or catch it. Indeed, so strongly does the mania for sport exist among Englishmen, that the French have a story of two Englishmen, one of whom says to the other, 'What a heavenly morning—what *shall* we go and kill to-day?'

But if I get into an elaborate discussion on the various kinds of sporting manias and their objects I shall never have done. Suffice it to say that the mania with which I was afflicted was none of these, but a most unhappy mania, a disease which knew no alleviation, for it had for its object the acquisition of no particular sort of game; there was nothing to be caught (except now and then a loose horse), nothing to be killed (except now and then an unlucky jockey); in short it was a mania for steeple-chasing! How I acquired it goodness knows: whether it was in any way inherited from my grandfather's unfortunate propensity for mushroom-hunting, in which pursuit he was daring even to rashness, or, whether it was merely a natural weakness for which it is difficult to account, I cannot say, but I certainly did possess it, and apparently beyond all hope of eradication. My father, after a few attempts

to cure me, gave it up as a bad job, and obscurely hinted that perhaps, after all, if I got my neck broken *that way*, it would save its being broken *another way* (with a gesture significant of Jack Ketch !). My mother was more persevering, and I will remember her almost daily lecture, which invariably ended, 'Just think, Charles, dear, if you were to get killed in such a silly amusement how you would regret that you hadn't taken my advice.' And a kind old friend and thorough old sportsman used to say, 'Charles, my boy, whatever you do, never ride another man's horse in a steeple-chase.' But all these exhortations were vain, and I heeded not the voice of the charmer. The consequence was that at about the age of twenty-three I had won some half-dozen minor steeple-chases, and lost about three times that number ; but undoubtedly my greatest success was when on 'The Deformed' I ran second to Captain Crasher on 'Old Nick' for the Grand Spillingborough Hunt Stakes. But, alas ! 'spina sub est rosa' and 'Bell's Life' of that week made the following unnecessary remark : 'If the jockeys of the first and second horses could have been reversed, in our opinion the result would have been different.'

I was fresh from this, in my opinion, crowning success, when I received the blow which proved fatal to my somewhat dangerous taste.

I was spending Christmas in a country house in Borrickshire with old Squire Bartley, and a very pleasant place it would have been but for that odious Captain Reginald Sangfroid, who *would* make himself so offensively agreeable to Clara Bartley, then the object of my misplaced adoration. Whatever we were engaged in, hunting, walking, conversation, that fellow must needs put himself forward and become the guide and the protector of Clara, who plainly would have rather been without his attentions, at least I thought so ; and all the while he treated me with such contempt, that I inwardly vowed revenge, and waited an opportunity to cut him out in the eyes of the fair Clara. Well, the opportunity came. We were all at breakfast one morning, when the butler entered with a note on a waiter, which he handed to me. It was addressed to 'C. Maderley, Esq., care of Squire Bartley, Sandford Hall,' and ran as follows :—

'DEAR SIR,—Hearing that you were in the neighbourhood, I have taken the liberty to write and ask if you would object to ride my horse Vaulting Ambition (by Tarquin out of Overreach) in the Sandford Park Stakes at Milveston steeple-chases on January 7 (day after to-morrow). Weight 10st. 10 lb. The horse has a decided chance.

'Believe me yours truly,

'H. B. WELTERWAITE.'

H'm, thought I, pretty cool this. Who the deuce is Mr. Welterwaite, and what the—— But at that moment I caught Sangfroid's eye upon me, and clenching my teeth I thought of my revenge. What a fine thing it would be if I could but win the race with Clara for a spectator ! That thought resolved me, and begging to be excused for a moment, I left the room, and hastily wrote as follows :

'DEAR SIR,—I shall be happy to ride for you. As I have not brought any things with me, I must get you to provide me with the necessary equipment.

'Yours truly,

'H. B. Welterwaite, Esq.'

'CHARLES MADERLEY.'

I gave it to the messenger and returned to the breakfast-table. With as careless a manner I could assume—for I was bursting with jealousy at Sangfroid—I remarked, 'I've just heard from Welterwaite, who wants me to ride for him at Milveston on Thursday.'

'Oh, oh,' said my host, 'that's it, is it? I thought as much. What are you to ride?—have you accepted?'

'I am going to ride Vaulting Ambition,' said I, 'at 10 10. Do you know anything of him?'

'Whew!' said old Bartley, with a whistle, 'you've got a rough job. He's a hard-headed brute, that Welterwaite gave that name to because he always "overleaps himself and falls on t'other side."'

I saw the Captain's look of triumph as this cheerful announcement was made, and inwardly I wished Vaulting Ambition, the Captain, and Welterwaite had been in warmer quarters before I'd had anything to do with them. But it was too late now, so I had to put a good face on it, and receive with a mistrustful heart old Bartley's only crumb of comfort, that the horse 'could get along if he liked.'

Reader, I will draw a veil over the two days that passed before the steeple-chase. I will not tell of how that fiend Sangfroid contemptuously offered to bet Clara two pair of gloves to one I wasn't one of the first three (the wretch didn't dare to offer it to me.) I will not tell how Clara replied that she wouldn't do that, but would bet an even pair of Jouvin's 6½ I got thrown off. Let these harassing details be buried in oblivion, and pass we to the day which I had fondly hoped was to have given me my triumph.

Milveston was some six miles from Sandford Hall, and to that spot I repaired somewhat early in the forenoon of Jan. 7, 18—. The Squire, with his daughter and the Captain, were to come later on in time for the races. Of course my first task was to seek out Mr. Welterwaite, and learn some particulars of the day's programme. So making my way to Broadland House, the seat of the aforesaid gentleman, I got off my hack and rang the bell. It was answered by the owner himself, a stout, very stout man, with a reddish face and little whisker, iron-grey hair, and a cold, stony-grey eye; in fact anything but an agreeable *tout ensemble*. This individual eyed me all over, and then began in an abrupt sort of way, in quick, short sentences, 'Oh, ah, Mr. Maderley, I s'pose: come to ride my horse to-day. All right: glad to see you, sir. Have anything before we go to the course? No! well, then, come on; you'd better get into your things at once; there isn't so very much time to lose.' So saying, and without any more preface, he led me to a small room where were laid out a pair of gigantic inexpressibles, which had evidently been the property of Mr. Welterwaite in his steeple-chasing days; a pair of boots matching the aforesaid garments in size and antiquity; and to complete the costume, a sky-blue racing-jacket with yellow sleeves and cap. Into these garments I quickly transferred myself, and if any one remembers John Leech's picture of Mr. Tomnoddy in a suit of borrowed hunting-clothes which 'might have been made for him,' they will be able to conceive what I looked like when the process was completed. However, there was no help for it, so putting on my long upper coat, out I sallied. Mr. W. was waiting for me. 'H'm,' said he, 'rather t'big aren't they? Never mind, they'll do all right, come on;' and off we started to the course, my companion maintaining for the most part a chill silence, or if he spoke, only letting off a few short sentences. In fact I thought him uncommonly cool. We arrived on the course about an hour before the time for the race, and proceeded to view the course. It was about three miles, over pretty good grass, with two large ploughed fields near home, and a very fair assortment of jumps. The water-jump was not sensational, and the fences were pretty clean; indeed I felt considerable relief when I saw that there was not much to call forth Vaulting Ambition's propensity. By the time we had finished our inspection (during which Mr. W. had made no remark) it was time to be getting ready. 'Better take this saddle and get weighed at once,' said Mr. W.; so in I went into the weighing-room in the tent. There I found five other gentlemen

'in varieties of plumage, plum-colour, blue and white sleeves, black and white stripes, and one individual in particular, habited in a salmon-coloured jacket with green sleeves and cap, and a reddish 'Newgate frill,' with hair to match and ferrety eyes, who as I placed myself in the scale came forward and objected on the ground that I 'wasn't a gentleman rider.' This caused considerable commotion, and the stewards were called in, who decided to think about it later on, and for the present I was to ride with the objection in abeyance. To say that I was furious would not describe my state of mind. I was murderously angry, and resolved to ride over 'salmon-colour' on the first opportunity; but for the present I could only complete my weighing out, and left the tent. On arriving outside I was introduced to Vaulting Ambition. As the lad stripped him I took a good look over my *compagnon de voyage*, who was a big bay horse with good quarters, hocks, and thighs, and four black legs, of which the fore-legs showed unmistakable signs of work. Still there wasn't much to find fault with till you came to his head, a great square thing like a child's coffin, with a nasty, wicked eye, that was always looking out at the corner. A flesh-coloured nose completed this uninviting physiognomy, which was set off with a huge check-bit and curb, without which it was impossible to hold him. As I stood eyeing him, old W. disturbed my reverie. His words were few and characteristic. 'There! there he is, and he can win if you can ride him. Hold him hard, and wait with him till two fields from home; then come away and win. I've bucked him for a hundred.'

Without another word he turned and left me, and in another minute, after a playful plunge or two from the vault, the saddle was fitted on, and as the lad gave me a leg-up he said, 'You've nothing to fear, sir, only that chesnut 'oss with a white fence. Only be careful with this 'ere 'oss when he's a bit blowed, as he 'ont try to rise at his fences.' Another instant and the vaulting one had settled down into his canter! Canter did I call it? He went fighting and tearing along with his head up, and the more I held him the more he fought. As I scrambled past the stand I looked up and saw my adored one, with the Captain leaning over her, and the brute was laughing, yes, actually laughing, and at me. I could see it as plain as possible; but there was no time to think of it, for in a minute I was joined by the other five competitors, two chesnuts, two bays, and a grey, and the chesnut with the 'white fence' was bestridden by my enemy, him of the salmon colour! As we walked to the post I looked them all over, and certainly saw nothing that looked better than my own. One false start caused by our friend on the chesnut; once more in line. Go! shouts the starter. Down goes the flag! Three violent plunges and the vaulting one is off, and pulling enough to dislocate my shoulder. 'If he goes on at this rate, he'll soon kill me,' thought I as we neared the first fence in line, but he shortened his stride a bit, and though I couldn't hold him as he ought to be held, he cleared it with a yard to spare, and was nearly down on his nose. But he only pulled harder than ever, and as I knew he must wear himself out I resolved to fling my orders to the winds, and taking one finger off the reins, in a moment he shot three lengths in front. Strangely enough, directly he had the lead he seemed to go much more quietly, and I could now hold him with ease. Really he did go well I thought, and as he went striding along without an apparent effort my spirits quite rose, and I felt as if I was really going to win with him. But it was somewhat soon to exult, for we had only gone a mile as yet, and there were some dozen fences before the water-jump, which was half a mile from home. As we went sailing across a ten-acre grass field I took a Partisan glance behind me. There was 'salmon-colour' on 'white fence' going like a steam-engine side by side with 'black stripes' on the bay, 'white sleeves' a length behind on the other chesnut, and plum colour had a nasty time of it

on the grey, who was clearly 'beat.' The other gentleman on the bay had disappeared I knew not when. 'One less at any rate,' thought I as we neared a double post and rails, and as Vaulting Ambition took it in his stride and settled down again, I heard a crash behind me, and could just catch a glimpse of the riderless grey trotting slowly in our wake. And so another mile went on, and we were still going thundering well. Three fields off came the plough-land, then the water-jump. As we landed in the plough I pulled my horse together, and in an instant 'white feace' was at my girths. Stride for stride we approached the water, and as we swung over it within six feet of one another a cheer told us we were safe, and a splash and a second cheer behind us told us that some one else was not. But we couldn't help that, and on we went; but the pace had told at last, and I felt the bay begin to fail, and I heard the chesnut's sob of distress close beside me, and knew that we were both 'beat,' and it was a question of condition and strength. Both were in my favour, but I mistrusted my horse's *heart*. As we jumped the last fence but one the bay hit it hard with all fours, and scarcely got on to his legs, but the chesnut was worse, and I gained at least two lengths at that jump. There was only one more left, and safe over that I couldn't lose. It was a strong wattle-fence, but not a high one. We were within fifty yards of it now! twenty only left now! I shook him up, but there was no response; the stride didn't quicken, the crest didn't rise. We were on it now! and as I rammed the spurs home and drove him at it there was no attempt to rise at it. A crash! a somersault! and a heavy concussion, and for a second I was stunned. A dozen spectators rushed to pick me up, and as I recovered my senses I heard scraps like this, 'Give him some brandy,' said one; 'give him air,' said another; 'undo his collar,' said a third; 'fetch a doctor, fetch a doctor,' 'get a stretcher.' Then a conversation, and 'Oss didn't make no attempt to rise at it; 'no, it wasn't the 'oss, it was 'is own fault; 'ee didn't 'alf lift 'im at it,' and so on; and then a man came running up breathless, and seemed quite annoyed when he was told I wasn't killed, 'only a bit shook.' But I came round gradually and stood on my feet again, though somewhat feebly, when the crowd opened and Mr. Welterwaite crushed his way through. 'Is he hurt?' said he. 'Oh, no,' I replied; 'thank you, I'm only a little shaken.' 'Oh, you!' was the rejoinder; 'who the devil was thinkin' about you? I was thinkin' about the hoss.' And as the crowd laughed loudly, I inwardly resolved I'd never again 'ride a steeple-chase for another man.' In a minute, however, he returned, having found the horse uninjured. With a look of contempt he began, 'If you'd ridden the hoss as I told you, you'd have won far enough, instead of galloping the life out of him in that fashion!' But here I turned upon my heel and left him, with the consoling reflection that he had, at any rate, lost his hundred pounds.

I sought the Grand Stand, but there a worse fate awaited me, for the first words that Clara addressed to me were, 'What a long time it was before you tumbled off; I thought I should have lost my gloves, but Captain Sangfroid told me I must only have patience, and it would be sure to happen sooner or later.' Without a reply I rushed away, ordered my hack, and before the family had got home to Sandford Hall I was miles away, having left a note to my kind old host to tell him that a sudden message had compelled me to leave instantly for my own home. I afterwards read in 'Bell,' that 'salmon-colour' went in a winner by forty lengths from black stripes, white sleeves a bad third: nothing else passed the post. And in another paper, two months later, I read: 'At Sandford, Borrickshire Reginald Sangfroid, Captain in Her Majesty's 199th Regiment of Foot, to Clara, only daughter of Melville Bartley, Esquire, of Sandford Hall.'

And so ended my last steeple-chase.—*Baily's Monthly Magazine, May, 1868.*

THE SALMON FISHERIES OF ENGLAND.*

Mr. Smith, although the inventor of the first salmon ladder, which he erected on the weir at Deanston, was little aware—few of us are—of the vast resources of wealth which our present barren waters, by management and cultivation, may be made to develop. He little imagined, for instance, that the waters of a river could be made to command a rental, as the Tay now does, of 14*l.* per acre, a price far exceeding the annual value of any farm in Great Britain. Mr. Ashworth, however, in his pamphlet ‘On the Salmon Fisheries of England,’ enlightens his countrymen on this important subject. He tells us ‘there are 34,730 square miles of rivers in England that should produce 514,000*l.*; whereas we find that these 34,730 square miles do not produce more than 30,000*l.* annually in money value, or 17*s.* 3½*d.* per square mile.’

Ireland, however, is more fortunate; and although he quotes his facts from the printed ‘Reports and Evidence of the Fishery Commissioners,’ Mr. Ashworth’s own testimony would be amply sufficient on this point: ‘There are 22,947 miles in Ireland, that produce about 330,000*l.* in money value of salmon annually, or at the rate of 14*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* per square mile.’

Then why the fisheries of Ireland, with an area of river one-third less than that of England and Wales, should produce such very different results, he attributes mainly to the mill-weirs and obstructions that oppose the progress of the salmon to their spawning ground. The pollution of the water even is not so damaging; for he says: ‘The weirs on the Thames have done more towards exterminating the salmon in that river than even the pollutions of London, inasmuch as the Tyne, although fearfully polluted at Newcastle and below, is clear of weirs and obstructions above, and is therefore one of our best English salmon rivers.’

And again, speaking of some of the principal English rivers, he says: ‘The water of many of these rivers is as pure at the present time as it was centuries ago, and would no doubt become equally valuable in the production of food, if cultivated; assuming that these obstructions could be removed or abated by the substitution of steam, or by the erection of proper fish-passes over them, with some equable division of the water, by allowing the salmon to have it during the night, and the millers during the day.’

The proposal that steam should be substituted for water-power is worthy the practical mind that has suggested it, and it is to be hoped the country will not lose sight of so valuable a hint.

Mr. Ashworth maintains, ‘that however valuable water-power may have been in the last century, steam-power has become much more valuable and available as a substitute in our day. We think it could be shown that some of our salmon rivers would now be more valuable by the substitution of steam, and their restoration to the original purposes of the salmon fisheries.’

For instance, Mr. Ashworth proves that the water-power of England amounts only to 15,544 (H. P.); that of the United Kingdom to 28,617 (H. P.); whereas the steam-power of the United Kingdom amounts to 374,869 (H. P.). So that the relative powers stand thus:—

Steam	93 per cent.
Water	7 per cent.
			<hr/>
			100

* A pamphlet, by Thomas Ashworth, Esq. Printed by Wm. Lewis, Northgate Street, Bath. Price 1*s.*

Our enlightened pisciculturist then institutes a comparison between two adjoining rivers: 'The Wye has no weirs upon it, and has an area of about 600 square miles of salmon-breeding ground. The Teme has an area of 625 square miles, from which the salmon are shut out by twenty-four mill-weirs, the water-power of which may be taken at 50*l.* each, or 1,200*l.* a year. There is no doubt that the salmon from the Wye is of double the value as a fishery, when compared with the rents of the water-power on the Teme.'

But as to the 'equable division of the water' between the miller and salmon, giving it the latter by night and the former by day, with the erection of fish-passes over the weirs, that is a scheme which, without extraordinary vigilance on the part of the water-bailiffs, would doubtless be evaded in many ways; and the miller's would be the lion's share of such a partnership. No! let the weirs be removed; give the current full scope, and the fish a free pass at all times. The current, thus liberated, would not only scour away the mud from the bed of the river, and render it more suitable for breeding purposes, but would drain the meadows for hundreds of miles on many of our great rivers, and improve the value of the land incalculably. The public weal is paramount to private interest, and that man would indeed be a benefactor to his country who could devise a plan for sweeping away all water-mills, and giving the millers, who have still wind and steam at their service, fair compensation for loss in their vested rights.

But to proceed with Mr. Ashworth. He originates a grand scheme for the improvement of the Thames, and instances that river as 'the worst case on record: with an area of 5,162 square miles, when compared with the Tay, the Spey, or Waterford, it should produce salmon worth 50,000*l.* a year. The sewage is now carried into the sea, and the pollutions in the upper streams suppressed. If all the weirs could be abolished, and steam-power substituted for water-power, and the navigation converted into a canal, then these artificial weirs, or cesspools for filth, would be removed, and the water would flow in its pure state to London, and the metropolis would have an abundant supply of water from its own river, and save the enormous outlay of 8,600,000*l.* in bringing water from the sources of the Severn. We doubt if any one would estimate the cost of substituting steam-power in place of the milling-power, and altering the navigation to a canal, at an annual charge of 344,000*l.* a year, the interest at 4 per cent. on 8,600,000*l.*; and London would then possess an unlimited supply of pure water from the Thames, with some salmon in addition.'

It appears our legislators were guilty of a gross blunder when, by the Act of 1861, they repealed upwards of twenty ancient salmon-fishery Acts, which supplied adequate means for enforcing a free passage for the salmon to their 'spawning-beds:' whereas the new Acts of 1861 and 1865 are powerless in that respect.

The inference he draws from these numerous Acts is unquestionable: 'It is therefore evident how much importance the public in former days attached to a systematic protection of a nutritious and valuable article of commerce, and cheap food for the people, *produced without cost to the public*, by our English salmon rivers.'

It would exceed the limit of our tether to give the list of seventeen rivers, and the amount of area lost for spawning-ground, recorded by Mr. Ashworth; suffice it to say that 'there is only about one-third of the area left that existed about one hundred years ago, whereas 11,640 square miles have been destroyed or rendered nearly unproductive by weirs and pollutions, in seventeen rivers.'

The Severn has, it appears, an area of 4,437 square miles, and 668 miles of streams, with seventy-three mill-weirs. Now these seventy-three owners of

mills, Mr. Ashworth assumes, obstruct a tenth part of the bed of the river by means of weirs placed across the stream, all of which, to a greater or less degree, exclude the salmon from their spawning-ground; and, whilst obstructing the river for water-power, destroy their own salmon-fishery, as well as that of nine-tenths of the other proprietors of the river, who have no interest in the mills, and whose salmon-fisheries in these rivers were protected for upwards of five centuries, until 1861. Thus at least nine-tenths of the salmon-fishery proprietors of the kingdom were sacrificed for the benefit of the other tenth, viz., the mill-owning proprietor; and the nation lost food worth nearly half a million a year, when compared with the produce of Scotch and Irish rivers, of which the Commissioners say, 'they are not superior in natural capabilities to England and Wales, and at the present moment far more productive.'

'It is estimated that a sum of 2,000*l.* would make the seventy-three mill-weirs on the river Severn passable to salmon, and would probably yield an increased return of food to the country from these 4,437 square miles of at least 40,000*l.* a year, to the mutual benefit of both the owners of mills who are fishery-owners, and proprietors of river-fisheries who are not owners.

'As there are but three parties interested in this question, we will endeavour to explain their relative positions, as they naturally occur:—

'1st. The ancient riparian proprietors of the banks and bed of the river, whom we will call the salmon-fishery proprietors.

'2nd. The mill-owning proprietors, who have, contrary to statutes, built weirs across the rivers for their own private benefit.

'3rd. The public, who have been deprived of valuable and nutritious food.

'We will first deal with the ancient salmon-fishery proprietors. The Act of 1865 has destroyed all fixed engines in our estuaries, on the principle that it was a transference of the property of the river proprietors to those on the sea-coast; and this, with the power of protecting the salmon in the upper waters, has greatly improved the produce of the fisheries. But if the legislature consider it necessary to abolish these destructive engines, in order to improve our fisheries, how much more important is it now to remove, or at least render less mischievous, the most destructive engine that was ever invented, which has destroyed the property of the ancient fishery proprietors as well as of the public.

'The mill-owning proprietors for many years have built these walls across our salmon rivers, contrary to statute law. They do not occupy the tenth part of the length of our rivers, and have destroyed the property of the fishery proprietors and the public food to the amount of (by comparison with the Irish rivers) half a million of pounds a year. This food can only be restored by allowing the salmon to resort to the upper waters, where alone they can be safely bred.

'The bag and stake-nets and other fixed engines have been just abolished, on the ground of their transferring the property of the river proprietors to the sea-coast fisheries, whereas the millers' weirs have exterminated the salmon from many of our rivers.'

It is impossible to overrate the importance of Mr. Ashworth's object, which is to enable all Members of Parliament, and others connected with salmon fisheries, to have a correct insight into the actual requirements of the public right to enforce the cultivation, protection, and natural capabilities of the various rivers for producing a valuable supply of food, and to show the unfairness of enactments which allow the public interest at large to be severely damaged for the benefit of a few individuals.'

Mr. Ashworth is the author of another 'Essay on the Practical Cultivation of a Salmon Fishery.' It was addressed to the President and Council of the International Congress to promote the Cultivation of Fisheries, held at Arcachon in 1866, for which he was awarded a French medal. But the culture of the waters has not been with him a mere matter of theory and speculation; he has studied it for years, has applied his own principles to his own fishery in Ireland,

with the most satisfactory results, and proved himself beyond doubt a practical Political Economist of the highest order.

France has long been actively engaged in the cultivation of her waters, and the able management of M. Coste has already produced remarkable results in that country. America, too, is going ahead, and bids fair, by active measures and enlightened legislation, to gather from her waters a crop that may equal the vast produce of her land. The example of France has led the United States to make annual grants of money for the purpose of artificial breeding, and the protection of fish; and mill-owners are required by law to construct suitable and sufficient 'fish-ways' on all weirs and dams, for the free passage of salmon and shad to their breeding-ground.

The produce of the Russian fisheries is worth three and a half millions of pounds annually to that country; and even Norway nets an income of two millions from her prolific waters. What, then, is England about in this great work, that so vitally concerns her;—a work, the main object of which is to *home-grow* plentiful, cheap, and nutritious food for the good of her people? —*Bailey's Monthly Magazine, April, 1868.*

"OUR VAN."

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales appears to have inherited from his great-grand-sire, King George the Third, his taste for stag-hunting. But the lapse of a century has worked a mighty change in the sport since those days, when the system was most comfortably slow. Yeomen prickers no longer ride the deer, the attendants no longer carry French horns, and the heavy old-fashioned stag-hounds have been discarded for pure bred fox-hounds. How 'the good old King' would stare, if he could rise from his grave and see the style in which his great-grandson, the Prince, crosses a difficult country! On Thursday, March 5th, the Prince of Wales visited the Vale of Aylesbury for a day with Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds. The deer—one from Lord Petre's herd—having been uncared quietly at Aston Abbots, was not mobbed by the foot-people, nor was the scent foiled by fellows on hacks and ponies riding on the line. The hounds were trotted briskly from Wingrave, where they met, to Aston Abbots, and immediately, upon being laid on, flew away, up wind, like a flock of pigeons. Mr. George Bryan, on his horse Vavasour, by Voltigeur, jumped off with the lead, but at the third fence, a double, the chapter of accidents commenced: the great-grandson son of Blacklock blundered, and, before his rider had time to recover him, two customers were upon his back, the three men and their horses rolling together upon the ground. The hounds crossed the Hardwick Brook, which was forded by a portion of the field, but as the pack continued to run parallel to the brook, the majority kept the left-hand bank, and made use of the bridge on to Mr. Howland's farm. The Hon. A. Fitzmaurice gallantly charged the brook; but fortune did not favor the brave, as in his fall he lost both his stirrup-leathers and the best part of the run. Scarcely had the huntsman, Fred Cox, got to the other side, when his horse, at top-speed, put his foot into a drain, and turned heels over head, shooting Cox to a considerable distance. The pack streamed up the opposite hill, and, although the grass rode as firm as a race-course, hounds were beating horses every inch of the way. 'Why don't you over-ride them now?' shouted the cheery Sir Anthony Rothschild, going best pace on his favourite Peacock. Before reaching Whitchurch the deer made an

angle, which gave the field a slight pull, but the hounds turned with the scent like a pack of beagles, and carried it over the Aylesbury and Winslow road without hesitation. At the bottom beyond, which Lord Royston was the first over, the Hon. Harry Bourke came to grief. They now crossed a country where the blackthorn knows how to grow, and there were dirty coats and scratched faces in plenty. The field was considerably thinned, but, of those that were still left in the run, the Prince, on his chestnut horse Paddy, was going as well as any one. Up Holborn Hill the hounds kept on at undiminished speed. On the face of the hill are two ploughed fields, which brought the flyers to a trot. 'I've only a trot left in me,' exclaimed the Prince. At this point some stoutest hunters in England were found to have lost a shoe, whilst others fell lame, and with commendable prudence, were not persevered with. The hounds having fairly squandered the field, raced past the village of Oving. Half-way down Oving Hill, the jump being out of the horses, Mr. John Foy got a gate off its hinges, and the Prince was the first to get through the opening, followed by Col. Kingscote, in pursuit of the hounds three fields ahead. A few more fences brought them to North Marston, where the hounds inclining to the left, ran from scent to view, and were stopped at the foot of Hogshaw Hill. This burst of 33 minutes was entirely up wind, and over as fine a line as the Vale of Aylesbury can show. A well-known hard rider did not put in an appearance for some minutes, but he explained that he had stopped to administer comfort to strangers in fathomless ditches and positions of unheard-of difficulty. How delightful to see the true sportsman acting the part of the Good Samaritan, when so many pass by on the other side? The check enabled the Prince, and some others, to get their second horses, which came up at the nick of time by the North Marston lane. As soon as the hounds were laid on again, they went down wind, at a good hunting pace, between Denham and Pitchott Hills: the deer, however, turned up wind again as soon as he reached Blackgrove, and resumed his old point, crossing Quainton Lordship, the Claydon railway, the Waddesdon and Bicester road, near the village of Wescot and Wootton Park, being ultimately taken near Ludgershall in one hour and fifty minutes from the time that the hounds were first laid on, and having crossed the entire county of Buckingham. Out of a field of more than two hundred horsemen, the Prince and eleven others only were with hounds when the deer was run into, although some others scrambled up before he was finally taken.—*Bailey's Monthly Magazine*, April, 1868.

THE DERBY DAY.

To speak of the scene when the course is cleared, and Mr. Superintendent Walker sits on his grey charger—like another Alexander Selkirk, monarch of all he surveys—is a thrice-told tale; and yet it is always a wonderful sight, and year by year there are fresh things to wonder at and admire. We keep repeating that there were never more people than there were here to-day as each anniversary comes round; and how true it is, is hardly possible to say. All we know is, that the gathering to-day was immense—that from Tattenham Corner to the Paddock, and from the Grand Stand to the Hill, the people were everywhere; and how the course was cleared is one of the marvels worth coming to Epsom to see. But they are a wonderfully orderly crowd, (considering the after saturnalia we have elsewhere alluded to,) and do the bidding of the A Division

without much protest. The *Heir Apparent* is present, and, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian, Prince Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sutherland, witnesses the race from a private stand. And now eyes are strained towards the paddock, from which Sir Joseph's lot, headed by Rosierucian, are the first to emerge. Then come the violet hoops of his Grace of Newcastle, Orion, Samson, and a ruck of horses, of which Franchise is the last. Soon Superintendent Walker raises his hands as the signal for the preliminaries to commence, and Paul Jones comes tearing down the course, with a lead which if he can keep in the race Mr. Hodgman need not be uneasy. He is followed by Rosierucian, Green Sleeve, and Blue Gown, while behind the trio are Lord Glasgow's colt, Orion, Forest King, See Saw, St. Ronan, &c., the last lot consisting of Franchise, Pace, Speculum, Samson, and Cap-à-pie. Nearing the bell, and before he had gone 200 yards, Pace was seen to falter and nearly come on his head, and Alderott pulling up as quickly as he could, it was at once perceived he had broken down in his off fore leg. He was led back to the weighing inclosure, and the Duke of Newcastle immediately came down to look at the injury: but of course his chance was out for that day, and he was led off the course. By this time the horses, now reduced to eighteen—the smallest field since Kettledrum's year, 1861—were in charge of Mr. M'George; Lady Elizabeth, who was led to the post, and Cock of the Walk having joined them from Sherwood's. The Danebury mare was very quiet, and gave no signs of any of the temper or fretfulness which the touts ascribed to her in her morning gallop. She remained perfectly still, except that she showed a disinclination to approach her horses, and she gave not the slightest trouble. She had receded in the market, a rather vigorous onslaught against her at the commencement of the afternoon having brought her to 7 to 4. This might have been a hedging commission, or, as more probable, caused by the eagerness to get on Blue Gown, about whom 7 to 2 was freely taken. At one time, indeed, 2 to 1 was obtained about the mare, but Blue Gown going back half a point, she came to 7 to 4 again, which was her price when the flag fell; and it became positively known that Wells would ride Blue Gown, and that both Porter and himself considered him the best horse, 100 to 30 was the utmost offer. These, with a great rush on Paul Jones, which brought him to 8 to 1, were the most notable changes at the finish.

‘ EIGHTY-NINTH DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h ft., for three-year-old colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 5lb; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; 1½ miles; 262 subs.

Sir J. Hawley's b c Blue Gown, by Beadsman—Bas Blue, by Stockwell.....	Wells	1
Baron Rothschild's b c King Alfred, by King Tom.....	Norman	2
Duke of Newcastle's b c Speculum, by Vedette.....	Kenyon	3
Mr. Hodgman's br c Paul Jones.....	Parry	0
Mr. Beadsman's b c Orion.....	Clement	0
Sir J. Hawley's b f Green Sleeve.....	J. Adams	0
Sir J. Hawley's b c Rosierucian.....	Custance	0
Mr. J. Chaplain's ch c St. Ronan.....	Jeffrey	0
Marquis of Hastings's b f Lady Elizabeth.....	Fordham	0
Lord Allesbury's ch f Franchise.....	Chaloner	0
Sir L. Newman's b c The Forest King.....	J. Snowden	0
Mr. John Day's br c Cock of the Walk.....	H. Day	0
Lord Glasgow's br c by Brother to Bird on the Wing.....	Cameron	0
Mr. Padwick's ch c Samson.....	T. French	0
Mr. J. Scott's b c Viscount.....	J. Osborne	0

Col. Pearson's colt & Cap-à-pie.....	Grimshaw	0
Lord Wilton's br & See Saw.....	Maidment	0
Baron Rothschild's br & Suffolk.....	J. Dayley	0

Betting, 7 to 4 agst Lady Elizabeth, 100 to 30 agst Blue Gown, 8 to 1 agst Paul Jones, 10 to 8 agst Suffolk, 100 to 8 agst Speculum, 100 to 7 agst Orion, 25 to 1 agst Rosicrucian, 33 to 1 each agst Cap-à-pie, Pace, and Green Sleeve, 40 to 1 agst See Saw, 50 to 1 each agst St. Ronan and Forest King, 100 to 15 agst King Alfred, and 100 to 1 agst Franchise. With commendable punctuality Mr. Manning got through the preliminary business of weighing for the nineteen runners, and with little or no loss of time the toilets of the seventeen assembled in the paddock were completed, Lady Elizabeth and her stable companion Cock of the Walk, for "safety sake," having gone through their performance at the Warren, where they remained until joined at the post by the others. Mr. Starling, taking the lot in hand, paraded them past the stand, and having reached the distance, they wheeled round and commenced their preliminary canter, led by Paul Jones, some twenty lengths in advance of Rosicrucian, Green Sleeve, and Blue Gown. Then followed Lord Glasgow's colt, Orion, Forest King, and the Baron's two, a long way in whose rear came Franchise, the Duke of Newcastle's pair, and Samson, each eliciting praise or censure as they swept by. Pace, on nearing the inclosure, faltered in his stride, and immediately afterwards his jockey was seen endeavouring to ease him, when it became apparent that something of moment had occurred, and, upon Aldcroft dismounting and returning to the inclosure, it became patent that the back tendons of his off fore leg had given way. This sensation, however, soon gave way to more important business, viz., the progress of the others to the starting post, which having been reached, Mr. M'George speedily got them in order, and with the exception of three or four failures, occasioned through the favourite being led up with a bearing rein, he despatched them at 3-17 to an excellent start. When fairly in their places, Speculum went to the front; but he was immediately pulled back, and his place was taken by Cap-à-pie, having Orion on his left, the pair being followed by Speculum and See Saw, close up with whom were Blue Gown, Green Sleeve, and Paul Jones; at the quarters of the latter were Lord Glasgow's colt, Franchise, King of the Forest, Rosicrucian, and King Alfred, in a body, the latter lying on the inside. To these succeeded Suffolk and Samson, heading the next division, in the rear of whom were seen the colours of Cock of the Walk, Viscount, St. Ronan, and Lady Elizabeth. They ran thus for a quarter of a mile, when Orion headed Col. Pearson's colt, and assumed the command clear of Speculum, the latter being slightly in advance of Cap-à-pie, with Blue Gown and Green Sleeve close up; and in their rear were See Saw, Paul Jones, Franchise, King Alfred, Lord Glasgow's colt, and St. Ronan, the latter having quitted his rearward position, which was now occupied by Viscount, Cock of the Walk, and Lady Elizabeth. The favourite at this early period of the race appeared unable to act, and as they came through the "fuzzes," Fordham, to the consternation of her backers, was seen "hard upon her," but without mending her position materially; with the exception of the cripples Samson and Viscount, she was quite behind, and as they reached the mile post she was hopelessly out of the race, so far as concerns any chance she now possessed. As they began the descent of the hill, Orion still held his prominent position in the van, Cap-à-pie lying second, Blue Gown third, King Alfred fourth, with Speculum, Paul Jones, See Saw, Franchise, and St. Ronan close in their track, then followed Lord Glasgow's colt, Rosicrucian, and Suffolk. On rounding Tattenham Corner, the leaders closed up, and ran in company into the straight, when Orion and Cap-à-pie disappeared from the front, the colours of Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian at the same time fading.

away. These withdrawals left King Alfred, on the lower ground, with the lead, having Blue Gown in the centre, on the right of whom came Speculum, Paul Jones, St. Ronan, and Franchise; the latter, however, was placed *hors de combat* on crossing the road, by breaking her leg badly, and Chaloner immediately dismounted. At the distance, Paul Jones and See Saw were added to the beaten division, which now presented a lengthened tail, at the end of which were seen the disgraced colours of the favourite; and the issue was thus left with the Baron's outsider and Blue Gown, who drew away several lengths in advance. Half-way up the former appeared to have the best of it (Norman riding exceedingly jolly), and loud shouts arose of "The Baron wins!" but they had scarcely been raised than a counter cheer for Sir Joseph arose. Wells was seen quietly creeping up, and catching King Alfred (who stopped to nothing) at the stand, he won a brilliant race by half a length. Speculum struggled home with great gameness, and secured his place money, finishing five lengths in the rear of King Alfred, and about three lengths in advance of St. Ronan. At the quarters of Mr. Chaplain's colt came Rosierucian fifth, and Suffolk sixth, the three being clear, Orion seventh, slightly in advance of Paul Jones eighth, and Green Sleeve next. Then came at wide intervals, Lord Glasgow's colt, See Saw, Cap-à-pie, Cock of the Walk, and Lady Elizabeth, in the rear of whom were Viscount, Forest King, and Samson, the latter pulling up lame, and Franchise, who did not pass the post. Nett value of the stakes, £6,850. Run in 2m. 43½s.

For the Oaks a small but by no means bad-looking lot of fillies were saddled in the paddock. In fact, remembering the calibre of the field for the last two or three years, we are inclined to rank this as, on the whole, of a higher average. About the first to show was Fair Star, a nicely framed mare with plenty of good looks, and grand quarters, not quite elegantly set on. She came into the paddock stripped, but was nevertheless all of a lather, and to appearances more as if she had run a race than being about to do so. The thunder storm had probably had some effect on her nervous system, as such weather has on many other mortals. She was soon joined by Mathew Dawson's pair, both looking very fit; of the two, Lady Coventry is a fine upstanding filly with good ends, but leggy and light of bone below the knee; while Leenie is a very taking, wiry little mare, with powerful racing-like quarters, and standing on short wearing legs. Janet Rawcliffe, "the humble companion" of Fornosa, is a shelly animal of no symmetry, and a very striking contrast to the heroine of the Thousands, who was brought to the post by Henry Woolcott in beautiful condition, handsome to the eye, but not big, and altogether the best-looking mare in the race. Judged by her inches she is but a little one, for she reaches no higher than to fifteen hands one and a half, but she is capitally furnished, and full of muscular power. She has a pleasing head, with a good breadth of forehead, and a strong, slightly crested neck, reminding one more of a colt than a filly. She has strong shoulders, a good middle, famously-shaped quarters, and unexceptionable legs, upon which she stands as firm as a rock. With her head well up, and her bold carriage, she walked away with Fordham a very picture; and even then it certainly looked all to be over. No animal has ever continued to improve more, and Mr. Cookson is, of course, anxious enough to get Buccaneer back again. The chief reason indeed for ever parting with him was from his being terribly savage, and never to be trusted. Virtue, another rising favourite, is a neat, light mare, of no great power, with limbs nicely formed and well placed. She was a good deal fancied, but blew so fearfully on getting back to the rubbing house after the race, as to give one the idea of her being very thick-winded—as she has, in fact, an enlargement of the throat. There was no such thoroughly racing-like filly in the field as Athena, with her good head,

nice light neck, capital shoulders, middle, and quarters, and altogether well proportioned length of limb. A weed called Curfew Bell joined company just at last, and Lady Elizabeth found courage to canter past the stand. When she did enter the paddock after it was over she showed a jady, beaten, tucked-up animal all the worse for her week's excitement, and worn to a scarecrow! and the running confirmed the truth of that for the Derby. When the Lady Elizabeth appeared to take her preliminary canter, a cry almost of derision greeted the famous mare of last year. It is not too much to say she looked a bag of bones, and had an untrained appearance strange to see. There was no Danebury bloom upon her. How the public could have been induced to take 5 to 4 about the shadow of her former self was probably the thought that flashed on the minds of most of the spectators. Still they took 9 to 2—a greater supporter of the stable, we believe, accepted 800 to 200, and there was yet a belief she might retrieve her Wednesday's disgrace.

90TH OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h ft, for three-year-old fillies, 8st 10lb each; the second received 100 sovs.; 1½ miles, New Course; 215 subs.

Mr. G. Jones's ch Formosa, by Buccaneer.....	G. Fordham	1
Mr. M. Dawson's ns ch Lady Coventry.....	Daley	2
Mr. Pudwick's ch Athena.....	T. French	3
Marquis of Hastings's b Lady Elizabeth.....	Cannon	0
Mr. G. Jones's ch Janet Rawcliffe.....	C. Page	0
Duke of Hamilton's ch Lèonie.....	Alderott	0
Mr. W. Davis's ch Fair Star.....	Grimshaw	0
Mr. G. Holmes's br Virtue.....	Snowden	0
Mr. Welsby's Curfew Bell.....	J. Osborn	0

Betting: 11 to 8 on Formosa, 9 to 2 agst Lady Elizabeth, 8 to 1 agst Virtue, and 12 to 1 each agst Lèonie and Lady Coventry. The precautions taken on the Derby day were again had recourse to, as to the saddling of Lady Elizabeth and her stable companion, Athena; but on this occasion the "British public" were indulged with a preliminary canter, which, however, did not appear to please the *cognoscenti*, or raise the hopes of her Ladyship's backers. On the other hand, the free action and sweeping stride of the beautiful daughter of Buccaneer appeared to arrest the attention of all. Shortly afterwards they were seen to emerge from the paddock, headed by Martin Starling, and he, having handed them over to the safe keeping of the starter, all eyes were centered upon the valley, where they were marshalled in close order. To the surprise of all, a start was effected at the first attempt, and shortly after Janet Rawcliffe was driven to the front, and came on with the running at her best pace, evidently to serve the favourite; but so wretched was the attempt, that Fordham, relying upon his own resources, headed her half-way, in the "fuzes," and assumed the command, having in their wake Fair Star, Lèonie, Curfew Bell, Virtue, and Lady Coventry; then followed Janet Rawcliffe, Lady Elizabeth, and Athena to the old mile post. Here Cannon somewhat improved his position, but when fairly on the hill he was headed by Athena, who as they gradually descended the hill mended her position. When fairly round Tattenham Corner, Virtue, on the lower side, took second place, the three immediate followers of the favourite evidently having had enough of it, and being passed by Athena and Lady Coventry. Lady Elizabeth even at this early period was out of it. As they crossed the road Virtue for a short time exhibited some vitality, but on reaching the distance she gave way, and Athena became the immediate follower of the favourite, with Lady Coventry—whom Daley had been riding from the start—third. Half-way up Fordham was seen to indulge Formosa with a pull, and looking round to place his followers, he then with a quiet smile resumed

the even tenor of his way, the favourite passing the post in a "water canter," ten lengths in advance of Lady Coventry, who ran past the pulling up Athena at the stand. Fair Star just headed Virtue on the post for fourth place. Curfew Bell pulling up fifth, with Lady Elizabeth a long way in her rear. Janet Rawcliffe and Léonie were the two last. The race was run in 2m. 47s.—*Field*.

DEATH OF EDWARDS THE JOCKEY.

ARTHUR EDWARDS, the young but already famous jockey, died at Newmarket on Tuesday, after a lingering and hopeless illness, aged 24. He was the son of Edward Edwards, himself the youngest of the renowned family of jockeys; but, although Newmarket born, Arthur received his education at Isley under Joseph Dawson, to whom he was apprenticed, and hence the chief of his subsequent engagements. He took to something like regular riding in 1857, beginning with Mr. Hanks's Silvertail and Mr. Midgley's Polly Johnson, winning several races on the latter. His light weight—and he registered for some seasons at under 5st—brought him plenty of riding, and his doings in the saddle may be thus epitomised:

In 1857 he won 10 races.			In 1861 he won 80 races.			In 1865 he won 35 races.		
" 1858	"	26	" 1862	"	71	" 1866	"	24
" 1859	"	47	" 1863	"	55	" 1867	"	36
" 1860	"	60	" 1864	"	52			

He thus won nearly five hundred races—quite his fair share of success. He was most familiar to the public in the rich blue and black jacket of Lord Stamford, with whose doings he was associated, under his old tutor Joseph Dawson, at the most brilliant era in his lordship's career. He won the 2000 Guineas Stakes very unexpectedly on Diophantus, and finished third for the Derby on the same horse; but we never fancied him so much as on the beautiful Lady Augusta, with which filly he won the companion race for Lord Stamford two years subsequently. Still the connection was at best but capricious, and later on it was of no very holding character; so that Edwards took service with the French troops, for whom he won the Oaks on Fille de l'Air. This was the only one of the great events he ever lauded; but the finest race we ever saw him ride was at Ascot, when, after a dead heat, he won the Cup on Buckstone against Sam Rogers on Tim Whiffier. It was thought that Buckstone had won the first time, but, with this good horse's usual luck, the judge did not see it so, though there was no mistake over the second bout.

Arthur Edwards was a good-looking, well-appointed lad, but he was scarcely a first class jockey. His finish often wanted force, and we question whether he was a really good judge of pace. In his earlier time, however, he enjoyed great success, especially amongst the light handicaps, whilst the constant contemporaries, even at this business, were such fine horsemen as Fordham, Custance, Daly, and France. He was twice married, but he leaves no family.—*Field*.

NARROW ESCAPE OF ROSICRUCIAN.

Sir Joseph Hawley's Derby "crack," Rosicrucian, had lately a narrow squeak for his life which threatened to put an end to all discussion as to his Derby prospects. During the progress of the van, containing Rosicrucian and Blue Gown, from Bishopsgate to the Waterloo station, the attention of Porter and Wells (the latter of whom was riding on the box, whilst Porter was on a pony alongside the van) was drawn by one of the boys to Rosicrucian; and on Porter looking inside, he discovered the horse in such a choking state that he appeared to be dying. Being near the Waterloo station Porter hurried on the postilions, and on reaching that terminus, the horse was removed from the van into the parcels' office, and veterinary surgeons sent for, whilst Wells got into a Hansom, and proceeded as fast as he could to Sir Joseph Hawley's residence, on arriving at which he informed Sir Joseph, in a couple of words, that "Rosicrucian's dying!" Sir Joseph, it may readily be imagined, was horrified at the news, and instantly hastened back to the station with Wells, where they found all danger happily past, as the horse had meanwhile relieved himself by "passing" some hay which had stuck in his gullet, and was within an ace of choking him. "All's well that ends well," and Rosicrucian eventually reached Kingsclere little the worse for the occurrence, which was precisely similar to that which caused the death of Magnum Bonum, two years since.—*Sporting Gazette*.

DARWIN ON VARIATION IN THE HORSE.

When noticing Mr. Darwin's new work on "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication," in THE FIELD of April 18, we confined our remarks almost entirely to that portion which relates to dogs, and added that we should, at another time, give a *résumé* of Mr. Darwin's researches in regard to horses, cattle, pigs, &c.

The subject of variation in the horse does not afford so extensive a field for research as that of variation in the dog and other animals. There are, however, many facts in the chapter devoted to this animal in Mr. Darwin's new work that are interesting not only to the general reader, but also to the practical naturalist. With regard to the origin of the domesticated breeds of horses, Mr. Darwin regards it as more probable that they should have descended from a single species than that they should have been derived, as maintained by some writers, from four or five different coloured primitive stocks. After reviewing the subject at some length, he states:

The similarity in the most distinct breeds in their general range of colours, in their dappling, and in the occasional appearance, especially in duns, of leg stripes, and of double or triple shoulder stripes, taken together, indicate the probability of the descent of all the existing races from a single dun-colored more or less striped primitive stock, to which our horses still occasionally revert.

The modification of form that the different varieties of the horse have undergone are traced to two chief causes—the varying conditions of life in different countries, and the long-continued careful selection by man. Mr. Darwin writes:

Mr. D. Forbes, who has had excellent opportunities of comparing the horses of Spain with those of South America, informs me that the horses of Chili, which have lived under nearly the same conditions as their progenitors in Andalusia, remain

unaltered; whilst the Pampas horses and the Puno ponies are considerably modified. The Puno ponies which inhabit the lofty regions of the Cordillera are strange little creatures, very unlike their Spanish progenitors. Further south, in the Falkland Islands, the offspring of the horses imported in 1764 have already so much deteriorated in size and strength that they are unfitted for catching wild cattle with the lasso; so that fresh horses have to be brought for this purpose from La Plata, at a great expense. Much humidity is apparently more injurious to the horse than heat or cold. In the Falkland Islands horses suffer much from the dampness, and this same circumstance may, perhaps, partly account for the singular fact that to the eastward of the Bay of Bengal, over an enormous and humid area, in Ava, Pegu, Siam, the Malayan Archipelago, Loo Choo Islands, and a large part of China, no full-sized horse is found. In Japan the horse re-acquires his full size.

The absence of any monstrous breeds of horses analogous to our pug dogs, or short-faced spaniel, &c., is accounted for by a very simple theory. With many domesticated animals kept as pets, breeds are maintained on account either of their beauty or singularity; but, the horse being esteemed solely on account of its utility, monstrous breeds are not preserved:

No doubt semi-monstrous breeds might have been formed. Thus Mr. Waterton records the case of a mare which produced successively three foals without tails, so that a tailless race might have been formed like the tailless races of dogs and cats. A Russian breed of horses is said to have frizzled hair; and Azara relates that in Paraguay horses are occasionally born, but are generally destroyed, with hair like that on the head of a negro, and this peculiarity is transmitted even to half-breeds.

Whilst agreeing with those other writers on the horse who hold the strongest faith in the inheritance of all good or bad qualities, Mr. Darwin doubts whether the principle of inheritance is really stronger in the horse than in other animals, and suggests that, from its value, the tendency to the inheritance of the character of its progenitors has in this animal been more carefully observed.
—*Field*.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK MEETING.

Racing in the Alexandra Park will, as most of our readers are aware, be inaugurated on a large scale on the 30th June, the meeting extending over two days. The subjoined official description of the race course and Grand Stand may not prove uninteresting:—The Alexandra Park Race Course is formed on slightly undulating ground, commencing near the Wood Green Railway Station, and extending along the south side of the palace. It has been well drained and levelled throughout, and the turf taken up and carefully relaid on a bed of ballast, to improve its elasticity. The Half Mile is 30 yards in width, and nearly straight. The One Mile-and-a Quarter Course commences near the Grand Stand, and joins the Half Mile Course by an easy curve. The One Mile and Three Quarters and other longer courses will commence at the Grand Stand, and be continued round the cricket ground for their required distances, finishing over the last part of the Half Mile Course. All the running ground has been enclosed with posts and rails, and will be seen from the Grand Stand. The Grand Stand is situate at the west end of the Half Mile Course, and on the edge of the rising ground leading up to the palace. It is approached by a wide road from Hornsey as well as from the Wood Green Station. The general character of the architecture of the exterior is Italian, with a bold frontage of piers from the lawn to within the whole length and width of the building. The

ground plan consists of an entrance hall 40 feet by 18 feet, adjoining which are two towers containing the stairs leading to the Grand Stand room and lead flat; on this plan are also first and second class refreshment rooms, together with entrance to the lawn. The Grand Stand room, 130 feet by 25 feet, is on the first floor, and divided into private boxes, and stewards' compartment; adjoining these are the ladies' refreshment rooms, &c. The whole of the floor is connected with the lawn by a graduated terrace of step standings, from whence every one will have full view of the races. Above the Grand Stand room is a graduated lead roof, 130 feet by 25 feet. The lawn, enclosure, and Grand Stand are enclosed with iron palisading, and adjoining thereto are the usual offices for the clerk of the course, weighing and jockeys' rooms, police room and accommodation for mounted police."—*Bell's Life*.

ROYAL PLATES IN IRELAND.

By order of Her Majesty's Master of the Horse, on and after the 1st of April next the following Articles, in addition to those now in force for Her Majesty's Plates in the United Kingdom, are to be observed for the regulation of the Plates run for in Ireland.

1. No Royal Plate will be given at any meeting where the public money added to other flat races at that meeting does not amount to 150 sovs.

2. Any horse having won two Queen's Plates (in Ireland) shall carry 7lbs. extra, and if three, 10lbs. extra for all other Queen's Plates in Ireland that year, and any horse having won four Queen's Plates in Ireland shall not be qualified to start for another in Ireland that year. All penalties to cease on the 31st of December in each year.

3. No gelding to be allowed to start for any Royal Plate.

4. Six of the Royal Plates run at the Curragh (to be specified by the Stewards of the Turf Club), one at the Maze, and the Plates at Bellewstown, Londonderry, and Limerick shall be exclusively for horses trained six months previously in Ireland; but horses trained in Ireland shall not be disqualified by going to England to run for their engagements there, provided they are not absent from Ireland more than 28 days at one time.

5. The weights for the Royal Whip shall be—3 years old, 10st.; 4, 11st., 4lb.; 5, 11st. 12lb.; 6 and aged, 12st.

6. One guinea will be charged each horse for entrance; no further charge will be made on the winner.

N.B.—One of the Plates formerly run for at the Curragh will now be transferred to Limerick.

(Signed) BEAUFORT, *Master of the Horse*,

—*Bell's Life*.

AMATEUR WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

WEST LONDON RACE GROUND, MAY 8.—One of the greatest amateur performances of the present date was successfully got through by Mr. E. W. L. Ryves, who, for a valuable cup, &c., undertook to walk 40 miles in eight hours. Mr. C. Westhall, of *Bell's Life*, being referee and official time-keeper.

Our space will not allow us to state more than that the amateur won very cleverly by 12min. 29sec., he never having stopped during the journey. The following are the times of each mile:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
1st mile .	0 10 45	21st mile.....	3 51 55
2nd	0 21 34	22nd	4 2 40
3rd	0 32 9	23rd	4 14 20
4th	0 43 37	24th	4 25 11
5th	0 54 42	25th	4 37 15
6th	4 40	26th	4 50 25
7th	14 42	27th	5 1 37
8th	24 54	28th	5 14 52
9th	34 25	29th	5 27 22
10th	44 42	30th	5 40 22
11th	55 29	31st	5 53 30
12th	2 5 3	32nd	6 5 0
13th	2 15 48	33rd	6 16 0
14th	2 26 49	34th	6 29 45
15th 2 38 10	35th	6 42 40
16th 2 50 14	36th	6 54 53
17th 3 2 23	37th	7 8 12
18th 3 14 53	38th	7 21 25
19th 3 26 53	39th	7 34 16
20th 3 40 10	40th	7 47 51

—*Bell's Life.*

STUD REMOUNTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ENGLISHMAN."

"SIR,—It has been the fashion for some time, and more especially since the issue of the *Oriental Sporting Review* (new series), to run down Stud management and its results. In Stud Remounts the cry of deterioration is more emphatic in each number, and means of rectification are put forward from innumerable (in a horsey sense) wise men of the East. So far as I am aware, not one word has been advanced in defence of the Stud side by its authorities, and perhaps wisely so hitherto; but when a paper, influential as yours, thinks fit to devote an Editorial to the subject, I feel sure the hour has come, for those who have had to do with Stud-bred Remounts—and who know that with time and fair play they are equal, if not superior, to those furnished to the British Army in England, at all events, to take up the cudgels; and I do so now in the hope that far more able writers, who in the main are of the same opinion, will back me up, and thus, if possible, prevent our losing a good average article, on the chance of (by attending to the advice of the men from whom this cry of deterioration has emanated) getting something better, or something not half so good.

"To read the several letters, &c., in the *Sporting Review*, one would suppose they contained the universal opinion—so damatory to Stud Remounts—of the mounted branches of the army in this presidency; and this I am very certain is not the case. After the meeting a report was called for from the mounted

branches, and the result was very favourable to the Stud-breds. If I am not misinformed, a similar report was called for and furnished not further off than 1861-65 with a similar result, and to suppose this same breed of horses to have so utterly deteriorated since then, is, I consider, more than the Government, or men who have given their real attention to the subject, can believe, or than actual experience will bear out. The means, however, of arriving at the real facts are quite in the hands of Government; let it call for a report from each officer of the mounted branch commanding troops, batteries, or regiments. This report should contain his experience of the merits or demerits of the breeds of Remounts under him, and attached to each should be a "Present state" with column for "Age when brought into the service," "Present age," and "Likely No. of years to last;" this would leave it easy for the Government to prepare a return not only of the opinion of the officers commanding, but of actually which breed of horse has proved most lasting, and in all respects, temper, constitution, &c., serviceable. It is absolutely necessary this return should be attached, as some officers are prejudiced in favor of Colonials, yet confess the Stud-bred the more serviceable and lasting, whilst others, to my knowledge, utterly condemn the Colonials and are all for the Stud-bred.

"This return then is absolutely necessary to ensure fairness to all broods, and when perfected let it be published for public information.

"I have neither time nor inclination to reason on all the proposals (in their way authoritative) for rectifying this deterioration said to exist, and which, if you will take up poor Abel East's *Sporting Review*, so far back as 1845, you will find was said to exist then, and judging from subsequent Nos. has been going on existing ever since.

"C. W. B. in No. 3 (new series) *Sporting Review*, says, "The Bengal Stud has been for years taking coals to Newcastle. Arab sires and Australian mares are all that's necessary." Can it for one moment be supposed that a cross so easily attainable has not been fully tried, and that if now rejected it has been so rejected only after results proving unsatisfactory.

"Again, I would refer you to the quotation by M., page 377 of No. 5 (new series) *Oriental Sporting Review*, from which you will see that low strong T. B. mares, on short legs, averaging 15-1—15-2 each, of the best quality of staying bloods, can be purchased and landed, all expenses included, for £75 a head. Now, this needs no comment, and yet these are the men that take upon themselves to find fault with the management of a set of officers, many of whom have had long years of experience, and which experience I honestly believe has enabled them to produce a very favorable return from the stock they have had to work on. M. would not get such mares for 200 guineas each, unless they were worn out, broken down, and past breeding.

"It may be worth while to ask, in dealing with this subject, if any changes in organisation of the several branches have occurred since the Mutiny, the time from which apparently the deterioration became most palpable; in so far there have been changes, but I speak to the best of my belief and under correction.

"The annual No. of Remounts then required was 600, now it is 1,100.

"The 1st choice then was Horse Artillery.

"2nd—Dragoons.

"3rd—Light Cavalry—Natives riding about 13 stone fully accoutred.

"4th—Field Artillery,—small 14 and 14-1 horses.

"Now it is—

"1st—Artillery—viz., Horse Artillery, their horses suited admirably for Dragoon, but also suited for detachment horses on the new H. A. system; then Field Artillery.

"Then Medium Cavalry and Hussars, riding over 18 stone each.

"The best proof that the horses (however the systems may have changed) have not deteriorated is, that 2-3rds of those presented are selected for the Artillery, and that the Field Artillery, although it is clearly laid down to manœuvre at a walk, and never beyond a trot, are able with the cattle furnished to manœuvre at the gallop, and what's more, do so manœuvre.

"There is one other point I must allude to, and a very curious point it is, *viz.*, the very great ill-luck of the Government in having selected a set of officers to form, in connection with their Chief Veterinary Surgeon, a Standing Committee to pass in Remounts. Now these officers are selected for their peculiar knowledge and experience, and he will be a plucky fellow that denies Mr. Harford's great experience and instinctive knowledge of horseflesh and its requirements, exclusive altogether of his veterinary learning—yet this Committee do nothing right if we are to believe all we hear, and know less about their work than probably any equal number of gentlemen that could be culled from amongst the Army. Of course I won't insult you by supposing you for one moment to accept as true the old and time-worn allusions to "Champagne tiffins," &c. The men on those Committees are not likely to be affected by such tiffins, even if they got them, which, if I hear right, they didn't.

"In your own Editorial you say: "It is well known that Cavalry Remounts can be purchased in almost any quantities in England and Ireland on an average of from £20 to £25 each, the latter being the price allowed by Government." Now, as I feel sure that your object in agitating the subject is for the real benefitting of the mounted branches in this country, and guiding of Government, so far as in you lies, in the best direction for that purpose, I may be pardoned in setting you right on one or two points.

"1. Any quantity of Cavalry Remounts cannot be purchased in the places you state; on the contrary, German horses have to be imported in large numbers to meet the demands, and a good half of the Remounts passed into the ranks within the last five years, are of this soft-constitutioned, soft-boned, and soft-hearted breed.

"2. The Remounts that are purchased in the United Kingdom average over £30 at time of purchase. They are, as a rule, bought up fat from grass at the age of from 3 to 3½ years; they have then, if bought in Ireland, to be railled or marched to the seaport, shipped across the Channel, and then by degrees brought into form, and as no horse is considered fit for ordinary work before he is 5 years old, you can easily calculate, what with casualties, &c., whether or not his average at that period is over £60.

"In conclusion, and praying your forbearance for this long letter, I would urge you to use your great weight, whilst encouraging every just means of arriving at the real facts as regards Stud Remounts, to warn Government against any sudden action in this most important matter.

"I suppose writers on that subject who differ from me will think I have expended all I had to say because their future letters, &c., remain unanswered. As I said before, I hope abler pens will take up the cudgels; so far as I am concerned, they must think what they please.

"I have not time for writing, even were I sure of finding a publisher, and my object is not discussion.

"June 8, 1868.

"BUCCANEER."

RACING CALENDAR.

RACES TO COME.

SECUNDERABAD MONSOON MEETING, 1868.

ENTRANCES ON THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1868.

THE DERBY.

Mr. Craighall's br. aus. gel. ... *Happy Land*.
Mr. Walford n's b. aus. gel. ... *Exhibition*.
Captain Thomas' br. aus. gel. ... *Blackbird*.
Mr. Williams' b. a. h. ... *Cossack*.

THE GALLOWAY PURSE.

Mr. Williams' b. a. gall. ... *Little John*.
Captain Stevens' g. a. gall. ... *Attila*.

H. E. SALAR JUNG'S PURSE.

Captain Tisdall's c. a. gall. ... *Turquoise*.
Mr. Walford's b. a. gall. ... *The Upas*.
Mr. Williams' b. a. gall. ... *Lottery*.
Dr. Gonne's g. a. gall. ... *Alchymist*.
Captain Stevens' c. a. h. ... *Absentee*.

THE BOWENPILLY STAKES.

Mr. Craighall's br. aus. gel. ... *Happy Land*.
Mr. Walford's n's b. aus. gel. ... *Exhibition*.
Mr. Burt's br. aus. gel. ... *Promised Land*.

THE GALLOWAY SWEEPSTAKES.

Captain Tisdall's c. a. gall. ... *Turquoise*.
Mr. Walford's b. a. gall. ... *The Upas*.
Mr. Williams' b. a. gall. ... *Lottery*.
Dr. Gonne's g. a. gall. ... *Alchymist*.
Captain Stevens' g. a. gall. ... *Attila*.

THE DESERT STAKES.

Mr. Williams' b. a. h. ... *Cossack*.

THE ACCOMMODATION STAKES.

Mr. Craighall's br. aus. gel. ... *Happy Land*.
Mr. Burt's br. aus. gel. ... *Promised Land*.

THE GARRISON STAKES.

Mr. Craighall's br. aus. gel. ... *Happy Land*.
Mr. Walford's n's br. aus. gel. ... *Exhibition*.
Mr. Walford's b. a. gall. ... *The Upas*.
Captain Thomas' b. aus. gel. ... *Blackbird*.

THE ARAB STAKES.

Captain Tisdall's c. a. gall. ... *Turquoise*.
Mr. Walford's b. a. gall. ... *The Upas*.
Mr. Williams' b. a. gall. ... *Lottery*.
Dr. Gonne's g. a. gall. ... *Alchymist*.
Captain Stevens' c. a. h. ... *Absentee*.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT STEEPLE CHASE.

Mr. H.'s g. a. h. ... *G. I. F.*
Mr. Walford's n's b. aus. gel. ... *Exhibition*.
Mr. Burt's b. aus. gel. ... *Albourne*.

THE SECUNDERABAD CUP.

Mr. Craighall's br. aus. gel. ... *Happy Land*.
Mr. Burt's br. aus. gel. ... *Promised Land*.
Captain Stevens' c. a. h. ... *Absentee*.

THE LITTLE WELTER.

Captain Tisdall's c. a. gall. ... *Turquoise*.
Mr. Walford's b. a. gall. ... *The Upas*.
Mr. Williams' b. a. gall. ... *Lottery*.
Dr. Gonne's g. a. gall. ... *Alchymist*.
Captain Stevens' g. a. gall. ... *Attila*.

THE WELTER STEEPLE CHASE.

Mr. H.'s g. a. h. ... *G. I. F.*
Mr. Walford's n's b. aus. gel. ... *Exhibition*.
Mr. Burt's b. aus. gel. ... *Albourne*.

BOWENPILLY, }
8th June, 1868. }

H. C. STEVENS,
Honorary Secretary.

CALCUTTA RACES, 1868-69.

ENTRANCES ON THE 1st OF JULY, 1868.

DERBY.

Mr. Hunter's g. a. h.	... <i>Baronten.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's g. a. h.	... <i>Feroze.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's g. a. h.	... <i>Count Bismarck.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's g. a. h.	... <i>Sir Richard.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's b. a. h.	... <i>Sir Henry.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's ch. a. h.	... <i>Yethrub.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's b. a. h.	... <i>Rusheed.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's g. a. h.	... <i>Halub.</i>
Esau Bin Curtas's ch. a. h.	... <i>Shah Jehan.</i>
Esau Bin Curtas's ch. a. h.	... <i>Talisman.</i>
Esau Bin Curtas's br. a. h.	... <i>Jung Bahadoor.</i>
Esau Bin Curtas's g. a. h.	... <i>Najeeb.</i>
Mr. Hartley's	... <i>Panic.</i>
Mr. Dignum's ns. b. a. h.	... <i>Theodore.</i>
Mr. Dignum's ns. g. a. h.	... <i>Shere Ali.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s g. a. h.	... <i>Hector (late Morning Star.)</i>
Mr. W. W.'s ch. a. h.	... <i>Cyclone.</i>
Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Bloodsucker.</i>
Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Vampire (late Goldleaf.)</i>
Hadjee Mahomed's g. a. h.	... <i>Blooming Star.</i>
Hadjee Mahomed's ch. a. h.	... <i>Egyptian.</i>
Hadjee Mahomed's b. a. h.	... <i>First Lord.</i>
Hadjee Mahomed's b. a. h.	... <i>The Screw.</i>
Syed Ahmed's g. a. h.	... <i>King Alfred.</i>
Syed Ahmed's b. a. h.	... <i>Indian Chief.</i>
Syed Ahmed's ch. a. h.	... <i>Young Ruby.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Saladin.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Wuhabra (late Maharaja.)</i>
Mr. Joseph's g. a. h.	... <i>The Hadjee.</i>
Moheny Mohun Dass's ch. a. h.	... <i>Charlie.</i>
Moheny Mohun Dass's b. a. b.	... <i>Mymensing.</i>
Capt. Kirwan's g. a. h.	... <i>Competition.</i>
Mr. Freeman's g. a. h.	... <i>White Hussar.</i>
Mr. Fen's a. h.	... <i>Ingma.</i>

BABOO SHAMA CHURN MULLICK'S
PLATE.

Abdool Gunny Meeah's b. w. g.	... <i>Camel.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's b. w. m.	... <i>Noor Jehan.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Nancy.</i>
Mr. J. P.'s	... <i>Vanderdecken.</i>
Mr. Bailey's	... <i>The Dean.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Favorita.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Bellona.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Rocket.</i>

COLONIAL.

Mr. Hunter's b. w.	... <i>Clyde Secundus</i> (by <i>Premier.</i>)
Mr. Roberts' b. w.	... <i>Moonshine.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's a. b. w. g.	... <i>Camel.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's b. w. m.	... <i>Noor Jehan.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's b. w. g.	... <i>Hambleton (by Hambleton.)</i>
Mr. Dignum's b. w. m.	... <i>Eco (by Boiardo.)</i>
Mr. Dignum's ns.	... <i>Medora.</i>

COLONIAL.—(Contd.)

Mr. Parker's b. w. h.	... <i>General Lee (by South Australia, dam Fairy Queen.)</i>
Mr. Freeman's	... <i>Black Prince (late Long-wrist.)</i>
Mr. Walter's b. au. g.	... <i>Delirimental.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s ch. au. g.	... <i>Longden.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s b. au. g.	... <i>Driver.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s b. au. g.	... <i>Rusheed.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s b. au. g.	... <i>Champion.</i>

MESSRS. CHARLES NEPHEW & CO.'S
CUP.

Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Dr. Swishtail.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Nunry.</i>
Mr. Joseph's blk. c. m.
Mr. J. P.'s	... <i>Vanderdecken.</i>
Mr. Bailey's	... <i>The Dean.</i>
Mr. Milford's	... <i>Erl King.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Rocket.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Bellona.</i>

MERCHANTS' CUP.

Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Dr. Swishtail.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Nancy.</i>
Mr. Joseph's blk. c. m.
Mr. J. P.'s	... <i>Vanderdecken.</i>
Mr. Major's b. c. f.	... <i>Vicen (late Rinderpest, by Muncovite out of Panic.)</i>
Mr. Bailey's	... <i>The Dean.</i>
Mr. Vincent's blk. or br. e. m.	... <i>May Bell (by Knight of Gwynne, dam Verbena.)</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Rocket.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Longden.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Bellona.</i>
Mr. Payno's blk. or bn. e. c.	... <i>Young Rataplan (by Rataplan out of Orange Blossom.)</i>

LADIES' PURSE.

Mr. Hunter's	... <i>Clyde Secundus.</i>
Mr. Parker's	... <i>General Lee.</i>
Mr. Milford's ch. c. m.	... <i>Adventurous (by Chequer D'Industria out of Abbeu.)</i>
Mr. Freeman's	... <i>Black Prince.</i>
Mr. Walters	... <i>Delirimental.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s br. au. g.	... <i>Driver.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s b. au. g.	... <i>Champion.</i>

MR. LEWIS'S PURSE.

Mr. Wheat's	... <i>Dubious.</i>
Mr. J. P.'s	... <i>Debuture.</i>
Mr. Dignum's ns.	... <i>Medora.</i>
Mr. Milford's	... <i>Br! King.</i>
Mr. Walters'	... <i>Brigand.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Rockwood.</i>

GREAT EASTERN HOTEL PURSE.—

(Continued).

Kean Bin Curtas's	... <i>Jung Bahadur.</i>
Mr. Hartley's	... <i>Panic.</i>
Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Bloodsucker.</i>
Mr. Manchester's	... <i>Vampire.</i>
Hadjee Mahomed's	... <i>Egyptian.</i>
Hadjee Mahomed's	... <i>Blooming Star.</i>
Syed Ahmed's	... <i>King Alfred.</i>
Syed Ahmed's	... <i>Indian Chief.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Saladin.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>Wahabee.</i>
Mr. Joseph's	... <i>The Hadjee.</i>
Moheny Mohun Dass's	... <i>Charlie.</i>
Moheny Mohun Dass's	... <i>Hymenning.</i>
Mr. Freeman's	... <i>White Haven.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Hector.</i>
Mr. W. W.'s	... <i>Cyclone.</i>

GREAT EASTERN HOTEL PURSE.

Abdool Gunny Meeah's	... <i>Count Bismarck.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's	... <i>Sir Robert.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's	... <i>Sir Henry.</i>
Abdool Gunny Meeah's	... <i>Feroze.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's	... <i>Jehru.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's	... <i>Haid.</i>
Kean Bin Curtas's	... <i>Shuk Jehan.</i>
Kean Bin Curtas's	... <i>Tutisman.</i>

SONEPORE RACES, 1868.

RACE COURSE, 1½ MILES, 158 YARDS.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, 27TH OCTOBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Sonepore St. Leger* of Rupees 500 from the Fund, for Maiden English and Colonial horses. 1 mile 5 furlongs. Weight for age and class reduced 5lbs. Each nomination taken on the 15th August 5 G. Ms., on the 10th October 15 G. Ms., when the Race will close with a Starting Stake of 5 G. Ms.

SECOND RACE.—*The Bettiah Cup*, value Rs. 500, presented by the Maharajah of Bettiah. For all horses. 1½ mile, weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 15th August 5 G. Ms., do. 10th October 15 G. Ms., when the Race will close. A starting fee of 5 G. Ms.

THIRD RACE.—*The Tirhoot Stakes* of Rs. 400 from the Fund for all Country-bred horses. 1 mile, weight for age. Winners of previous seasons 10lbs., extra. Nomination, &c., as for the St. Leger.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Sonepore Derby* of Rs. 400 from the Fund for Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. 1½ mile. Nomination, &c., as for the St. Leger.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, 29TH OCTOBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Hutwah Cup*, value Rs. 500, presented by the Maharajah of Hutwah. For all horses. 1 mile 5 furlongs, weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 1 stone. Winner of Bettiah Cup to carry 7lbs., and of St. Leger 7lbs., extra. Nomination, &c., as for the St. Leger.

SECOND RACE.—*The Durbunah Cup*, value Rs. 500, presented by the Maharajah of Durbunah. For Arab and Country-bred Maidens. 1 mile 5 furlongs, weight for age and class, raised 10lbs. Winners of Tirhoot Stakes and Sonepore Derby to carry 10lbs., extra. Nomination, &c., as for the St. Leger.

THIRD RACE.—*The Planters' Purse*, for all horses. 1 mile. Winner to be sold for Rs. 2,000. Horses entered to be claimed for Rs. 1,500, to carry weight for age and class, and 3lbs. to be added or deducted for every 100 Rs. above or below. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Half Forfeit.

FOURTH RACE.—*A Gift*, valued at 600 Rupees, given by Jas. Collins, Esq., to be presented to some lady on the stand by the Winner immediately after the Race. For all Arabs and Country-breds. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Nominations, &c., as for the St. Leger.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Moorcroft Stakes* of Rs. 100 from the Fund, for all *bonâ fide* and untrained Maiden Hacks. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Winner to be sold for Rs. 700. Weight for age and class raised 2 stone. Non-professional riders. Entrance 2 G. Ms.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, 31st OCTOBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Civilians' Cup*, for all horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners of the Bettiah or Hutwah Cups to carry 10lbs., extra. One horse a winner of both, to carry 14lbs., extra. Nomination, &c., as for the St. Leger.

SECOND RACE.—*The Sonepore Stakes* of Rs. 400 from the Fund. A handicap for all Country-breds and Arabs. $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Entrance Rs. 100. Half Forfeit.

THIRD RACE.—*The Corinthian Stakes* of Rs. 200 from the Fund, for all horses. 1 mile 5 furlongs. Non-professional riders. Weight for age and class. Raised 2 stone. Winner to be sold for 2,000 Rs. Winner of the Planters' Purse to carry 7lbs., extra. Entrance 5 G. Ms., Half Forfeit.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Hadjeepore Stakes* of Rs. 100 from the Fund, for all *bonâ fide* and untrained Hacks. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Winner to be sold for Rs. 1,000. Non-professional riders. Weight for age and class, raised 2 stone 4lbs. Maidens allowed 1 stone. Winner of Moorcroft Stakes to carry 7lbs., extra. Entrance 2 G. Ms.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Pony Stakes* of Rs. 50 from the Fund, for Ponies 13 hands and under. 13 hands to carry 10 stone, and 4lbs. allowed for every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch below— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats without dismounting. Non-professional riders, but professionals allowed to ride by carrying, for Europeans 7lbs., for Natives 4lbs., extra. Entrance Rupees 10.

FOURTH DAY, TUESDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Sonepore Cup*, value Rs. 500 for all horses. 2 miles weight for age and class. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Winners of Bettiah, Hutwah, or the Civilians' Cup, to carry 10lbs., extra; one horse a winner of two Cups to carry 14lbs., and a winner of all three 21lbs., extra. Nomination, &c., as for the St. Leger.

SECOND RACE.—*The Doomraon Cup*, value Rs. 500, presented by the Maharajah of Doomraon, a Handicap for all horses. 1 mile 5 furlongs. Entrance 10 G. Ms., 3 G. Ms. Forfeit.

THIRD RACE.—*The Sonepore Welter Stakes* of 15 G. Ms., from the Fund for all horses. 1 mile 5 furlongs. Non-professional riders. Weight for age

and class, raised 2 stone. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners of the Rajah's, Sonepore, or Civilian's Cups, or of the St. Leger, to carry 7lbs. extra. Entrance 5 G. Ms., Half Forfeit.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Visitors' Plate*, a Handicap for all horses. 1 mile. Winner to be sold for Rs. 2,500. Entrance 100 Rs. H. F.

FIFTH RACE.—*Galloway Stakes* of 5 G. Ms. from the Fund for Galloways 14 hands and under. 14 hands to carry 10 stone 7lbs., and 4lbs. allowed for every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch below. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 1 G. M. Non-professional riders. But professionals allowed to ride, by Europeans carrying 7lbs., and Natives 4lbs., extra. Entrance 2 G. Ms.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER.

FIRST RACE.—*The Ticcarrce Cup*, value Rs. 500, presented by the Maharane of Ticcarrce. A first class Handicap* for all horses that have run in the Meeting. 2 miles.

SECOND RACE.—*The Patna Stakes* of Rs. 400 from the Fund. A second class Handicap* for all horses that have run at the Meeting. 1 mile, 5 furlongs.

THIRD RACE.—*The Chuprah Stakes* of 15 G. Ms. from the Fund. A Handicap for all horses that have run for the Planters, Visitors, and Corinthians, and for all Country-breds and Arabs. 1 mile. Entrance 5 G. Ms. Half Forfeit.

FOURTH RACE.—*The Hack Handicap Stakes* of Rs. 100 from the Fund, for all starters in the Moorcroft and Hadjeepore Stakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 2 G. Ms. Half Forfeit.

FIFTH RACE.—*The Galloway and Pony Handicap Stakes* of 5 G. Ms. from the Fund, for all starters in the Galloway and Pony Stakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 10 Rs.

RULES.

1. All nominations not otherwise provided for to be sent to the Secretary by 2 p.m., the day before the race.

2. Entrance for handicaps to be made by 2 p.m., on the race day previous to that on which the handicap race is to be run.

3. Declaration as to starting to be made to the Secretary at the Ordinary the night before the race. Any owner neglecting to declare will not be entitled to start a horse for the race. Any one starting two horses in the same race must declare with which of the two he will try to win, or else that he will try to win the best of the two in the race.

4. All handicaps to be declared by 2 p.m., the day before the race, and sealed acceptance to be delivered to the Secretary at the Ordinary.

* These Handicaps are forced for all Winners of the first two races on each day, the Tirhoot Stakes and Derby. Optional to losers, and to Winners of other races. Entrance 5 G. Ms. for each race won and 5 G. Ms. for losers, Half Forfeit in each case. Optional entrances to be made by 2 p.m., on the 4th day. All horses entered, &c., will be divided into two classes by the Stewards, and then handicapped in one of these two races.

5. All owners to pay 5 G. Ms. to the General Fund, to enable them to start one horse during the meeting; 8 G. Ms., two horses; 10 G. Ms., three or more horses. In case of a confederacy, one member to pay the full sum, and every other member 5 G. Ms. Hack or Sky Races are exempted from this rule, and require a subscription of 1 G. M. only to qualify a horse to start.

6. Rule 36 of the Calcutta Rules of Racing will be strictly enforced.

7. No professional jockey or stable-keeper will be allowed to take tickets, or to purchase a horse, in any lottery at the Ordinaries.

8. Native jockeys will be allowed in all races 3lbs., when riding in a race with professional European jockeys.

9. English and Colonial horses landed in India direct from England or the Colonies between the 1st of January and 1st of April, 1868, will be allowed 3lbs., and those landed after the 1st of April, 1868, 5lbs., throughout the meeting.

10. Winners of Lotteries to pay 5 per cent. to the Fund, on the amount of each Lottery.

11. Winners of the Season to carry in addition to any other penalty for once 3lbs., and for twice or more 5lbs., extra weight.

12. The decision of the majority of the Stewards to be final in all matters. This majority to be the greatest unanimous majority, irrespective of the whole number of the Stewards, or of those dissenting or voting of the point. In case there be no majority, the Secretary to have the casting vote. But any Steward, amongst those voting for or against the decision passed, has the power to refer the point to the Calcutta Turf Club; provided that at or before the time when the decision be passed, he notify to the Secretary in writing his intention of so doing. In the event of this reference being made, the payment of bets shall be suspended, and that of lottery tickets shall be made to the Secretary, who shall hold the same until the decision of the Calcutta Turf Club shall be given, when settlement of both shall take place. The decision of the Calcutta Stewards shall be final.

13. In all other matters the rules of race published by the Calcutta Turf Club are in force, and the Club scales of weight are adopted.

E. DRUMMOND,

Hon. Secy. & Ex-Officio Steward, Patna.

P.S.—The Bankipore Railway Station is about 5 miles from Sonapore. Gentlemen sending horses to the meeting should communicate with the Secretary as soon after the 1st of October as possible, to enable him to make arrangements for erecting stables at Sonapore.

